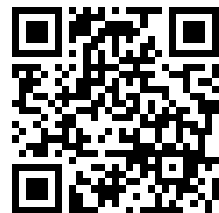


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Richard Parkhurst













RED RIDING-HOOD RUTH AND PRINCE, THE PLAY-WOLF.

*The First Prize "A." Class "Pets," in the Second Photographic Competition, was awarded for this picture to T. J. Cunningham, Hampton, Va.*

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# LITTLE FOLKS

VOL. IV

JANUARY., 1900.

No. 3.

## BOBBIN'S FIRST CHRISTMAS-TREE.

*(In Two Parts.)*

### PART II. — BOBBIN'S GREAT SURPRISE.

WHEN Bobbin went into the woods that day every bird and animal he met seemed to be very busy — not one had time to stop to hear him talk. The Blue Jay was tugging and pulling at a bunch of red berries on a mountain-ash, and the Squirrel was looking for something down in a hole in the snow. Bobbin scattered his bread about and then went home, never once dreaming that they were all working to give him a surprise.

When the sun had set and all the others were going to sleep Mr. Owl began *his* work, for Bobbin's Tree.

Anyone passing the oak-tree that night would have seen a row of solemn little Owls on a branch in the moonlight, the Father Owl facing them. The Father Owl was teaching them how to make their eyes shine.

"This is the way," said he. "Look into the dark till your eyes are big and round — then look at the moon — then when the light shines into your eyes they will shine too."

So the Owls looked at the dark trees till their eyes were large and black, and then turned their heads quickly to the light, and sure enough, every eye looked like a little round moon. But they shone only a minute before their light grew dim.

"That's right," said the Father Owl. "Now remember at Bobbin's party that you must shine them over and over and over!"



SURE ENOUGH, EVERY EYE LOOKED LIKE A LITTLE ROUND MOON.

A day and a night and another day went by, and then it was Christmas Eve. All day, whenever Bobbin was not in sight, the birds had been flying back and forth between the woods and the hemlock-tree by the house, and there were many things hidden below its branches.

The Squirrel had made a tunnel under the snow to the foot of the Tree, and through it she and the Rabbits and the Chipmunk had been carrying the heavier gifts.

Now the sun had gone down, and all were gathered around the Tree.

"Is everyone here?" asked the Squirrel in a loud whisper, popping up her head from the hole in the snow.

"All!" croaked the Crow. "I've counted."

"Go ahead then," said the Squirrel coming out carrying an ear of pearl pop-corn with her teeth.

There was a flutter of wings, a rustle of branches and soft bird whispers, and the Tree, which a moment before was a plain hemlock with a little snow on its dark branches, began to blossom and fruit in the moonlight, with bunches of red berries, long vines sparkling with ice, a red apple or two, and here and there pine-cones and acorns. The birds fastened them on—they knew how to twist straws and twigs so that they would hold tight to the branches, for that is the way they make and fasten their nests.

The Crow had brought more shining things than all the others; for he had had a great many stored away that he had been collecting for years. But the others had found many treasures in the last two days, in spite of the snow, by searching about through the woods and on the edge of the village. Al-

together, they had a fine collection of "shiny things." There were pieces of bright tin, bits of looking-glass, stones with silvery spots, others with crystals like diamonds, and one piece of rock showed specks of real gold. Among the Crow's gifts were a silver spoon and a jack-knife.

"What will we do with all these beechnuts Chipmunk has brought?" whispered the Blue Jay, for Chipmunk had given his share after all.

"Put them inside that hornet's nest that someone gave," said the Woodpecker.

"*Who* brought this cocoon?" asked the Crow, looking at it.

"I brought it," said the Woodpecker; "what's the matter with it? They're very good to eat when you're hungry."

"But Boys don't eat cocoons," said the Crow, "and it's not at all pretty."

"Please, Mr. Crow," said a gentle Rabbit voice, "the butterfly that is growing inside will be beautiful when he comes out."

"What have you there, Cousin Crow?" asked the Blue Jay, for the Crow was trying to fasten something red near the top of the tree.

"Look now, all of you," said the Crow. "This is the very finest thing of all! It came off of a *real* Christmas-tree. But 'tis none too good for Bobbin."

It was a small red mitten, and they all came around to look at it. But nobody knew what it was.

And now they all took their places in the Tree, except the Rabbits, who couldn't climb; the young Owls went back in the



BOBBIN WAS ALONE.



dark branches where their eyes would show well; some held gifts in place on the ends of the boughs; the Chickadees sat together and the Blue Jay took a seat near.

"All ready?" asked the Crow.

"All ready," they replied.

"Now then, sing!" said the Crow, and every little bird and animal opened his mouth and sang as well as he knew how, each in his own queer little voice. It was their Christmas song and their call to Bobbin.

Bobbin was alone, for the Shoemaker had gone to his bed. The little boy was sitting by the fire when he heard the strange chorus outside, and sprang to his feet wondering what it could be. Catching up his cap he ran to the door and opened it, and the song stopped. For a moment he stood perfectly still. What wonderful thing had happened to the little hemlock-tree! It was glittering and shining and sparkling in the moonlight, as he had never seen it before, and here and there were round lights that kept glowing, and going out and then glowing again.

"Oh!" he cried, clapping his hands, "it's a Christmas-tree! Our hemlock has turned into a Christmas-tree!"

He stepped forth and moved nearer, slowly, holding out one hand to touch it to make sure it was real, for Bobbin thought he might be dreaming.

Just as Bobbin reached the glittering Tree, Gray Squirrel on an upper branch loosed her hold on the big jackknife; down it fell, right into the hand that was held forward. Bobbin almost let the knife drop in his surprise, and looking up saw the Squirrel peeping through a loop of a frosted vine.

"Why, it's the Squirrel!" he said. "And there's the Crow, and the Woodpecker, too! Oh, you're *all* here! Is it your Christmas-tree? And is this beautiful knife for me?"

"Please, dear Bobbin, it's *your* Christmas-Tree," said one of the Rabbits, coming out of the shadow.

They had all been very still when Bobbin had opened the door, but now all began to move and to talk. They were *so* happy because Bobbin was pleased that they couldn't keep quiet any longer.

Another gift fell into Bobbin's hand — a bright gold piece of money! The rabbits hopped toward a low branch and each pulled off a red apple with a quick jerk, then came and laid it at Bobbin's feet and looked up at him, moving its pretty ears.

"What! Is everything for me?" asked Bobbin.

Yes, one and all, they brought things from the Tree and put them on the ground before him or in his hands. There was honey in a honey-comb; there were nuts of all the kinds that grew in the woods; and there was a tin cup that had belonged to Bobbin once before — he had lost it in the summer and the Crow had found it in the brook.

When the Crow at last took down the red mitten all the rest stopped and crowded around Bobbin to see what he would do with it; the Squirrel ran up Bobbin's back to look over his shoulder.

"Oh-o!" laughed the little Boy. "It is a mitten to keep my fingers warm," and shaking out some dry leaves he drew it on his hand. For a moment they were all a little troubled; it seemed to them there ought to be another of these red things for Bobbin's other hand, but it was only for a moment, for Bobbin said, "That's just what I needed because I had only one mitten before — a blue one — and *now* I have one for each hand!"

At this moment the Chickadees, in their little black caps, stood up on their branch, and struck into a song, a sweet strain of clear notes and lisplings and trills.

Then all was silence again. After a moment the Blue Jay threw back his crested head and uttered a few delicious notes which were like the tones of a silver bell. Bobbin clasped his hands together in happiness. He had only heard before the Jay's harsh cries and calls. The birds and animals knew that Blue Jay had a silver song, but Bobbin had not known it.

Bobbin gathered up an armful of his treasures and went into the house to find bread for his friends, for that was all he could offer them. There was a little patter of feet behind him, and turning he saw that they were following one after another, each helping to carry in the gifts. They put them down on the



JUST AS BOBBIN REACHED THE GLITTERING TREE.

hearth and when Bobbin was gone into the pantry they looked around them in the dim firelight with great interest — they had never been in a house before.

“Come now,” whispered the Squirrel.

“Why Bobbin is looking for bread to give us!” said Chipmunk.

“I know it,” said she, “but I don’t believe he has any left. I didn’t see any to-day when I looked in the pantry window. If there *is* a little bit he ought to keep it for to-morrow. Come on home before he gets back!”

Out through the open door they softly hurried, and set off in all directions through the woods, to their homes, without a word or sound.

"Wasn't it fine?" said Squirrel as she settled down in her hole in a tree. "How much we will have to tell the Summer Birds when they come back!"

"Yes," said the Crow from his branch near-by, "it was indeed a very fine Tree; do you know, I think it was just as grand as a real Christmas-tree, and I am not sure but it was even a little grander."

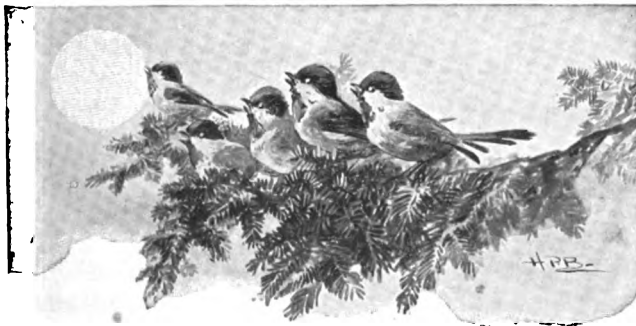
While the birds and animals were hastening away homeward, Bobbin was searching for bread, but he could find only one small piece. He came back into the kitchen saying, "I am sorry I can't find more for you —" and then he looked around for his friends. They were all gone. He ran to the door but they were nowhere in sight.

"I wonder why they went so soon," he said. "Why, the Tree is turned into a plain hemlock again!"

Bobbin closed the door, after a moment, and went back and sat down by the fire in the midst of his gifts, the first Christmas presents that had ever been given him.

"It is only a hemlock-tree now," he said, smiling to himself, "but it certainly *was* the most beautiful Christmas-tree that anyone ever saw!"

*Daisy D. Plympton.*



THE CHICKADEES STRUCK INTO A SONG.



SOME DAY I WILL BE ITS MASTER.

## MY TEMPER.

I have a little temper ;  
'Tis like my pony gray —  
Unless I watch it closely  
It tries to get away,

And rear and kick and trample  
On all who near it stand,  
And so I try to curb it,  
And hold it well in hand.

No good to use a snaffle ;  
I keep a tight curb-rein,  
And speak to it quite gently —  
Yet sometimes all in vain.

It is so much the stronger  
 It gets away from me ;  
 But I will be its master  
 Some day, as you shall see !

*Caro Atherton Dugan.*

## ROLLO AND RED PEGGY.

**R**OLLO was a puppy — a big mastiff puppy. He lived in the city with a Mr. and Mrs. James, and their little daughter Bessie.

Mr. and Mrs. James thought a great deal of Rollo, or they could never have had patience with him ; for puppies are capable of much mischief and young Rollo was no exception. He seemed determined to try his teeth on everything ; but just when Mrs. James began to feel as if she could not much longer have every valuable article in the house chewed up, she hit upon a funny plan for managing him.

It happened that a new doll for little Bessie had just arrived, which so pleased her that the old favorite — a doll made of red flannel, and named " Red Peggy " — generally lay neglected in a corner.

As Rollo was settling himself one day to chew a little stocking, Mrs. James tossed Red Peggy toward him, telling him to bite that if he *must* bite something !

From that hour Red Peggy was adopted by the young mastiff. He carried her with him about the house, even took her sometimes to call on the neighbors, and would carry her down street if not watched. Rollo's treatment of her did not greatly improve Red Peggy's looks, but that made no difference to him. He seemed to like to play with his doll as if he were a little girl instead of a dog.

One day, when he had been biting his little companion a long time, Mrs. James said to him reproachfully, " Why Rollo, how you do abuse poor Red Peggy ! "

Rollo raised his head and looked at his mistress a minute or two, as if he were thinking over what she had said. Then, in a very repentant way, he began to lick his doll; nor did he stop until he had licked her all over. That is a dog's way of kissing.

Another time Rollo trotted over to visit a neighbor across the street. Of course Red Peggy went too. The man to whom he was paying the visit wished to send a paper over to Mr. James, and thought he would have Rollo carry it. So he took Red Peggy away from the mastiff, laid her on the step, putting the paper instead in Rollo's mouth, then told him to carry it home.

Rollo gave a dignified wag of the end of his tail and trotted to the gate, where he stopped and thought a minute; then he laid down the paper and went straight back for Red Peggy.

Several attempts ended in the same way. At last the doll was carefully rolled in the paper, which was then given to Rollo with the sharp order, "Go home!"

Rollo trotted away quickly; but when he reached the middle of the road he deliberately laid down his bundle, poked

his nose into it till he found his beloved Red Peggy, lifted her out, and then ran triumphantly home with her, leaving the paper in the road.

In fact, so long as I knew Rollo, he never would obey any command which forced him to lay his dear Red Peggy down, nor go to any place where he must leave her behind, in this way quite outdoing little girls in his love for his doll.

*Rose Thorn.*



ROLLO AND HIS DOLL.

## BIDDY McCRACKEN'S MOVINGS.

(*Far-West Children.*)

**D**AISY DELL was not quite fourteen, but she was teaching school up in the mountains, so deep in, and so high up, that you had to go there on horseback, or walk, for the road was nothing but a wild trail.

Fifteen little barefooted children came softly along the rough paths every day, to the small slab-roofed schoolhouse in the woods, and Daisy Dell was very happy, teaching them. Daisy Dell wasn't much more than a school-girl herself in appearance; rosy-cheeked and plump, and still wearing short dresses, and her curly hair tied back with a ribbon.

At night she always went home with some of the children, for the mothers "took turns" boarding the teacher. Sometimes they traded "the teacher's week" with one another, on account of the baby being sick, or soap to be made; but Daisy Dell never minded, and all the mothers thought her the sweetest little teacher in the world, and the most accommodating.

And this was the reason why the little Jimsons' mother knew that Daisy Dell would be perfectly willing to come and board with her the week she was moving, and "kindah help her with the children, and gittin' the bed-stids down." There was no one to help her except the children unless Daisy Dell did, for Mr. Jimson was away, further in the mountains, prospecting for gold.

Daisy Dell didn't wonder Mrs. Jimson wanted to move down from the old tumbling cabin away up on that mountain-shelf! It couldn't be comfortable to think the roof might crumble down upon your head any minute, or the door fall in.

And there was an empty cabin with a good roof, lower down on the mountain, where Mrs. Jimson could move as well as not.

Daisy Dell found it great fun to help Mrs. Jimson move. They did it all in one afternoon, after school. Every single thing had to be carried down by hand. Only they didn't carry down the big iron kettle, because Danny rolled it down, and the feather-bed and most of the quilts they tied upon the cow's back.

The next night, when Daisy Dell went home with the chil-



dren, the tea-kettle was singing on the iron crane over the fire, and the baby was sitting in the middle of the floor playing with a quail's wing, and upon the coals Mrs. Jimson had a panful of broiled quail for supper.

It seemed already as if Mrs. Jimson had always lived there; but she said they were not *quite* moved yet, for the chickens hadn't been brought down, and she didn't know just how to get them unless Daisy Dell could go up with her after supper and help bring them down. The only time you could catch them was when it was dark and they had gone to roost. She said she really hated to ask Daisy Dell to help with the chickens, but Becky had twisted her ankle and Danny was so noisy he always scared the chickens, and the other children were too little.

Daisy Dell almost shuddered. She didn't want to climb that steep path in the evening even with Mrs. Jimson's company. She didn't like to think of the empty cabin up there in the dark. And she didn't speak up as brightly as usual, though she said, "Why *of course*, Mrs. Jimson!"

Mrs. Jimson explained that if it had been any other hen-and-chicks but Biddy McCracken it wouldn't have made so much difference. But she couldn't bear to have anything happen to Biddy, because she was a present from a neighbor named Mrs. McCracken, just when Mrs. Jimson and her husband and children were starting away from Nevada, last spring, in their old moving-wagon. So they named her Biddy McCracken. And she was "bound and determined to set, before they ever pulled out of Winnemucca!"

They fixed her a good nest on some cushions in a box in the wagon, right back of the feed-box, and there she sat, never minding joltings, or anything. She hatched out eleven little chickens just before they came to Shasta, and they brought them all along. It made it seem just like home, wherever they went, with the little chickens peeping in the wagon, or around the camp-fire, and the old hen clucking so comfortably.

They lost five, in one way and another. "And I *do* want to keep the rest," said Mrs. Jimson, "if it's so I *can*, on account of that pleasant moving. We never had such a pleasant moving



SO THEY WENT SINGING DOWN THE PATH, KITTY FRISKING AFTER.

as that one, when we came away up in here from Nevada!"

By the time Mrs. Jimson had told her story, Daisy was eager to go. "Certainly, Mrs. Jimson, I'll help you move that dear old Biddy. Of *course* you wouldn't want to lose her!"

So, after supper, Mrs. Jimson tied a big apron around her waist to serve as a sort of bag, and Daisy Dell took a large old basket, and they started away in the dusk, up the trail.

When they were about half way there Daisy Dell heard a light footstep following along in the bushes, close to the path. Then it seemed lost for a minute or two, and then it came on again, pit-a-pat, pit-a-pat, in the darkness.

Daisy Dell pulled Mrs. Jimson's sleeve to make her stop. "There's something following in the bushes," she whispered.

Mrs. Jimson didn't stop, but walked on, answering cheerfully aloud, "Oh, I don't reckon there's anything follerin'!"

Daisy Dell felt sure that there *was* something, but she didn't say any more, and presently they had groped their way up to

the old cabin, and out to the shed that was built against the rocks, for cow and chickens.

The chickens always roosted upon the beams above the little hay-loft, and Mrs. Jimson and Daisy had to climb a ladder to reach them.

Daisy Dell's knees trembled. She wished she had never thought of teaching school, and had never heard of the little red schoolhouse, nor of Mrs. Jimson and Biddy McCracken.

Mrs. Jimson climbed up first. She quietly lifted the chicks off the beam and tied them, three together, and handed them down to Daisy Dell to be put in the basket. Then she wrapped good old Biddy McCracken in her apron, and they came down the ladder, to go home. And there, upon the straw-littered ground, Daisy Dell again heard that pit-a-pat, pit-a-pat, and this time she saw two shining eyes!

Out little teacher rushed, past the eyes shining in the dark, cut into the moonlight—for the moon had climbed above the mountain while they were in the hay-loft; and there she saw Danny's little black kitten bounding out after her!

Then Daisy Dell sat down upon the ground, with her basket of chickens beside her, and the kitty purring in her lap, and laughed and laughed!

"Oh, kitty," she cried, "it was *your* pit-a-pit I heard—you sly, sly kitty!"

And so they went laughing and singing down the path and the kitty came frisking after.

The children were all awake, sitting up to see dear old Biddy McCracken and the chicks.

Mrs. Jimson took her quilting-frames and made a perch for the chickens across one corner of the cabin, just for that night; and the children gathered old Biddy up into their arms and hugged her before they went to bed, and little Becky said, "You had another good moving, didn't you, Biddy? For Teacher brought you down!"

And Daisy Dell was soon smiling in her sleep, in the best bed, with little Becky.

*Lucia Chase Bell.*

## THE CHRIST CHILD AND THE NEW YEAR BOY.



THE NEW YEAR BOY.

IT WAS New Year's day and the bright afternoon sun was shining down into one of the pleasantest nurseries in the world; the room was full of pictures and books and toys, so many of them the very kind that children like best. There was a big rocking-horse, there were tin soldiers and guns and trumets and drums and steam engines and games and paint-boxes and so many kinds of picture-books that one would think the child who lived in this nursery would be quite as happy as any one could wish to be.

It seems a pity that I should have to tell it, but at the time I am writing about, the owner of this lovely room, and all the nice things in it, was lying on his back on the couch in the corner, screaming with all his might, so that his face was quite red and ugly and not at all pleasing.

A few moments ago Nurse had brought the little lord of this pleasant nursery-land into the room, and she had been obliged to carry him by one arm and one leg, because he had refused to come in any other fashion. She had laid him upon the couch because he did not know or care just then where he was, he was so very angry.

Nurse had taken him from the front-hall floor, where he had thrown himself in the bitterness of his disappointment when Papa and Mama had kissed him good-by and gone away to make a visit without him. He had been left at home because he was too young to go so far and stay up so late.

He had been having such a beautiful New Year's day, it was a shame for Mama to go and leave him he thought. He had forgotten entirely how long she had been playing with him and reading to him, and he had forgotten too that dear little New



NURSE HAD BROUGHT HIM IN.

Year Boy, about whom she had been reading the very last thing before she had to stop.

This New Year Boy was said to go about and sit in children's nurseries and write down on his long New Year's scroll all the things they said and did; when the things were good loving happy ones they made the page all white and fair and beautiful, and when they were wrong selfish ones they made the page dark and ugly, and the New Year Boy was said to weep very bitterly as he recorded them.

Little John and Mama had had such a good talk together after she had finished this story, and before they were through John had determined not to give the New Year Boy one unpleasant thing to write down on his roll all this year for he was so good and cunning John couldn't bear the thought of making him cry. And then, after all, forgetting everything about him, the very first time something not quite pleasant happened his troublesome temper had had its way again, and he had kicked and screamed in that dreadful manner which he knew hurt Mama so much, and made her go away with the sad look in her eyes.

When Nurse laid him on the



THERE BEGAN TO BE PICTURES ON THE CEILING.

couch, he kicked so hard that one pillow went off on to the floor, and then another, and he screamed till he was tired and his throat hurt; and then he stopped and began to count the little circles and squares in the pattern of the paper on the ceiling. He counted them through his tears, as he lay there on his back, till he began to grow sleepy, and the circles began to change into other things, and the squares looked like something different, and then there began to be pictures on the ceiling, where the little figures had been before.

One picture seemed to be of his own nursery, and there was the little New Year Boy sitting right on the edge of the table writing, and as he wrote, he took out a little pocket-handkerchief from somewhere and began to wipe his eyes, and he wiped them again and again as though they were too full of tears for him to see to write. The angry boy on the couch knew that he must be writing about his anger, and oh, he was so sorry! He turned his head down among the pillows and his face burned!

After a little, the New Year Boy jumped down and walked very slowly and sadly away with the roll under his arm.

John never thought of speaking to him, but while he lay there thinking there seemed to come another picture on the ceiling. He knew it very well, from the one Mama had given him on Christmas-day, and which Papa had hung over his bed right there in the nursery; that was of the Christ-Child in the man-

ger, with the gentle Mother bending over him, and Joseph and the Wise Men and the cow. But *this* picture was different, because Mary and Joseph and the Wise Men were gone away and the Baby was lying alone in the manger with only the kind-faced cow, over there, keeping watch.

And while the boy on the couch was looking and wondering where they all had gone, there came walking into the stable the figure of the little New Year Boy. He looked tired and travel-stained as though he had come a very long way and his face was anxious and troubled. The roll was in his hand and he walked to the side of the manger and tried to climb up to where the Christ Child lay. It was high up and the New Year Boy must have been tired, for his chubby little foot slipped, and he dropped his roll and had to go back and pick it up.

Then a soft light seemed to shine out of the manger and the Christ Child sat up and smiled and the light of his smile shined down on the head of the New Year Boy as he turned to climb up again over the side of the manger. The Christ Child put out his hand, still smiling, and lifted up the New Year Boy, and they sat down in the hay, the Christ Child and the New Year Boy together. Their little heads bent down over the roll the New Year Boy had brought and they seemed to be reading it.

John grew hot all over for he knew they were reading about his anger. He turned over on his face, and buried his unhappy shameful little face in the pillows again; it seemed as though he could not bear it, and he stretched out his hands pleadingly to the two sad little companions as they sat there, in the hay. He tried to say he was sorry and he would never, never—but he could not speak.

Somehow the Christ Child must have known just how John felt, for he turned toward him and smiled, a beautiful smile that made it light everywhere and shone on the little bowed head of the New Year Boy as he sat there, weeping bitterly. Then he patted his little visitor gently on the head and laid his cheek against the tear-stained one for a moment and then he took the wrinkled scroll the New Year Boy had brought, for it was all stained with the very black writing about the anger, and the

tears that had been shed on it, and he put it away, out of sight, so that John never saw it again.

Then the Christ Child seemed to reach down somewhere in the hay and he took a fresh white scroll from under his pillow, John thought, and gave it into the glad eager hands of his little companion. Then they both smiled, such bright wonderful smiles, that all the stable shone again, and they spoke together for a moment and the Christ Child laid his baby hand lovingly on the bowed head and tumbled curls of the New Year Boy, and blessed him as he went. Then he helped him carefully down the side of the manger, and the climbing seemed to be so easy now, though they were such tiny hands that helped. The New Year Boy trotted away with a quick glad step, with joy in every motion, and the Christ Child lay down in the hay again to rest, the light still shining about him.

John watched the New Year Boy eagerly, as he went, and he fairly held his breath for joy for he was sure the new white scroll must be for him, because he knew the Christ Child was gentle and forgiving when people were sorry; and surely, surely it *was* for him, for at that moment in



THEY BENT DOWN OVER THE ROLL.





THE ROLL WAS ALL CLEAN AND FRESH AND WHITE.

walked the tired happy-looking New Year Boy, straight into John's nursery again, and he laughed aloud for joy, with such a merry laugh, as he jumped right up on to the edge of the couch and held the scroll up before John's eyes, all clean and fresh and white; then he bent down and kissed him on the lips.

John put up his arms to give the kind little friend a good big hug, but as he opened his eyes and looked up, the New Year Boy was gone and his own dear Mama was bending over him and waking him with a kiss. John's arms went around her and he said, "Oh Mama, I was sorry and the Christ Child gave the New Year Boy a clean new white scroll for me, so we can begin all over, once more, and I am sure he will never, never have to write down any anger for me again."

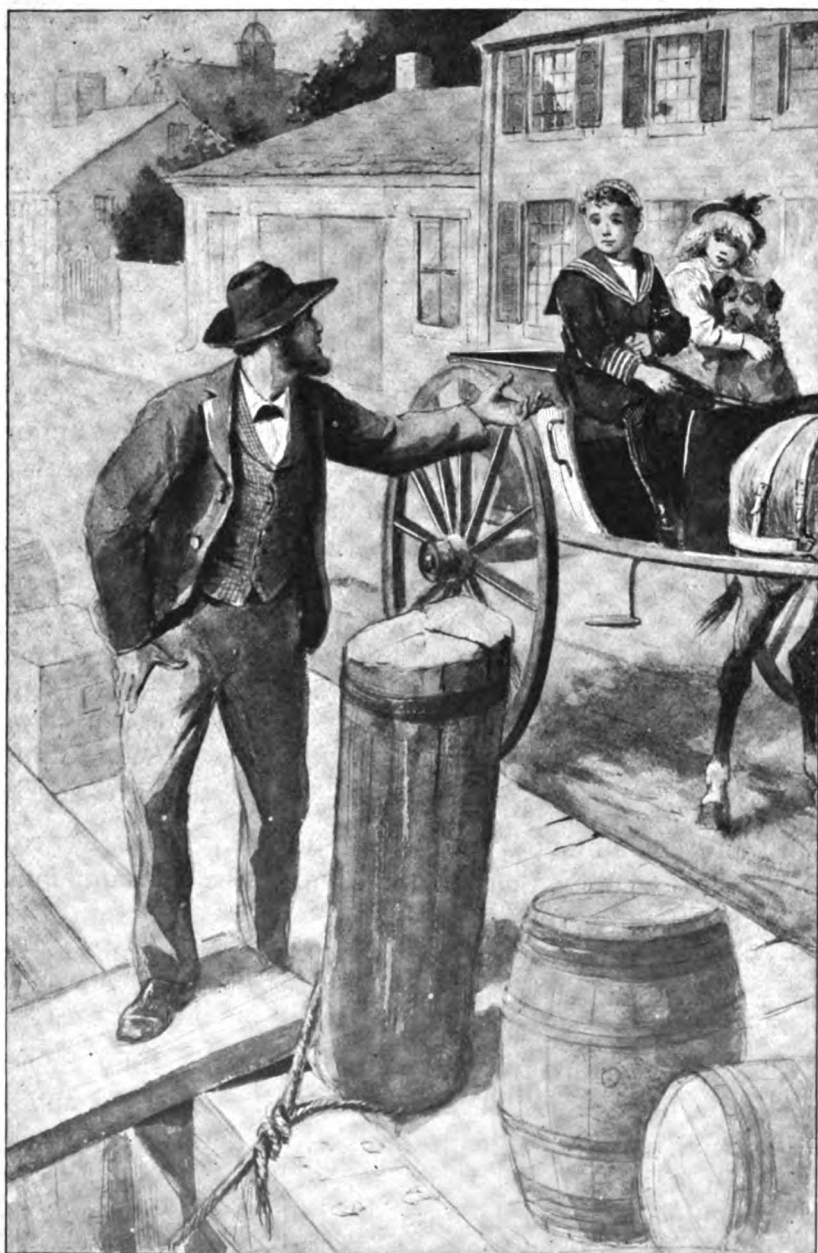
*Anna S. P. Duryea.*

## RIDDLE-RHYMES.

### VIII.

**M***Y first* is cold, yet keeps things warm;  
*My second* thin things are, 'tis plain;  
*My whole* may make a children's play,  
 Or block and stop a railway train!

*C. S. P.*



"YES, I'LL SELL IT TO YOU CHEAP," ANSWERED THE CAPTAIN.

Captain of the Pekoe Guards as to allow his lip to tremble.

But he made his voice very firm. "I will go and see Captain Stork, he may possibly wish to sell," he said.

"O, come along!" cried Pinky Jones eagerly. "Captain Stork's wife is my very own aunt!"

Billy Boy mounted the donkey-cart with some dignity. Pinky Jones certainly did act as if she belonged to the Pekoe Guards.

"You may go ahead," said Pinky Jones politely. "I only want to help. If Captain Stork would sell Long Tom to anyone he would to me."

"I am glad to have you help," said Billy Boy civilly; and he made a sign to Ambrose to go ahead, which he felt was the only polite way to do since it was a lady's carriage. The Captain of the Pekoe Guards must be polite as well as brave. He must be business-like too, and the main thing was to get Long Tom. Pinky's very own aunt might be useful.

"She's a very nice girl," said Bee stoutly. "She only wants to help."

"Some people want to help, and some people want their finger in everybody's pie," said Billy Boy, who was more inclined to be cross about Pinky Jones than he would have been if he had not been so disappointed about Long Tom.

"She is always as fair as can be about the monkey," said Bee. For there was a monkey that she and Pinky Jones owned together and of course there was a chance to be selfish and unfair about the time that one kept him.

"Oh, she's a square girl," said Billy Boy a little gruffly. "The great thing is to get Long Tom!"

"Yes, that's the great thing," said Bee.

There were shouts from behind so loud that Billy Boy and Bee heard them above Bevis' howling. They turned and saw Pinky wildly making signs towards a road that led up to a white house on a high hill.

But Billy Boy shook his head. Although Ambrose drove up the high hill he kept on towards the river and the wharves.

When he had come down here to see Ray Rogers, the week before, the sloop *Betsy* had been lying at her wharf. It was

plain to see that she was going to sail soon, and Billy Boy thought that they might find Captain Stork on the wharf.

There he was, stepping upon the gang-plank of the *Betsey*! The sloop had all her sails set and the sailors were shouting "all aboard!"

"I am Captain Billy Boy Brown of the Pekoe Guards — oh, will you sell us Long Tom!" cried Billy Boy.

They had driven down to the wharf and Bee had half-smothered Bevis to keep him from howling. For there was not a minute to lose.

"Yes, I'll sell it to you cheap," answered the Captain gruffly, "if you can get it away from the boys! They've hid it away from me!"

"How much?" shouted Billy Boy as the *Betsey* swung out into the river. He thought it would be a pity if the Pekoe Guards couldn't get a gun that rightfully belonged to them away from the Tinkertown boys!

"Ten dollars!" shouted Captain Stork in answer. "Pay the money to my wife and the gun is yours — if you can get it!"

Get it! why that would be only fun! thought Captain Billy.

As they drove into the main road again Pinky Jones, in her village-cart, came driving down the long hill from the white house. Pinky called out to Billy Boy and Bee.

"Oh dear, oh dear, the Tinkertown boys won't let anyone have Long Tom! They have either thrown it into Pumbleberry's Pond that hasn't any bottom or else they've hidden it in Perigo's woods where there is a bear! The Pekoe Guards will never present Long Tom to the town!"

Then she suddenly brightened up.

















"Bee, let us make a silk flag and present it to the town instead of the gun!" she said. "The Pekoe Guards may help."




















"Thank you," said Captain Billy Boy, holding his head high; "but the Pekoe Guards *are* going to present Long Tom to the town and it looks as if they would have as much as they could do to get him, without helping to make silk flags!"

(To be continued.)

*Sophie Swett.*

# THE LITTLE OWLS AT RED GATES

**M**<sup>III</sup>**R**S. Owl was afraid to go near the Dilver  until it was quite dark. She was afraid of a big  with a  she had seen in the . She had kept an  on him and seen him go into the Dilver . She meant to wait until all the house-   set, but Owlkin and Owlet just hooted and screeched, they were so hungry. "Keep still," she said, "or that  will know where you are, and climb up the . But the poor little  were so impatient she had to start before all the lights were out. There was a great  and the sky was full of . The little  felt afraid, and kept close to their mother. It was very still around their  but out there it was not still. Little Owlet said she could hear  jumping around

in the  "Never mind," her mother said. "Horses don't hurt ." "But I hear a , too," said poor Owlet, "a-knocking her , and a-chewing." "Never mind," said her mother again. "She isn't chewing . I know all about ." Then Owlkin said he heard a great big  whining. "Well," said his mother, "he isn't whining for little owls. No animals that live in  ever hurt owls, except ." As silent as    they flew to the , and lighted in an open . There they saw  and , asleep in their little white beds. "They look nice - are they good to eat?" asked Owlkin. "Hush - no!" said Mrs. . But little Owlet spread her  , flew in, pounced on Dolly's , and came flying out with something in her . Owlkin would have flown in too, but 's scream scared them so that all three flew away.



SHE IS JUST "PLAIN GOOD."

## ANOTHER LITTLE GIRL.

There was a little girl,  
 And she had a little curl  
 Right in the middle of her forehead;  
 When she was good  
 She was very, very good,  
 But when she was bad she was horrid!  
 —*Longfellow.*

I KNOW a little girl  
 And she *hasn't* got a curl —  
 Her hair hangs straight on her forehead;  
 She is just "plain good,"  
 Not "very, very good,"  
 And never was she known to be horrid!

*Jennie Betts Hartwick*







A WINTER ROSE.

*The First Prize "A," Class "Beautiful," in the Second Prize Photograph Competition was awarded for this picture to Mrs. Nettie Harper Stuart, Portland, Oregon.*

# LITTLE FOLKS

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## STUBBORN RUTH.

(*Far-West Children.*)



IT WAS our Red Cross auntie who told us this story, the dignified president of a great Society that has tenderly cared for hundreds of sick and wounded soldiers, and hundreds of hungry little children in a starving land.

Nobody could have dreamed that Auntie Ruth ever was a wild little cowboy of a girl, loving to roam the breezy western plains on her pony much better than to help her mother in the house.

Yet our Red Cross auntie was once that sort of little girl.

Her father and mother came from Illinois in early Oregon days and settled on the John Day river, about twelve miles from the place where the town of Antelope now stands.

Little Ruth loved to go out on the ranch with her father on his rounds to see the stock. She had a little Indian pony of her own, named "Daffodil," because he was a bright cream color, with soft white mane and tail.

When they had lived on the ranch for about a year, they noticed at one time, for several days together, that the Indians were throwing up fire-balls at night, in different parts of the country; sometimes on the prairie, sometimes back in the hills. Ruth's father said they were signaling to one another. Ruth's father and mother both thought they might be making plans for a general attack upon the settlers, and for awhile Ruth herself was not allowed to leave the house, and she and her mother were

anxious if Ruth's father happened to stay out any later than usual.

But the mysterious signal-fires were really a long way off, and nothing happened, and after awhile they ceased, and the little family on the John Day river lived in peace as before. Ruth went with her father again on his long rough rides, and he often said that his little daughter was more help to him than any boy he could hire.

But as time passed, Ruth's mother began to fret because she was never contented in-doors. If she tried to have her sew, Ruth would call the thread a "string," and object to sewing with a thimble on her finger, and lay the threaded needle down "just anywhere" when she had finished sewing, or was called away.

At last Ruth's father came to the conclusion that she must stay at home with her mother altogether, learn to wash dishes nicely, and to cook as well as to sew, and spend some time with her books.

Ruth actually cried at first; but when she found it was of no use, she stopped coaxing, and tried to console herself with little visits to Daffodil in the corral or the stall.

One morning, early, when there was little to do in the house, Ruth ventured out to help her father feed the horses in the stable. He was going away immediately on a long ride to a distant part of the ranch to be gone all day.

He did not send her back to the house this morning as usual, but spoke to her in the old friendly way, in the tone of one who knows that you understand what you are about, and welcomes your help.

"It does go a little lonely without you, Major," said he, lifting her solid little chin in his hand and looking kindly down at her.

Ruth hoped he would ask her to go with him; but, after all, he mounted his horse and rode away as soon as he was ready.

It was so long since her father had called her "Major" that it brought a choking to her throat; and then came a good "cry" that she struggled hard to keep down.

Oh, if father only knew how lonesome it was for *her*, sitting here alone on the stable threshold, with Daffodil whinnying



TO CROSS, RUTH WOULD HAVE TO SWIM THE PONY.

impatiently in the corral close by, and the free wind lifting her hair!

Ruth sat there a long time. There was really nothing of consequence to do in the house—her mother had said so, at breakfast-time. The more she thought of it, the harder it seemed to be left at home. Why not saddle Daffodil and ride after father?

Her mother was just then away from the house, out in the further edge of the big vegetable garden. Ruth knew she ought to go and ask permission. But she smoothed that feeling down; her mother could not really care! Besides her father might soon be out of sight. In three minutes more wilful Ruth had mounted Daffodil and was racing away, facing the sweet keen wind with such delight that she forgot everything else.

She could just see her father galloping on ahead of her, not very far away at first; but soon he disappeared in a hollow of the rolling prairie, and she could only guess in what direction he was going until he appeared again, a mere black dot on the

brow of a hill. This happened again and again, but Ruth stubbornly followed him all the long morning and until about three o'clock in the afternoon. Then she lost sight of him altogether.

The house-dog, old Rush, had followed her. With him, she hunted over the great lonesome ranch until toward evening, trying to find her father. Then she started home — that is, she turned Daffodil in the direction she thought was toward home, and rode until about eight o'clock, when it became quite dark. Presently she came to a place where the trail was forked. She took the fork which she thought would lead her home, but the old dog snapped and barked, running resolutely to the other trail, until she decided that Rush might know better than she, and it would be wise to follow him. As for the pony — Daffodil was willing to go wherever his little mistress wished.

When Ruth left home that morning the John Day river was low enough to ford, with the water just up to the middle of the horse; but while she had been gone the river had come up suddenly, as mountain streams do with the melting snows, and now, when she came to it, she knew that to cross it she would have to swim the pony.

This she was preparing to do when she heard a call, "Ruth, Ruth!" In a minute her father came dimly into view, paddling across the river in a dug-out. He took her over, with the pony swimming behind.

Ruth knew that she deserved a sharp reproof. But her father only told her quietly that they must get home with all speed possible, for there were reasons for great anxiety, and her mother had already suffered quite enough on account of her all-day absence.

His own horse was waiting on the bank, and Ruth mounted her pony once more. Then together they rode homeward, more swiftly than ever they rode before.

Her father had carried with him that day a new Spencer rifle, which he had received a short time before from the East. The fame of this sixteen-shooter had spread abroad, throughout the country. While he was looking after his cattle, not dreaming that his little daughter Ruth was following him, a band of more

than fifty Indians had come upon him suddenly in a canyon.

As he was the first settler in the valley these Indians knew him well. They began to talk to him in Chinook about the wonderful gun, and asked to be shown how it worked. They were eager in their admiration, over and over demanding to know how many ponies he would take for it. The sharp-eyed rancher noticed that during all this talk the Indians were trying to get behind him, so he backed up close to the rocky wall of the canyon, quite sure from their actions that probably they meant to harm him in some way.

At last when they again demanded to know how many ponies he would take for his gun, he told them that he needed this one to get antelope meat for his family, but that if they wished to trade ponies for guns, he could get them some exactly like his own in a short time.

They seemed finally to agree that this might be a good plan, and went away, talking excitedly among themselves.

Then he had hurried home, only to start out again immediately, sick with dread of what might have befallen his disobedient little daughter.

When Ruth had at last safely reached home with her father, and heard this history of the day, and knew how her mother had suffered from fear of what might have happened, she could hardly speak for shame. She was tired and hungry too, and longed to go to bed and fall asleep.

But there was to be no sleep that night for Ruth.

*Lucia Chase Bell.*

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## A SMALL BOY'S THOUGHT ABOUT BATS.

THEY know that they are ugly,  
So they don't come out till dark —  
Did Noah take the trouble  
To save *them* within his ark?

*M. J. H.*



A DARING RIDER, PULLING AT THE REINS!

### BABY'S HORSE.

I'M a balky horse for baby —  
Anything to please;  
I must gallop 'round the room  
On my hands and knees.  
Firmly seated on my back,  
Daring rider, he,  
Pulling at the reins — my hair —  
Yells and laughs with glee.  
I must gallop, plunge, and rear,  
Kick my hind legs in the air,  
Else I wouldn't be —  
“A balk-ee hors-ee.”

I'm a gentle horse for baby;  
To the stable go,  
Back behind some parlor chairs  
Standing in a row.

I must try and make believe  
I am eating hay,  
While with brush and comb he stands,  
Combs and combs away.  
I must stand so very still,  
Must not stamp my feet until  
He has curried me —  
“Like a good hors-ee.”

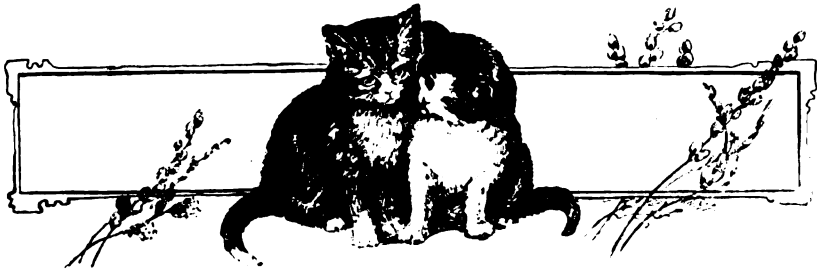
I would rather be a play-horse  
For my baby boy,  
Than the man with lands and gold  
Who ne’er knew the joy.  
Gladly will I plunge and rear,  
Kick my hind legs in the air,  
Make believe I’m eating hay  
While he combs and combs away,  
If I can only be —  
“A hors-ee for ba-bee.”

*William Peter Snyder.*



“LOOK OUT! LOOK OUT! STEER TO THE LEFT AND NOT RUN OVER THE MAN!”





"OH, PUSSY WILLOW, WILL YOU BE MY VALENTINE?"

## WINTER DAYS AND PLAYS.

*(When I was a Little Girl.)*

WHEN I was a little girl we had the longest coldest kind of winters. Cold weather began before Thanksgiving Day in November, and lasted away into April. There was often skating in April and many snow-storms. Once there was a heavy snow the fifth of May; I remember this especially, as my sister and I ran out early the next morning and filled a large washtub with the beautiful white snow.

Although we were only little girls we had heard people say that there was nothing so good to take off freckles as May snow-water, and we both had many freckles in the summer, so that 'Siah, when he wanted to tease us, called us "turkey-eggs" because we were so speckled. I remember once seeing my sister holding her hand over her nose when she was reading and I asked her why she did it; she said the freckles on her nose shone up so that they got in the way of the letters in her book.

Well, we filled all the bottles and jugs we could find with the precious May snow-water as soon as the snow melted in the tub, and put them away in the attic to use when our faces got badly freckled; but we never thought of the snow-water again for many months, and when we went to get it we found only a green dirty liquid that we threw away in disgust.

When I was a little girl there were no town snow-ploughs, but men used to "break the roads" with yokes of oxen and

heavy teams. The big boys shovelled out around the school-house and made a path to the road; paths were made about the village, where they were needed, by the people. Sometimes a man would hitch his oxen to a great wood-sled and go from house to house until he had a large and jolly load of children and take them to the school-house.

Although we lived quite a long way from the school-house my father often made a path for us by dragging a heavy log fastened to a strong rope, through the snow; we tramped gaily along after the log, wrapped in our heavy woolen coats, with thick woolen hoods and mittens, and a pair of father's socks, or mother's longer stockings, drawn snugly up over our thick calf-skin boots laced with leather strings and furnished with copper toes. Our stockings were the thickest of wool and had been knit for us by grandmother or mother.

On very cold mornings when we started for school, mother would give us each a hot brick wrapped in flannel to keep our hands warm, but as it was rather heavy we much preferred what we occasionally got — a large hot buckwheat cake that not only warmed our hands, but of which we could eat a bit now and then if we felt like it; I believe it was often all eaten by the time we reached the school-house. Of course 'Siah didn't carry any cake; he always pretended that he wasn't cold, and used to help father drag the log when the snow was deep.

When I was a very little girl, 'Siah and I slept in a red trundle-bed in my mother's room; this bed during the day-time was rolled under the big bed, then drawn out at night. Almost all the sleeping-rooms in our house opened off of the living-rooms down-stairs, and though no one in the country had fires in the bedrooms these rooms down-stairs were not so icy-cold as the room I had upstairs when I grew a little older.

I had it all to myself and I was very fond of this little room up under the eaves. There was just room between the wall and the one window to put my narrow bed, and I had a pretty little bureau and a rocking-chair. Oh, but wasn't it cold in this room! I had to hurry on some clothes and run down-stairs as fast as I could and dress by the fire all the winter mornings and

wash in the kitchen; still I do not think I ever minded having such a cold room. On some zero nights my mother used to get the big brass warming-pan, with its long red handle, that hung on the entry wall, and fill it with red-hot coals, shut the cover down tight—this cover had, I remember, a big rooster engraved on it—and then she would run the warming-pan up and down, up and down, until every bit of my little bed was nice and warm. Sometimes she put a hot brick or a stone bottle of hot



THE BOYS SHOVELLED THE ROADS OUT AROUND THE SCHOOL-HOUSE.

water in my bed; but somehow I liked best the warming-pan, which I thought very handsome.

One day a man came to our school and said a great deal about fresh air in bedrooms at night. In the country people did not, when I was a little girl, have their bedroom windows open at night, certainly not in the winter; but I thought I would try it. So just before I crept into my icy little bed, in my long yellow flannel night-gown, I opened my window a little way and put one of my boots in, to keep the window open, as the stick used to keep the window up held it wide open, and I felt I couldn't

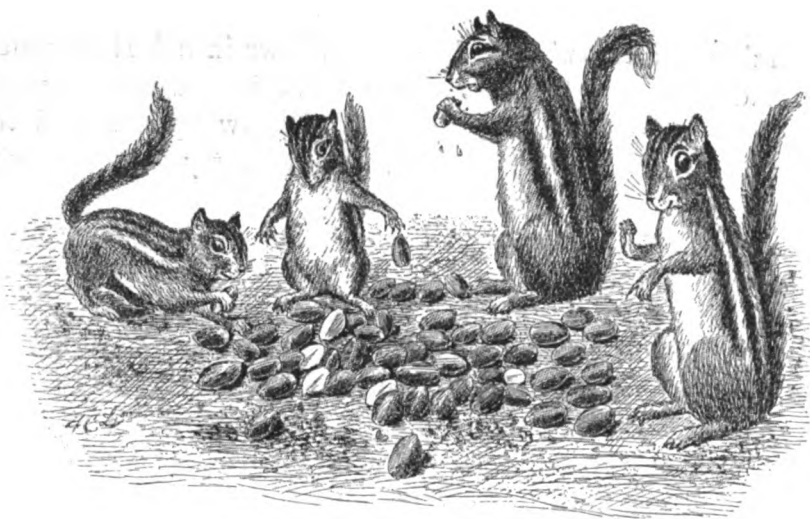
stand that on a zero night. I snuggled down into the fat feather-bed and knew nothing more till I woke in the morning and found my pillow with a little heap of snow upon it, and the sheet frozen stiff around my face. I did not try the open window again until warmer weather came.

Another thing the man said was that everyone should take a cold-water bath every day. As water froze solid in my room over-night I knew I could not take a bath early in the morning; so, not saying a word to my mother, which was not right, as I was not old enough to judge about such things myself, I carried up a pitcher of cold water and took a bath in the icy room before I went to bed. I shivered and shook — I remember now how purple and blue my poor little body looked while bathing — until at last I fell asleep. When I woke the next morning I felt lame all over and it hurt me to walk. I did not like to tell what was the matter, but my poor legs ached dreadfully many nights, and my father would come and rub them so I could get to sleep.

Before the bell rang for school we used to have fine times playing in the big school-house yard, especially when there was snow. Before it was trampled we used to lie down on it on our backs with arms outspread, and make what we called our "forms;" long rows of these "forms" often edged the path leading to the school-house door. Sometimes the snow was drifted high up against the fence at one side of the yard, and but a little space was left between the drift and the fence; here we used to go and sit down in the snow, making what we called "arm-chairs."

On very stormy days we took our dinner to school and had great fun all sitting around the big stove talking and laughing and eating; but the big boys were apt to be rather rude, and we little girls used to get hurt during the rough games of "catch" that often took place after dinner, around and around the school-room. Once I was pushed into the sharp corner of a chair and was so much hurt that I had to be sent home in a carriage. So sister and I were not allowed to carry dinners very often.

*Elizabeth Robinson.*



THEY DIDN'T LIKE THEIR NUTS SALTED.

## BILLY'S CHIPMUNK.

**D**O you know how a chipmunk looks? He is about as big as a large rat, with a long tail which is bushy like a squirrel's, his body is striped from head to tail with yellow and brown, he has bright funny black eyes, and he moves like a dart, with long leaps — altogether he is a dear pretty little fellow.

I have a true story to tell you about one of these cunning little creatures.

This chipmunk lived under the porch of a cottage in a lovely spot where a little boy about six years old, named Billy, had been to stay every summer all his life.

There were many chipmunks about the cottage and many of them had little round holes in the ground where they ran down to their homes; but this one lived under the porch. Billy was very kind to them all and loved to scatter corn for them, and peanuts — they seemed very fond of peanuts; and they were so tame with Billy that they would run up his stockings and his trousers until they could reach his pockets and munch the peanuts they found there, but the small porch chipmunk was the

tamest one — he would even go into the house with Billy.

One morning Billy's mother brought home a bag of salted peanuts, and put the bag on a table near one of the porch windows. She didn't think of them again until afternoon, and then, when she went for them, they were gone except two or three.

So she called Billy and said, "Billy did you take my nuts?"

"No, Mama, I haven't seen any nuts — where were they?" said Billy.

She told him, and Billy and his mother wondered and wondered where the peanuts could have gone, for they were alone in house that day.

After supper, just at dusk, as Billy was sitting in his mother's lap on the porch, he spied the little porch chipmunk running along the edge of the piazza outside the balustrade which did not quite reach the floor. The little fellow stopped and pushed something inside and then ran away. Back he came again and pushed something else in. Billy wanted to run at once and see what it was, but his mother said, "Wait a minute and see if he comes again."

Sure enough, in a minute there he was again; and over and over he came, until there lay on the porch — guess what? A heap of peanuts.

They proved to be the nuts Billy's mother had bought, and which the little porch chipmunk had stolen and brought back again — they knew it was the porch chipmunk because every time he went under the porch. Evidently he and his friends didn't like their nuts salted.

*M. Fay.*

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## WHO KNOWS?

I AM so very tiny — I think you'll all agree —

To write a verse, or make a speech, is quite too hard for me. But Washington and Lincoln were little once, you see, And so, perhaps, some day — who knows? — a President I'll be!

*Alice E. Allen.*



EVERY BRANCH WAS PRESSED FOR ROOM.

## HOW THE BARBERRIES BLOSSOMED.

**T**HE barberry hedge  
 At the garden edge,  
 With blossom and berry gone long ago,  
 And all its leaves laid under the snow —  
 Oh, what do you think  
 Happened in a wink  
 To its bare and cold and lonely twigs?  
 A shower of blossoms in whirl-i-gigs,  
 From the sky, pell-mell,  
 On the bare hedge fell,  
 Till every branch was pressed for room  
 To hold the clustering crowding bloom.

The blossoms were brown,  
 And fluffy as down,

With straight little stems, trim and firm,  
On which to trip and hop and squirm!  
And, queerest of things,  
These blossoms had wings,  
And not for a minute did they keep still,  
But hopped, and fluttered, and chattered at will;  
Then away they sped  
To the blue o'erhead!  
Now, dear little children, do I need tell you  
What fluffy brown things to the bare hedge flew?  
*Ida May Mullins.*

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## MY VALENTINE.

THE dearest daintiest valentine  
Has come this frosty morning,  
Of pink and pearl, and all a-shine,  
Just like the skies at dawning.

'Tis made of lace so fair and fine,  
With edges crimped and crinkled,  
And o'er each tiny trailing vine  
Bright diamond-dust is sprinkled.

The loveliest little valentine,  
With silver stars all spangled;  
And in and out there twist and twine  
Love-knots, with posies tangled.

'Tis on my window-pane — 'tis mine —  
For me he must have meant it;  
And though his name he didn't sign,  
I'm sure 'twas Jack Frost sent it!

*Alice E. Allen.*





"I WILL DRAW YOU A PLAN," SAID AUNT ANNE.

## BIG BROTHER'S VALENTINE.

AUNT ANNE laughed. "Sarah Jane Simpson," said she, "what in the world is the matter? Who ever saw such a puckered-up little face? Can't you get your lesson?"

Sarah Jane laughed too, and laid her geography down. "I wasn't really studying, Aunt Anne, I was trying to think what I could send Big Brother for a birthday present — you know it comes on St. Valentine's Day."

Sarah Jane always called her brother Bob "Big Brother."

Aunt Anne laughed again. "On St. Valentine's Day! Well, you're beginning in season — it's now the fifteenth of October."

Sarah Jane thought that perhaps she was ridiculous — but oh, she had been so lonesome ever since Bob had started away for Boston yesterday morning to be gone until June — his school wouldn't close until June — and she wanted to do something very nice for his birthday. Christmas came between, to be sure — but it was a birthday present on which Sarah Jane had set her heart.

"Make him a valentine," said Aunt Anne. "You can cut

out flowers and birds and cupids and pretty little faces from picture-cards, and I will give you some nice cardboard and you can paste them on and then write a little verse on it and make a border of hearts all around — I'll draw you a plan this minute!"

Aunt Anne caught up her pencil and began to draw, and Sarah Jane took her geography again. All at once she laughed out. "You needn't draw me a pattern, Aunt Anne!" she said. "I know what I'll do," and off she ran up-stairs.

Next morning, after breakfast, Sarah Jane ran out doors — hoppety, skipperty hop — as fast as she could go. Down the garden walk she skipped, by Bob's long marigold bed, and through the little garden gate into the barnyard, where Bob's dog, Don, came running up to her and jumped all about her — he was so happy to see his master's little sister!

"Oh, Don," Sarah Jane cried, "I am going to make Big Brother a valentine for his birthday, and don't you want to help?"

Don wagged his tail for joy, and just then Big Brother's little brown hen came out of the hen-house and Sarah Jane went to meet her.

"Oh, you dear Henny Penny, I am going to make a valentine for your master, and won't you give me two weenty brown feathers?"

The little brown hen shook her wings, and there on the ground lay two weenty brown feathers. Sarah Jane picked them up, and put them in her apron, and then she said, "Now where is Ducky Daddles?"

Ducky Daddles was just going down to the pond.

"Oh, Ducky Daddles," called Sarah Jane, "I am going to make a valentine for your master, and won't you give me two of your shining green feathers?"

"Quack, quack," said Ducky Daddles, and there on the ground lay two shining green feathers, and Sarah Jane picked them up and put them in her apron, and then she said to Don, "I'll get some of the ferns that grow by the little bridge we made, and some of the marigolds in his garden-bed, and I'll make the most beautiful wreath that ever was!"

So Sarah Jane went skipperty hop to the pond and picked the little green ferns, and put them in her apron, and skipperty hop back to the garden and picked the yellow marigolds and put them in her apron, and all the time Don ran about and barked and thought he was helping a great deal.

"Now for Billy Button!" said Sarah Jane, and back she went skipperty hop to the barn-yard.

The pony was in his stall eating hay, and Sarah Jane said, "Oh, Billy Button, I am going to make your master a birthday valentine, and won't you give me a hair out of your beautiful long tail?"

Billy Button switched his beautiful long tail about, and there on the floor lay a glossy black hair, and Sarah Jane picked it up and wound it round and round her finger so as not to lose it, and then she went to see Bob's gray squirrel in his cage by the kitchen-door.

"Oh, Chipperty," said she, "I am going to make your master a valentine of the things he likes, and will you give me a little bit of your soft gray fur?"

Chipperty was whirling on his wheel, but he winked, as much as to say, "Help yourself," and sure enough there was a little tuft of soft gray fur sticking between the bars, and Sarah Jane poked two of her fingers inside and got it and put it in her apron, and then she said, "I wonder what I can get from Bunny — I'm sure Big Brother would like to be remembered of his white rabbit!"

So Sarah Jane went skipperty hop to the rabbit's house and said, "Oh, Bunny I am making a valentine for your master, and what will you give me for it?"

Bunny was eating his breakfast of turnip and parsley, and he lifted his long ears and moved them thoughtfully for a moment, and then tossed her a stem of parsley, and Sarah Jane picked it up and put it in her apron, and said, "Yes Bunny, he'll think of you when he sees the parsley!" And then she turned all of a sudden and with the little scissors in her apron-pocket she snapped off a little red curl from Don's back, and put that in her apron too.

And then with the little red curl in her apron, and Chipperty's fur, and Bunny's parsley and Henny Penny's brown feathers and Ducky Daddles' shining green ones and the little ferns from bridge and the marigolds from the garden, and Billy Button's long glossy black hair around her finger, Sarah Jane went skip-perty hop into the house to make the birthday valentine for Big Brother.

Aunt Anne gave her a piece of cardboard and a pot of paste, and she made a most beautiful wreath. It took Sarah Jane a long time to paste the tiny green sprigs of parsley in among the yellow petals of marigolds; and it took her a long time to lay the ferns and the green and brown feathers "just graceful" to form the two sides and curve around at the base, and a very long time indeed to sew the little red curl and the ring of black hair with the lock of squirrel fur, to cover the "joins" at the bottom and so unite the whole into a perfect wreath to send to Big Brother.

And then she wrote a "verse" in the center:

"When this you see  
Remember us."



SHE MADE A BEAUTIFUL WREATH.

It didn't rhyme as did the old couplet, but it said more nearly what Sarah Jane meant to say to Big Brother.

Sarah Jane put the valentine in the big dictionary to press it nice and flat; and when next spring the twelfth of February came around she took it out "just perfect" and put it in a beautiful large envelope made on purpose for valentines, all protected by tissue paper and pasteboard, and her Papa directed it and stamped it and started it on its two days' journey.

And when Big Brother opened it, he looked at the wreath a

long time, and at the verse inside the wreath a long time, and then he said, "That's from little Sarah Jane, and from Don and Billy Button and Chipperty and Bunny and Henny Penny and Ducky Daddles and our bridge and my garden-bed — oh, funny little Sarah Jane!" And he laughed and dropped a big happy shining tear right splash on his valentine!

*Lilla Thomas Elder.*



DOLLY'S RIDING LESSON.

## LIKE WASHINGTON.

*(A Washington's Birthday Recitation for Five Little Boys.)*

*In concert :*

George Washington, the good, the great —  
All boys, though small as we,  
Would like to learn the way to grow  
As good and great as he !

*First boy :*

He liked to play a game of ball,  
He liked to jump and run —  
And so a merry little boy  
May grow like Washington.

*Second boy :*

He never did a cruel deed  
And called it "only fun" —  
And that's one way a little boy  
May be like Washington.

*Third boy :*

He loved his mother all his life,  
He honored everyone —  
And in those ways a little boy  
May be like Washington.

*Fourth boy :*

He owned his fault, brave boy and true,  
When any wrong he'd done —  
And that's a way a little boy  
May be like Washington.

*Fifth boy — last two lines in concert :*

He loved his country first and best,  
The noblest 'neath the sun —  
And that's the way that all boys may  
Be like great Washington !

*Helen Standish Perkins.*

## LONG TOM, AND HOW THEY GOT HIM.

### CHAPTER IV.—FAIR PLAY.

"LONG TOM is either in Pumbleberry's Pond that hasn't any bottom, or in Perigo's Woods where there is a bear?"

Pinky Jones said it over again, for she thought that Billy Boy couldn't be so calm if he had understood. She wished Billy Boy to understand that there really was no hope of ever getting the gun.

"Pooh! Every pond has a bottom, and there are no bears in Perigo's Woods," said Billy Boy.

"It *is* a truly bear in Perigo's woods," cried Pinky in great excitement. "Some people say it was a tame bear that ran away from a circus. But now it's in the woods of course it's wild, and awfully savage and hungry because it's not used to getting its living as a wild bear has to. If you go into the woods it will surely eat you! It would eat the whole Guards!"

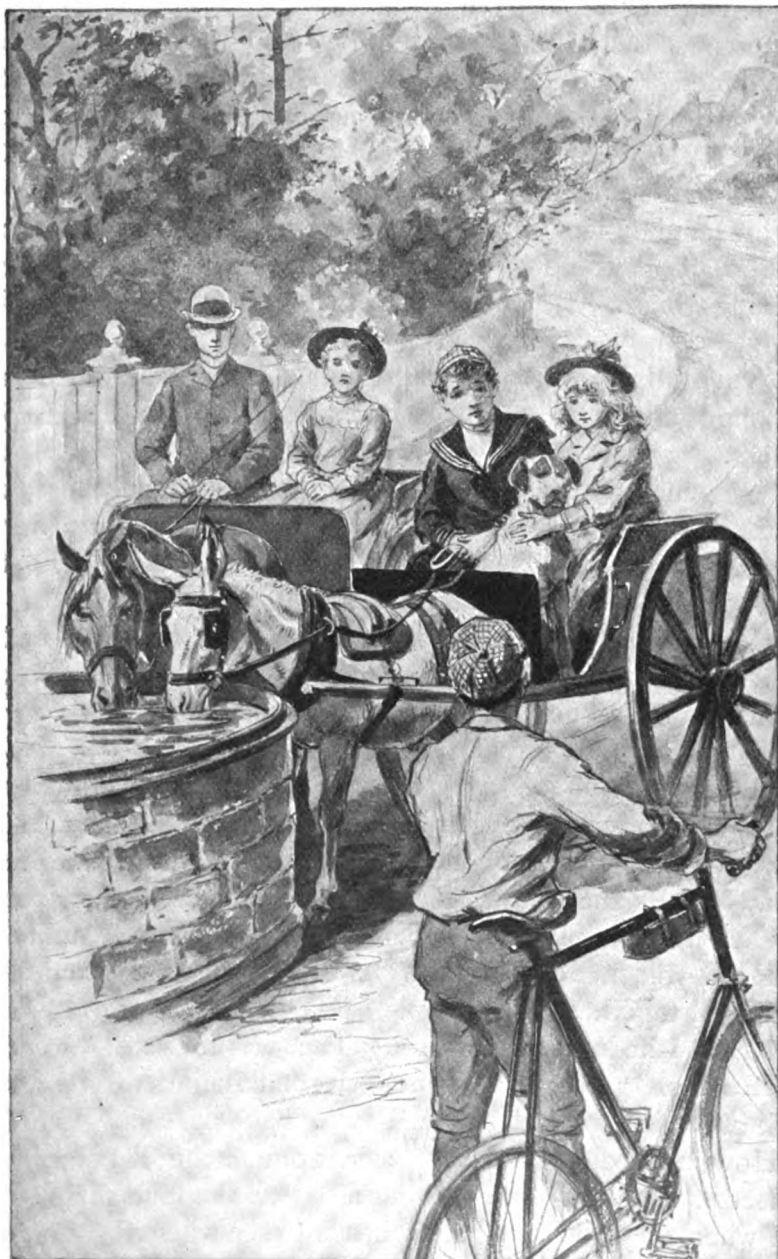
Bee put her arm through Billy Boy's in a protecting way. She felt as if he were going at once to be drowned in Pumbleberry's Pond or eaten by the bear in Perigo's Woods. Then she suddenly put on her thinking-cap. "How did the Tinkertown boys dare to carry the gun into the woods if there is a bear there?" she asked.

"I suppose they did it very softly and slyly and then ran away," said Pinky. "But perhaps they didn't," she added after another moment. "They may have thrown it into Pumbleberry's Pond. And if the pond has a bottom it is down so deep that you can never, never find anything that is thrown in there."

"How do you know?" asked Billy Boy. He had a habit of asking that question. Sometimes even Bee found it a little provoking. He seemed to ask it oftener since he had learned spelling and fractions and straightened his legs.

"How do I know?" repeated Pinky Jones a little crossly — for Ambrose was having hard work to hold in the pony so that she could tell about Long Tom. "I know because Iky Proudfoot told my aunt so."

"How does Iky Proudfoot know?" asked Billy Boy.



CARROTS WOULD NEVER GO BY A WATERING-TROUGH.



What Pinky would have replied will never be known, for at that moment Bevis howled. And when Bevis howled the donkey started, and when the donkey started Pinky Jones' pony started too, so wildly that Ambrose could not hold him. Away raced the two little beasts with the carts rattling and bumping and the two little girls holding on for dear life.

How far they would have run no one can tell if the watering-trough had not come in sight. Carrots would never go by a watering-trough. If you tried to make him he would just kick up.

When Pinky Jones' pony saw the donkey stop at the trough he stopped too, and they thrust their noses into the water together.

It happened that just then three boys on three bicycles came along. Billy Boy's heart gave a jump when he saw Ray Rogers in the middle with a Tatwick boy on each side! He felt sure that they had come to Tinkertown to buy Long Tom.

"Hullo, Pekoe Guards!" called Ray Rogers, who was a big boy. He was going along, but Simpsy Downs, a Tatwick boy whom Billy Boy knew, stopped.

"We're going to buy Long Tom!" Simpsy said in a very proud tone.

Billy Boy drew himself up straight and tall. "The Pekoe Guards have bought Long Tom!" he said in a still prouder tone.

Ray Rogers and the other Tatwick boy turned back when they heard what Billy Boy said.

"Have you, honest?" asked the Tatwick boys and Ray Rogers all together.

"I wish I hadn't told you Long Tom was for sale!" went on Ray Rogers. "I never thought such small fellows as you would think of buying a gun."

"How much did you pay?" asked one of the Tatwick boys.

"Let's see you get him — that's all!" cried a loud shrill voice. And when they all turned their heads to see where it came from there was Iky Proudfoot coming out of a store, with his little sister.

"Long Tom belongs to Tinkertown!" shouted Iky Proud-

foot. "And the boys of Tinkertown are going to keep him!"

"The girls are going to help!" said Bobsy Proudfoot, who was only six and chewed her sunbonnet strings. "He's been our Long Tom for forty years! The town had no right to sell him!"

"We were going to help the Pekoe Guards to get him for their town," said Pinky Jones, "but oh dear, now that it's all mixed up with bears and things I don't know as girls can!"

"You're going to have a cannon," said one of the Tatwick boys to Iky Proudfoot. "You ought to be satisfied."

"Our Long Tom is better than a cannon," said Iky. "He has been in a real war. And he has had his name in the papers. Besides, we haven't seen the cannon yet! They ought to have bought the cannon before they sold Long Tom."

"Well, perhaps they ought," said Ray Rogers, as if he were thinking very hard. "They sold it to Captain William Stork and now it seems Captain Stork has sold it to Captain Billy Boy Brown of the Pekoe Guards. But you seem to think, Iky Proudfoot, that there's a hitch somewhere. Pekoe Guards, have you got the gun?"

"Not yet," answered Captain Billy Boy.

"Well," said Ray Rogers, "I am a Tinkertown boy, but I wanted the Tatwick boys to have Long Tom, because I go to school there. I thought a cannon was enough for us. But if the Pekoe Guards have got ahead of the Tatwickers, in a fair and square way, why then they ought to have the gun. The Tatwick boys want to see fair play, always and forever, whoever is hit!"

The two Tatwick boys shouted "Hurrah!" at this, and Billy Boy, and Ambrose the driver, shouted "Hurrah for fair play and the Tatwick boys!" And a good many Tinkertown boys who had drawn near to listen shouted "Hurrah!" too. Bee Brown and Pinky Jones clapped their hands and Bobsy Proudfoot swung her sunbonnet.




















But Iky Proudfoot squared himself and scowled scornfully at the shouting boys.


















"Let's see the Pekoe Guards *get* Long Tom!" he said.




(*To be continued.*)

*Sophie Swett.*

# THE LITTLE OWLS AT RED GATES.

 "O-O-H!" screamed little Dolly Dilver, sitting up in . "What you screaming for, Dolly?" cried out little  sitting up too. "What's the matter up stairs?" wondered . "Hello! what ails Dicky and Dolly?" called out , running in, just as his mother came up the  with a , his  behind with another . "Something scratched me," sobbed , "right across my , and my , and my  , and I most grabbed it, and I don't want to stay in our new ." "I guess you were dreaming," said Dolly's , looking all about. They all looked, and Bobs said he would go get his , and Dolly's father said there wasn't any thing. "Oh, there is," said Dolly, her   very big, as she picked up some speckled  from the bed. "These are  feath

ers," said Mr. Dilver, and looked at the open  "Could an  have flown in?" "Oh, yes, it did," sobbed Doffy, "and it tried to bite me, and we can't stay in our nice new !" They all laughed — but it was Owlet's stiff little wing- that scratched poor Doffy's  and  and , and Doffy had grabbed at the little  with both  , and some soft breast- were pulled out. But Owlet hadn't flown in to bite Doffy. With her great  she had spied a little , right on Doffy's , and she had got him for her breakfast. "Now we've looked everywhere, Doffy," said her mother, "and there isn't anything here." "We'll put in  tomorrow," said her father, "and tonight you shall have my  on your little .

This comforted Doffy, and she and Dicky lay down.  and  and  said "Good-night," and went out.



*(Two Little Southern Girls and their Garden Plays.)*

WE were glad in midsummer when the snapdragons bloomed. We loved to pluck the fiercest ones and make them talk. We caught them by the throat and pressed them, and their mouths opened and shut, and opened and shut.

She held a little snapdragon by the throat and made him open his mouth and say, "Why are we called snapdragons?"

And I held a big snapdragon by the throat and made him open his mouth and say, "Because the Greek story-books are wrong; they tell that Cadmus sowed dragons' teeth and armed men sprang up, but I was there and that wasn't true — flowers sprang up, and Cadmus called them 'snapdragons.'"

Then my sister made her little snapdragon say, "And so we didn't have to go to fighting at all!"

Then I made my snapdragon say, "No, though we are dragons, we don't fight."

Then she made her little snapdragon open his mouth very wide and say, "What time of the year is this?"

And my snapdragon said, "Summer-time!"

And her snapdragon asked, "Why call it summer-time?"

And my snapdragon said, "I reckon because it's a lazy time; when we ask Mammy for a story she goes to sleep and says, 'I'll tell you a tale some-o'-her-time, some-o'-her-time.'"

And the little snapdragon said, "What was the time before?"

And the large snapdragon said, "Spring-time; that was the time we all came springing up!"

Then the little snapdragon said, "And what will the next time be?"

And the large one said, " Fall ; flowers fall off then, and appies fall down."

And the inquiring little snapdragon said, " What time next ? "

The large one said, " Winter-time."

The little one asked, " What about that ? "

And the large one shivered and said, " I don't know ; I never am here then."

Then the little snapdragon opened his mouth wide — and didn't say anything.

Sometimes we played " feed the babies," and opened the snapdragons' mouths to drop in bits of sweet-fern and rosemary and little seeds and the like, every bit of which they swallowed.

But we liked best to make them talk as though they were a little Punch-and-Judy show.

*Martha Young.*



READY FOR WORK.

**H**E isn't very big, you see,  
But yet he does not shirk ;  
He just puts on his overalls,  
And my ! how he does work !

*Allie Toland Criss.*

## RIDDLE-RHYMES.

### IX.

**M***Y first* is what the cleanly do,  
And so, of course, you do it, too;  
My *second* rhymes with ring and sing,  
New meaning to a verb will bring;  
My *third's* the measure used alway  
By those who deal in coal and hay.

My *whole* was one both good and great,  
True boy to home, true man to state;  
He was the first when right meant war;  
And first when peace the new land saw;  
And first to-day, as he was then,  
Within the hearts of his countrymen!

### X.

**M***Y first* is a fruit, red, yellow, or black,  
By girls and by boys well liked — but, alack!  
Liked better by robins and various birds,  
Who gather the crop without any words;  
On my *second* my *first* by a slim stem hangs;  
My *whole* a small hatchet hit terrible bangs,  
A hatchet held fast in a famous boy's hand,  
Which made it the famousest one in the land.

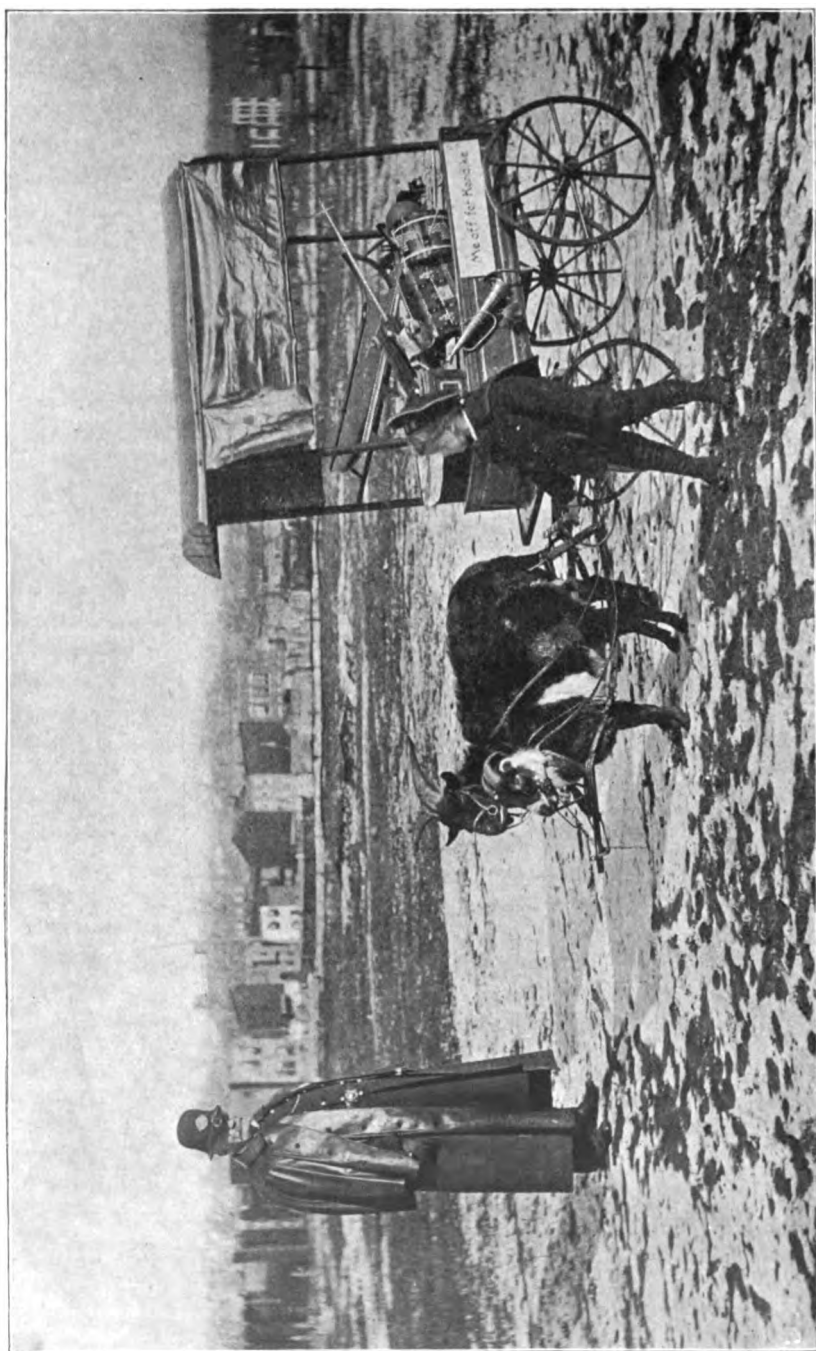
### XI.

**M***Y first* is what the chickens do  
When they come out of eggs;  
My *second* is the French for "and";  
My *whole* can pound in pegs —  
For, though it's mostly like an ax,  
It's like a hammer, too:  
I know the name of it quite well —  
Do you, and you, and you?

C. S. P.







STARTING OFF TO MAKE HIS FORTUNE.

# LITTLE FOLKS

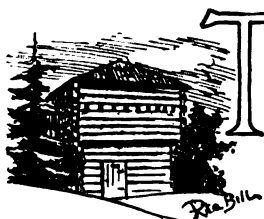
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No. 5.

## HOW DAFFODIL WAS SAVED.

(*Far-West Children.*)



THE BLOCK HOUSE.

THE very night that Ruth and her father crossed the John Day in the dug-out, word came to the ranch that the Indians had massacred some settlers farther down the river.

Ruth had just crept into bed, after eating her bowl of hot bread and milk, when her mother came, in breathless haste, to help her dress again; and as quickly as possible the family left their home to join five or six other families at the block house which had been built a few miles from where they lived.

The men made the block house as secure as possible, and then brought all the horses and put them into a corral about a quarter of a mile away. They did not fear an immediate attack, so did not station guards to protect the horses; they thought the river had come up so high that the Indians would not attempt to cross before the next day.

Ruth begged to be allowed to keep her pony in the stockade around the block house. This her mother refused, saying that others had as good a right to keep their horses there as Ruth, and that if all did so, it would make the stockade very crowded and unpleasant.

But Ruth could not sleep. She lay awake and thought of a hundred things that might happen to dear Daffodil, so far away in the lonely corral by the river. If *she* were an Indian and wanted those horses she was sure that she could get them, river

or no river! She lay a long time, trembling from head to foot with her eager thoughts. The other children, tucked in rows under blankets, on the rough floor, were sound asleep.

At last Ruth crept out from under the blankets, dressed herself, and stole out into the stockade. The dogs all knew her and raised no disturbance. Old Rush licked her hand and followed her about, inquiringly wagging his tail when Ruth lifted the bolts of the big stockade-door and peeped out.

There was starlight, but no moon. Ruth could dimly see the road leading to the big corral, and thought how quickly she could run that quarter of a mile; after that, once upon Daffodil, how quickly she could come back!

Then — Ruth hardly knew, herself, how she ever came to really do it — she slipped outside and closed the big gate softly after her, shutting old Rush inside, and went flying along the road in the darkness. The waters of the river made a deafening roar. She could dimly see the foam, and the dark forms of uprooted trees rushing along in the wild flood.

She found Daffodil without much trouble, led him out from the other horses and mounted him, and soon had him safely tied inside of the stockade at the block house. After that she crept to her place under the blankets and fell asleep, quite willing to suffer for her disobedience in the morning.

About five o'clock Ruth was awakened by a great noise and confusion around her. The men, who were awake and up very early, had seen a band of seven or eight Indians, with all the horses from the corral, just disappearing over the brow of a hill! The Indians had made a raft and crossed the river, and had stolen all the horses — all but Daffodil! Daffodil was in the stockade! Ruth's father and mother looked upon the pony and then upon Ruth with amazement, but said nothing.

There was one man among the settlers called Long Jim, because he was six feet and six inches tall. Long Jim now volunteered to take Daffodil and ride to Fort Mitchell for help to rescue the horses.

Ruth was afraid that such a big man would break her pony's back. If only they would let *her* go! She was sure that she



RUTH SPENT MANY A DELIGHTFUL DAY WITH HER FATHER.

would do just as well. But her father said, "Ruth be quiet! Long Jim must take the pony." So Long Jim mounted—but Long Jim could not ride Daffodil, for his feet dangled to the ground!

Then Ruth laughed. "*Do* let me and Daffy go, father!" she began to beg again. How proud and how happy she would be if she and dear Daffodil could bring the soldiers from Fort Mitchell!

But the next moment a stout wiry little man, not much taller than Ruth herself, stepped out of the crowd and mounted Daffodil without saying a word. *His* feet didn't touch the ground, and he was soon flying away on the fleet little cream pony in the direction of Fort Mitchell, which was about thirty miles distant. Ruth watched them out of sight, Daffodil's snow-white mane tossing as they flew, and said to herself nobody would scold her now for bringing her pony in.

A company of soldiers from the fort was soon following the

Indians; but whenever the Indians thought that they were being hard-pressed they killed one of the horses they had stolen, and by the time the soldiers had caught up with them all the horses had been killed except those the Indians were riding.

Then there was a fight, and the old chief was shot, and the rest of the Indians were driven to the hills.

Daffodil was returned safely to her little mistress; and after Ruth had learned to be a skilful little housekeeper she was allowed to spend many a long delightful day with her father, riding over the country upon her darling pony.

*Lucia Chase Bell.*

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## PEEP OF THE DAY.

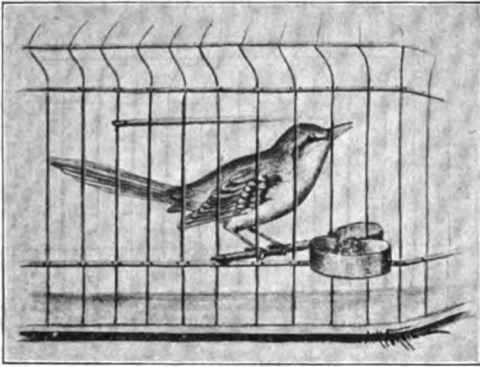
OF all the brave little, bright little Hours,  
There's one that is known to but few;  
He has his full share of the sunshine and showers  
The same as the rest of them do,  
But, somehow or other, most children at play  
Have not even seen jolly Peep of the Day.

And this is the reason: he's up and around  
With just the first wink of the sun,  
And quick as a flash, and with never a sound,  
His work and his play are all done;  
Yes, that's how it happens we miss little Peep —  
The most of us then are abed and asleep.

He's certainly tiny; but see what he does —  
He opens the workshops of day,  
And sets the wheels going with never a buzz,  
And never a moment's delay;  
He winds up the clocks — then this bright little elf  
Runs off to give place to the Morning itself.

*Frank Walcott Hutt.*

## THE MOCKING-BIRD AND THE RING-DOVE.



MERRY BOB.

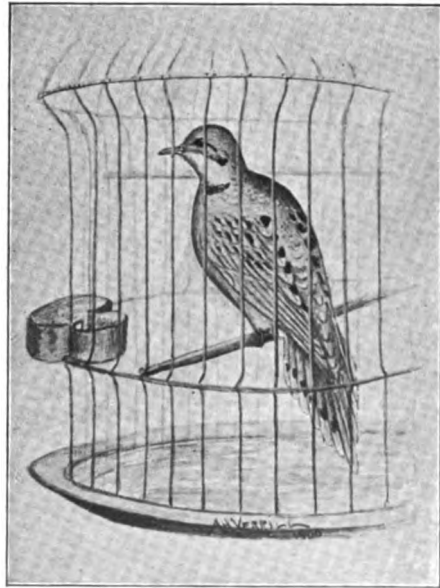
ON the eastern shore of Maryland there are some very beautiful woods, and these woods resound with the music of the little mocking-birds that gaily flit from bough to bough.

Some years ago, about twenty-five, there lived in Talbot, a Maryland town, a little girl named

Alice, and her brother William. They were the only children of a clergyman, and were greatly loved by everyone. Like other children they had their pets, and being in this land of songsters among them were a mocking-bird and a ring-dove.

"Bob," the mocking-bird, had a very soft-gray back, and the sprinkling of white on his black wings and tail made him look as if he had just come in from a snow-storm. He and the pretty ring-dove with the black half-ring around its creamy neck were kept in the same room in cages that were hanging side by side.

"Bob" was the pride of Talbot. He could be heard through the village streets at all hours of the day, and very often at night, and the passers-by



THE PRETTY RING-DOVE.

paused to listen to the clear liquid notes poured forth so sweetly from his tiny throat.

By and by an aunt of the children came to visit them, and when the time for her to leave drew near the family thought they would like to make her a present. Unfortunately they had not a great deal of money, and as she had so often expressed delight at the songs of the mocking-bird, it was decided to give little "Bob" away.

I do not understand how this could have been even thought of, but it was — doubtless it was supposed that another mocking-bird could be caught in the woods.

Alice and William grieved more than the others, though they too wanted to be generous; yet it was many nights before they fell asleep without a tearful talk about their dear little merry "Bob."

One morning came a letter from Aunt Julia for Alice, and this is the principal thing that was in it:

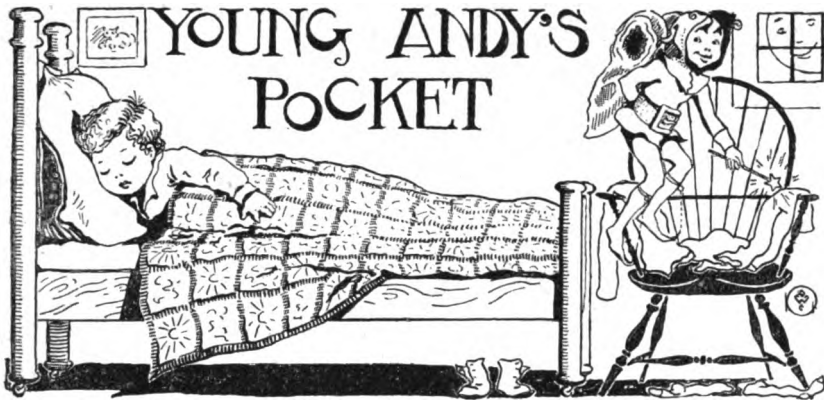
"I do not know what ails Bob. He has not sung a note since we came home, but sits in the corner of his cage drooping. I have tried everything I can think of. What do you suppose is the trouble?"

The family at Talbot were surprised to hear that "Bob" had stopped singing, and the only way they could account for it was that he missed his little companion the ring-dove. So they decided, as they did not like to ask to have "Bob" returned, to send the ring-dove on to him.

This was done, and the change in "Bob" was wonderful. He began singing, singing, singing, as if his little throat could not contain the sweet silent melodies any longer. They poured forth in bursts of rapture — the little bird singing, singing until there was one final peal of glorious song, and little "Bob" lay dead upon the floor of his cage. He had lost his life while showing the joy that had come all too late to his little broken heart.

I have often wondered what became of the little ring-dove, but no one has been able to tell me.

*Anne Washington Wilson.*



(A Merry Elfin Tale.)

O TOM and Dick and Harry, don't you think it would be handy

If you had a trousers' pocket that was always full of candy?  
I knew a lucky fellow once who had that sort of thing,  
And the tale of his good fortune I am going for to sing.

His name was Andy Fizzletoppylink-  
umtaddelender,  
His tooth was sweet, but oh, his heart  
was many times as tender;  
He loved to give to little girls, and like-  
wise little boys,  
His marbles and his gingerbread, his ap-  
ples and his toys.

Now Andy knew a pretty little girl  
named Bell Amandy,  
Who all her livelong life had lived on  
seventy-five cent candy;  
When he offered her his apples and his  
gingerbread she cried,  
"I cannot eat such common things!"  
and tossed her head in pride.



"SUCH COMMON THINGS."



O, his heart was full of grieving, but this darling little sonny,  
Well knowing that his parents were too poor to give him money,  
Bravely kept his tribulation to his ownty donty self,  
And nobody suspected it save only one wee elf.



YOUNG ANDY DANCES.

This elf was in a merry mood, and so one morn on rising,  
Young Andy felt his cheer restored by something most surprising:

His right-hand trousers' pocket was bulging hard and big,  
And in it — well, no wonder Young Andy danced a jig!

O, bonbons pink as any rose and yellow as a daffy!  
O, chocolates and caramels! O, butter-scotch and taffy!  
Marshmallows and vanilla creams, gumdrops and jujube paste!  
O, checkermints and lemon rock — he scooped them out in haste.

O, wafers thin, cream almonds fat, and corncake nice and sticky!  
 O, chips and fudge and fuddydud, enough to make you sicky!  
 Molasses cockylorums and sugared peanut-pops,  
 And every other kind that you can find in candy-shops!

A pleasant life Young Andy led from  
 that time ever after;  
 His coming always wakened folks to  
 gladsome smiles and laughter,  
 The little girls all voted him the nicest  
 kind of boy,  
 The very babies followed him with goo-  
 goo-goos of joy.



THE JOYFUL BABIES.

At all church fairs and festivals his favors were requested;  
 And when it came to Christmas-time Young Andy never rested  
 But journeyed up and down the streets where dwelt the children  
 poor,  
 To leave a dozen pounds or so at every single door.



AT CHRISTMAS-TIME.

And when a little girl received a lovely  
heart of candy  
Upon St. Valentine's, she said, "It must  
have come from Andy!"  
On July Fourth the boys did not take  
heed of things to eat—  
They spent their cash for powder and  
'twas Andy found the treat.



"MUST HAVE COME FROM ANDY."



WITH BELL AMANDY.

And for dainty Bell Amandy, tho' she  
did not half deserve it,  
Whene'er he had a tidbit he was certain  
to reserve it.  
She let him walk with her to school, she  
slid upon his sled,  
And he forgot how she had scorned his  
humble gingerbread.

Don't you wish Young Andy Fizzle-  
toppylinkumtaddelender  
Were here this winter morning with his  
heart so kind and tender,  
With his magic pocket stuffed with sugar-  
plums and kisses,  
Every kind you ever dreamed about of  
sugar blisses?

O, it makes my mouth to water merely in my mind to see  
The luscious-looking lollipops he'd have for you and me!  
O, let's hurrah for Andy and his pocketful of candy!  
And let us cheer the little elf and even Bell Amandy!

*Elizabeth Hill.*



# THE LOVABLE TALES OF JANEY AND JOSEY AND JOE.

## IV. — THE VERY BEST GAME.



"I SEE YOU PEEPING AT ME."

AND one morning before dear Josey and Joe were awake Janey jumped out of bed and put on her little pink muslin dress and ran out of doors.

"I see you coming, you big round sun!" she cried, dancing about on the lawn, "I see you peeping over the hills at me!" And just then the sun rose over the hills and smiled with his big round face at dear little Janey.

"I see you, you lovable child," the sun seemed to say. "I know why your bright little face is so happy."

And around the corner of the house Maxie Monroe came jumping and barking and wagging his tail.

"Bow-wow! Bow-wow! Good morning, my dear little Janey," he said as plain as could be.

And Janey said, "Good morning dear Maxie Monroe. You and I will play hide-and-seek till the breakfast-bell rings."

(Dear little Janey never guessed, never dreamed what a wonderful game of hide-and-seek she was to have that morning!)

"Now stay right here while I hide, Maxie Monroe," she said. "And don't you look — for that isn't fair."

And that wise old dog — what do you think he did?

Why he crouched down on the ground and dropped his nose between his paws and shut his eyes up tight! (He had been trained to do this whenever he played hide-and-seek with the children.)

And away, away ran Janey down through the garden, and down through the orchard till she came to the big old peach-

tree beside the stone wall. And the peach-tree was full of little pink blossoms.

And dear little Janey climbed up into the peach-tree in her little pink dress, and sat down on a limb. She looked like a little pink blossom herself—her dress was so pink, and her cheeks were so pink.

“Coop! Maxie Monroe you never can find me!” she called, and then she sat very still and listened and waited.

And while she was listening and waiting all at once a voice just over the stone wall said, “Coop! hide-and-seek! I’ve found you, you sweet little girl in the peach-tree!”

And Janey looked down through the blossoms, and there was a very large boy with a dear funny face looking up at her and smiling.

“Oh, come up into the peach-tree quick, you nice big boy, or Maxie, Maxie Monroe will find me!” she said.

And the young man jumped up on the stone wall and climbed up into the big old peach-tree and sat down on the limb by Janey.

And just then Maxie Monroe came running and jumping and barking down through the garden and down through the orchard—right under the peach-tree he came and looked up with his wise laughing eyes at dear little Janey.

“I’ve found you!” he said as plain as could be. “You never can hide very long from me, little Janey.”

And the big boy looked down at Maxie Monroe and said, “Ha! ha! You didn’t expect to find a boy in the peach-tree, did you, old fellow?”

And Janey looked at the boy and smiled and said, “Who are you, boy, and where did you come from so early this morning?”

And the big boy said, “I came from far, far away on the cars to see my dear precious sister. And I came to see little Janey and Josey and Joe Monroe, my dear little nieces and nephew.”

And Janey’s eyes opened very wide, and she held very tight to the limb of the peach-tree. “I am Janey,” she said. “And I guess, I guess you’re my own Uncle Billy!”

And the big boy put his arm around Janey quick, and hugged her up close and kissed her three times. “Yes, I am your own



THERE WAS A VERY LARGE BOY WITH A DEAR FUNNY FACE.

Uncle Billy," he said. "And oh, you sweet little Janey. You never can guess how happy I am to see you!"

(He never had seen little Janey before.)

And Janey clapped her hands and said, "Let us play hide-and-seek, Uncle Billy, and I will send Mama and Josey and Joe to find you."

And Uncle Billy said, "All right, so we will."

And Janey climbed down from the peach-tree and ran into

the house, and up the stairs to her mother's room. "Oh, wake up quick, you precious Mama," she said. "Uncle Billy has come, and he's hiding from you in the orchard! Hide-and-seek! hide-and-seek!"

And Josey and Joe came running in. "Oh, you are joking, you naughty Janey," said Joe. "Uncle Billy is *not* in the orchard!"

"Yes, he is, hide-and-seek! Yes, he is!" said Janey, and she clapped her hands and danced about the room.

And Mama said, "Yes, I am sure my dear brother Billy *has* come, or little Janey would not look so happy."

And very soon they were all out in the orchard looking for dear Uncle Billy. And Mama and Josey and Joe looked and looked and looked, and Uncle Billy called, "Coop! Coop!" in a low little voice, but they could not seem to find him.

And all at once old Maxie Monroe came jumping and barking and ran to the peach-tree and there they found Uncle Billy.

And dear little Mama was oh, so happy and glad, she hugged Uncle Billy and kissed him again and again, when he came down from the peach-tree — she called him her dear baby brother.

And oh, how Josey laughed, and oh, how Joe laughed, and oh, how Janey laughed. Why, Uncle Billy was almost as tall as Papa!

"That was the very best game of hide-and-seek I ever had," little Janey said.

And they all went into the house to breakfast.

*Gertrude Smith.*

## YELLOW PRINCE.

PRINCE is my little yellow dog,  
And he has such naughty habits;  
He frightens all the gentle birds  
And he chases after rabbits.

When we go walking winter days  
He loves to come with Nurse and me;  
He runs along the woodsy path  
At first as good as he can be.



THE NAUGHTY LITTLE YELLOW DOG.

Then up his ears go at some sound  
That Nurse and I can never hear;  
And off he dashes through the brush  
Some poor wild thing to catch, I fear.

Nurse calls him loud to bring him back,  
And then I call and whistle too;  
But we just hear his bark grow faint,  
And there is nothing we can do.

So Nurse and I go walking on  
For fear that we'll be late for tea.



And soon I hear a patt'ring sound  
And Prince comes trotting after me!

And then I scold him very much  
For chasing so the poor creatures,  
And Prince uncurls his yellow tail,  
Shame is written on his features.

But next day when we go again  
He dashes off the self-same way —  
He will not mind one single bit  
In spite of all that I can say.

*Mabel McGinnis.*

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## CHEERFUL DAVY AND HUMPTY-DUMPTY.

"**N**OW I'm going to make a snow-man," cried Davy, rushing into the house and putting away his books. He was just rushing out again when his mother said, "The wood-box is empty, Davy."

"So it is. Well, I can fill it in a jiffy," he replied cheerfully, and he did. But as he brought in the last armful Grandma came into the room.

"You've come, have you, Davy?" she said. "I've been waiting for you. I wish you'd run down to the store and get me some blue yarn — I'm all out. Here's the sample."

Davy's face fell a little, but he answered pleasantly, "All right, Grandma!" and hurried away.

They were very busy in the store and Davy had to wait quite a long time for the yarn. When he got home it was past five o'clock.

"I guess I won't begin my snow-man till to-morrow," he said.

The next night there was nothing for Davy to do but fill the wood-box; then he went out into the yard and began upon the snow-man. First he made some good legs. "I'm not going to

have my snow-man wear a dress as some do," he said to himself.

By the time Davy had built up the short stout legs and made a body, with snow buttons down the front of the white coat, it was too dark to work any longer.

"I'll finish him to-morrow," he said.

The next day was warmer and the headless snow-man's legs grew weak in the sun. Finally one of them gave out entirely, and of course you know what happened then.

Davy looked almost ready to cry when he came home from school and saw the wreck, but concluded to laugh.

"Humpty-Dumpty had a great fall," he said. "Next time I'll make him stronger — guess I'll call him 'Humpty-Dumpty.'" Then he began over again.

At dark the new Humpty-Dumpty was just as nearly done as the one before him. "I'll finish him to-morrow," said Davy again.

It was colder the next day and when he came home from school, Humpty-Dumpty still stood waiting to be finished.

But as Davy ran up the walk Ponto came bounding out to meet him. Humpty-Dumpty stood right in the way, and in a twinkling down he tumbled.

"Now, Ponto! Just see what you've done!" Davy exclaimed with vexation. Then he laughed good-naturedly.

"You didn't mean to, did you, old fellow?" he said, patting the big dog's shaggy side. "Humpty-Dumpty was right in your path, wasn't he? Next time I'll put him in a corner."

So Davy began a new snow-man in a corner of the fence, and when it was dark the new Humpty-Dumpty was just as nearly



NOT MUCH TALLER THAN DAVY.

done as the two others had been, and again Davy said, "I'll finish him to-morrow. It'll be Saturday," he added; "I can get him all done."

It was growing quite cold and the snow was beginning to fall as Davy went in. It snowed all night and the wind blew too. In the morning there were big white drifts all about, and one of the very biggest was right in Humpty-Dumpty's corner, and of course he was completely buried.

It was a cold windy day, and the snow blew and flew, so Davy decided to wait till the next week before he tried again.

Monday was cold too, but pleasant, and after school Davy began another snow-man and when it was too dark to work any longer there was just as much done on the new Humpty-Dumpty as there had been on the others, and Davy said once more, "I'll finish him to-morrow."

Nothing happened to Humpty-Dumpty that night or the next day, and after school Davy made his head with eyes, ears, nose and mouth. Then his arms were put on. For these, two short sticks were stuck into the sides of his jacket and covered with snow, which did not stay on very well, however.

For the last touch Davy set an old cap on his head and there stood his snow-man finished at last, and a funny-looking fellow he was — so very stout and so very short, not much taller than Davy himself.

The weather kept cold for several days and with a little patching up now and then, Humpty-Dumpty bravely stood his ground, and he was really a great deal of company for Davy.

Then the weather changed; it grew warmer, and warm weather does not agree with snow-men. Humpty-Dumpty got gradually thinner and one day when Davy came from school, where he had stood there was now only a melting heap of snow, two sticks and an old cap.

"Poor old Humpty-Dumpty," Davy said. "'All the King's horses and all the King's men,' couldn't make him stand up again, could they? Well, he and I had a good time. I shall make another snow-man some day."

*Carrie A. Parker.*

## LONG TOM, AND HOW THEY GOT HIM.

### CHAPTER V.—IN THE GREAT BARN.

THE Pekoe Guards had watched for the return of the donkey-carriage from Tinkertown.

Some of the boys had run almost all the way to Tinkertown to meet it they were so eager to know whether they were really going to have Long Tom.

As it drove into Pekoe the cart was attended by such a crowd of shouting boys that Bevis barked madly and Carrots kicked and pranced.

Pinky Jones had not allowed Ambrose to drive her home to Gobang. He was obliged to go, so she climbed into the back of the donkey-cart. She said she must know what the Pekoe Guards would say and do about the gun.

Captain Billy Boy wouldn't tell them anything about it, in the street. He thought it would not be dignified. But Bee had hard work to keep Pinky still. She told her that it was not fair to Billy Boy to tell before he had a chance to.

But when the boys shouted, "Long Tom! Long Tom! can we get him?" Pinky shook her head sadly.

She kept asking them, too, whether they knew that Pumbleberry's Pond had no bottom, and that there was a bear—a truly bear—in Perigo's woods. And then she said that she hadn't said a word about the gun!

Pinky would have been such a nice girl if she had only known when to keep still. As it was, she worried Bee Brown a good deal and Bee couldn't make Billy Boy like her. Of course you want your brother to like your best friend.

The crowd of boys followed the donkey-cart home and Billy Boy invited all who belonged to the Guards to come into the great barn. He said to Bee he would not have Pinky Jones in the barn, but Bee coaxed him to let Pinky and her stay in the granary which had a door and window opening into the barn.

Pinky put up the window and thrust her head out at once, where it was just on a level with Billy Boy's, who stood on a barrel to make his report. But she had promised not to say a

word, and Bee kept hold of her sash ribbon so to pull her down if she did.

Billy Boy told all about the gun; everything that Captain William Stork had told him, that is.

He said it was plain to see that the Tinkertown boys meant to keep the gun, but that it was not according to law and order for them to do so. The town had sold the gun to Captain Stork and had no doubt used the money they had got for it towards buying a cannon. He thought it was as much for fun as because they really wanted the gun that the Tinkertown boys were trying to keep it.

Then he asked the question whether the Pekoe Guards would raise ten dollars to pay Captain Stork's wife for the gun, and take the risk of getting it.

If you could have heard the shouting then you would have known that the Guards thought it would be only fun to get the gun away from the Tinkertown boys.

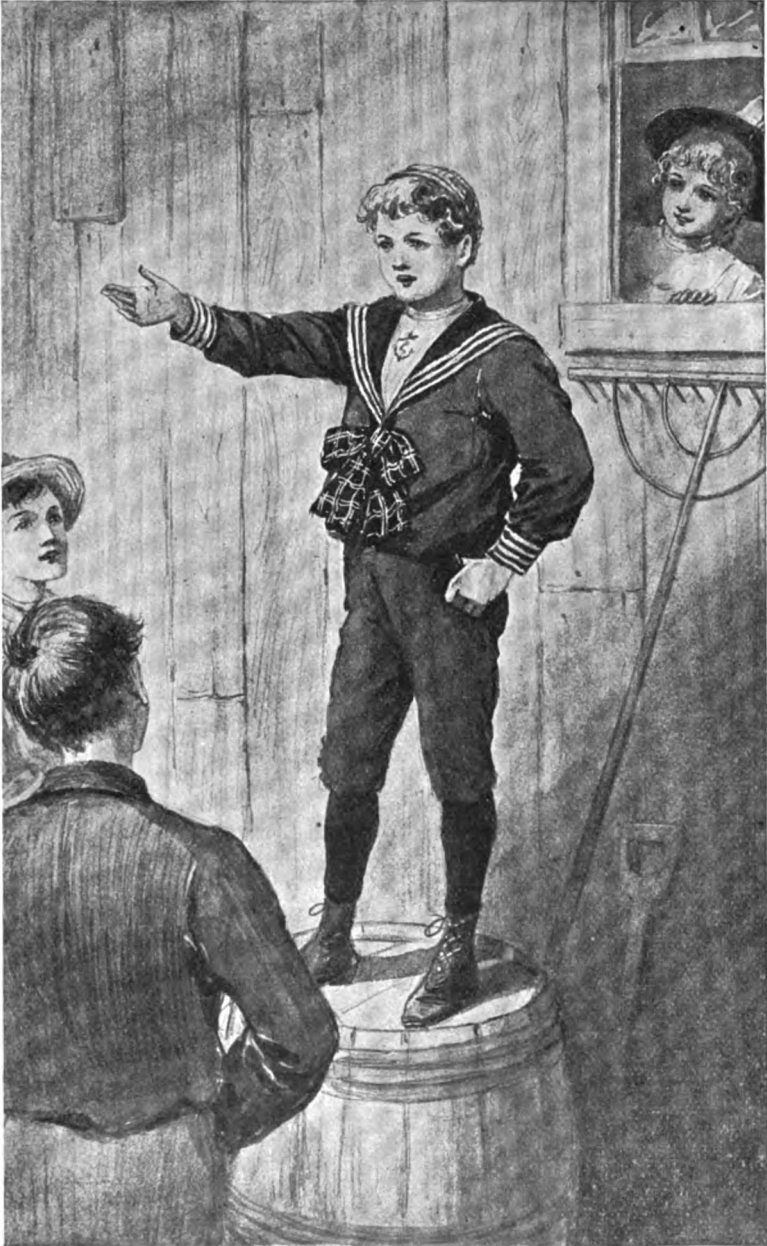
Pinky Jones forgot herself entirely, and cried out that the gun was either in Pumbleberry's Pond that had no bottom, or in Perigo's Woods where there was a bear. But the noise was so great that no one heard her and Bee pulled her down.

"Ten dollars? Let us raise it now!" cried Peter Plummer.

Every boy shouted "Yes!" to that. But then they began to look at one another, and some looked a little foolish. For they didn't quite know where their share of the ten dollars was to come from.

Peter Plummer sat down on the milking stool and took out paper and pencil. Ten dollars wasn't very much apeece for twenty-seven boys. He told them just how much in about two minutes, for Peter had a head for figures; and they all went their ways to get the money.

It must be raised as soon as possible, for Captain Billy Boy thought they ought to go the very next Saturday to Tinkertown to get the gun. Peter Plummer, too, said there was nothing like striking while the iron was hot. Now it may be thought a very little money to have any difficulty about but, as Tommy Philbrick the drummer of the Guards said with feeling, there were



**BILLY BOY MAKES HIS REPORT.**

always hard times at the end of vacation. In truth, times were almost always hard with Tommy for he had a sweet-tooth and spent all his money at the candy shop.

Some of the boys ran when they had left the barn as if they were in great haste. Judsy Fling ran across the field to tell Farmer Jenkins that he couldn't take a big pumpkin for a Jack-o'-lantern, to pay for jobs, as usual, but must have money, and Lieutenant Danny Frazar ran to accept his grandmother's offer of a quarter for not uttering Indian war-whoops, which she didn't like, being an old lady of quiet tastes. And little Norman Nute ran to write out the programs for a show with his dog Flip as sole performer. At two cents a ticket Flip could be depended upon to raise the necessary money.

When Billy Boy and Bee and Bob their older brother — who also belonged to the Guards — and Pinky Jones were left alone in the barn, Orlando Pew the hired man, came down the long ladder from the hay loft.

"I know I don't belong to the Pekoe Guards and I'm not one to listen," said Orlando. "But when I heard you were going to try to get that gun I thought I'd better know all about it. For the Tinkertown boys are young rascals, a good many of them. They don't think so much of the gun as they do of making mischief. If they wouldn't let it go off in the sloop *Betsey* they won't let you have it. Now I know where Long Tom is. He is either in Pumbleberry's Pond" —

"That hasn't any bottom!" cried Pinky Jones.

"Or in Perigo's woods" —

"Where there's a bear!" cried Pinky Jones.

Bob Brown, almost fourteen, turned a somersault on the barn floor, he seemed to think it was such fun to try to get a gun that was hidden like that.

"Did you know? Why didn't you tell the boys?" he asked of Billy Boy when he came upright.

"Because I was afraid they couldn't wait till next Saturday!" said Billy Boy.

*(To be continued.)*

*Sophie Swett.*

## RIDDLE-RHYMES.

### XII.

I ROAM the world, and surely every one  
My voice has heard, since first the world began ;  
Yet never one, by star or moon or sun,  
My form has seen — no child, nor oldest man.

C. S. P.

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### 'SIAH'S HUT.

*(When I was a Little Girl.)*

WHEN I was a little girl I did not care very much whether it was warm or cold if I could only stay out-of-doors, and I spent almost every minute out of school in the open air, even in the winter.

When the snow was deep around the house mother would let my sister and me go out to wade. She would cut off the bottoms of the legs of some of father's old trousers and draw them up on us, tucking all our skirts inside, put on our hoods, cloaks and mittens, tie the trousers close about our ankles over our heavy shoes or rubber boots, and then let us go. Oh, what fun we had, and how 'Siah and father laughed at us !

Sometimes my father would drive away out into the country to see to his woodland, and he always took some of us with him. I remember once walking around on a hilly field and looking down into a woody swamp while he was off in the woods, and suddenly I saw such a beautiful tree shining in the sun, just covered with red berries ; it was where I could not go to it, but when father came I begged him to see what that red-looking tree was, and he said it was holly, and he went into the swamp and brought me some branches. Oh, how lovely it was with its shining green leaves and the red berries so very thick !

After this, every year we used to go to this place for holly,



but we never found berries so thick again. In the field next to the wood was a large shed built into the side of the hill so the roof came down to the ground, and while father was putting up his horse in the farmer's barn, we children would climb up the slanting roof of this shed as far as we could, and then slide down. I remember we always looked forward to this as part of the holly gathering.

There was good coasting on our own barn hill, and in many fields near by — great long coasts through two or more fields, full of "thank-you-marms," as we called them. Now and then there was a fine icy crust all over the deep snow and we could run over field after field.

Sometimes when the river froze very hard people went fishing; they put traps all over the ice, and when 'Siah got a little bigger he had to have some traps too. We used to help him bait them and fix the little red flags that flew up on the trap when a fish was caught.

Once in a while father would go hunting, and he took 'Siah when he was big enough. We had a hound called "Spotty" who was wild to go hunting, and he had to be shut up in the house while father and 'Siah were getting ready as he got so antic. When all was ready, father would say, "Spotty, want to go hunting?" and Spot would jump around and leap upon father and 'Siah and lick the guns, and oh, how he would run when he got out!

'Siah set some traps in the woods for partridges and rabbits to cook, but he never got a great many. I used to go with him to visit these traps before school on such cold mornings I thought my hands would really freeze; but I did not say anything about being cold for I was afraid 'Siah would not let me go again, and I felt, as my sister said, "pretty big" because I could go with 'Siah.

My mother cooked the partridges, but 'Siah usually cooked the rabbits himself, and I will tell you where.

'Siah had begun to read about boys going camping and living in huts and he wanted to go off in the woods and build a hut and live there. Of course father would not let him do it, but

he said, "You can build a hut in the garden, if you want to." So with the help of some bigger boys 'Siah built a very good hut.

They got all the old boards out from under the barn and fitted them together. There was one small window and a door, and a little table-shelf that was folded up against the wall when not in use. Somebody gave them a little cook-stove, and 'Siah and the boys had splendid times in the hut. The hut would hold



ON A LITTLE POND-HOLE.

six boys if they sat close, and was tall enough to stand up in all right.

It was out there, on the little stove, that 'Siah made rabbit-stews; he would dress and cut up the rabbits and I helped him cook them. Mother often let 'Siah and my sister and I take our dinners out and eat them in the hut. We thought they tasted much better there than in the house; so we squeezed up to the little table. sitting on boxes and stools, and had fine times.

'Siah had all his special boy friends come to eat in his hut, and father let him stay out there until half-past eight or nine o'clock evenings. There were some bad boys that came around, but 'Siah and the other boys would not let them in.

Sometimes 'Siah had some oysters and made an oyster stew, or he and the others made molasses candy, or popped corn. Mother let them take dishes from the house, and once I remember I took out a dear little tall blue-and-white willow-ware pepper-box; it had been my grandmother's and mother was quite choice of it. I forgot to bring it right in, as I promised and meant to do, and it met with a sad fate.

One day when father and 'Siah were both away, mother saw the bad boys come around behind a neighbor's barn and look over the fence at the hut. She went to the window and told them to go away and let the hut alone, and off they ran. But by-and-by mother, who had been busy in another part of the house, went to look out of the window again, and there lay 'Siah's hut all flat and broken up. The pretty pepper-box was all smashed up in the hut.

Oh, how bad 'Siah felt when he came home at night, and I did, too, for I had liked the hut almost as well as the boys.

Of course milk and almost everything else froze solid over night in our house. I remember hearing mother say that it made bean-porridge better to freeze. The milk and meat and mince-pies had to be thawed out by the fire before breakfast. The lard-oil lamps were all solid too, and had to be melted.

When I was a little girl I thought pop-corn was very nice and we popped it often, and sometimes mother made corn-balls for us. We used to parch sweet-corn too, by putting it in a spider and keeping it moving around over a hot fire. We used to take this sweet corn and the pop-corn that did not pop well, and pound it fine in a mortar, or grind it in a coffee-mill; then we put in a little sugar and a little milk and ate it—we called it "no-cake." It was said to be an Indian dish.

As it grew near spring the ice got thinner on the little pond-holes where we were allowed to go skating and sliding. Sometimes it got limber and bent up and down in a very exciting

fashion when we ran over it — we called it “ben-doughnuts,” and liked to try running over it just as long as it would bear. Once my sister and I ran over just once too often, and the ice broke and in we went almost up to our necks in the cold muddy water. We screamed, and a man ran and pulled us out, called us “naughty gals,” shook us well, and sent us home dripping, shivering and crying.

*Elizabeth Robinson.*

## LEARNING TO WHISTLE.

*(A Recitation.)*

Recite first line with a pompous air; at end of second line purse up the mouth; at end of verse blow with only an aspirate sound.

When I was just a *little* boy,  
I screwed my mouth up, *so*,  
And tried to whistle, oh, so hard,  
But I could only blow  
Like this.

At end of second verse strut up and down stage with hands in pockets, alternately sucking in and expelling the breath with a whistling sound.

But by and by I learned to make  
A real nice whistling noise,  
And whistled up and down the block  
To “show off” to the boys,  
Like this.

At end of third verse stand still, facing audience, and, blowing outward, whistle four or five clear monotonous notes.
















But they all laughed at me, and said  
I whistled backward! So  
I blew until the sound came right —  
But not a *tune*, you know —  
Like this.



















At end of last verse march off the stage whistling “Yankee Doodle,” and keep it up till seat is reached.

But just the hardest was to keep  
My lips held tight and round,  
And slide the whistling up and down,  
’Till I could make it sound  
Like this!

*Henrietta R. Eliot.*

## THE LITTLE OWLS AT RED GATES

 **N**EXT morning,  and  ran outdoors after breakfast, to see their new home. The  shone, and little  were singing in the . Doffy climbed up on one big red  and Dicky climbed up on the other. "This is a very nice, high , fly by," said Dicky. "Wouldn't you be afraid?" "No!" said Doffy. "Now let's let our dolls look!" She took a little red flannel  out of her pocket, and Dicky took out a little blue flannel . They were about as big as two little . Doffy held her  up high, and Dicky held his  up the same. "Look, Polly," said Doffy, "look and see 'Red Gates'! All this nice  and all these nice -trees, and all these nice

-trees are ours, and all this nice   
 and , and all this nice   
 "Peter," said Dicky, "everything is all ours!"  
 "Hello," said , behind them, "who wants to  
 take a walk?" "I! I!" cried both, and they  
 jumped down and ran in to get their   
 in such a hurry that  dropped her  
, and Bobs picked it up and laid  
 it on the gate-post. Then   
 walked up through the pasture, and saw  
 the little  and   
 and went up to the red  by the  
, and stopped to rest under the  
 old  where the  lived. The owls  
 heard them and kept  still, and Doffy  
 and Dicky never knew they lived there.  
 But  saw some speckled  on the  
 ground, and he thought, "I shouldn't wonder  
 if there were an owl's  in this tree.  
 Some day I'll climb up there and see!"

# FROM DO TO DO.

## A SCALE SONG.

Words and Music by JENNIE MURKLAND BARNES.

*p*

Do, re, mi, fa, sol, la, ti, do, Up and down the scale we go,

Sing-ing soft-ly ev -'ry step, Keep-ing time and pitch quite true; Then

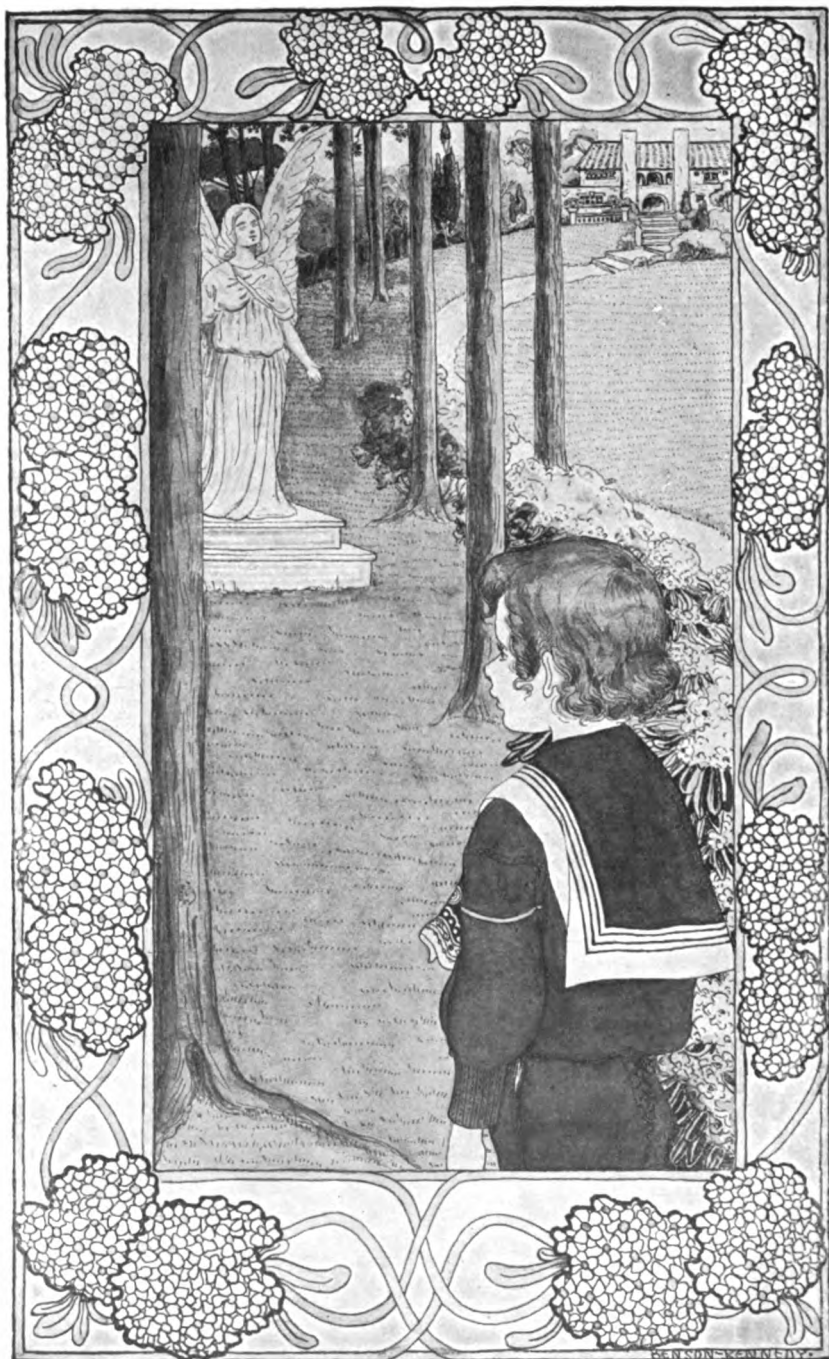
*mf* *cres.*

light-ly skip from do to do, Gal-ly as the song-birds do:

Up and down the scale we go, Do, ti, la, sol, fa, mi, re, do.







JACK HAD FOUND THE ANGEL AMONG THE PINE-TREES.

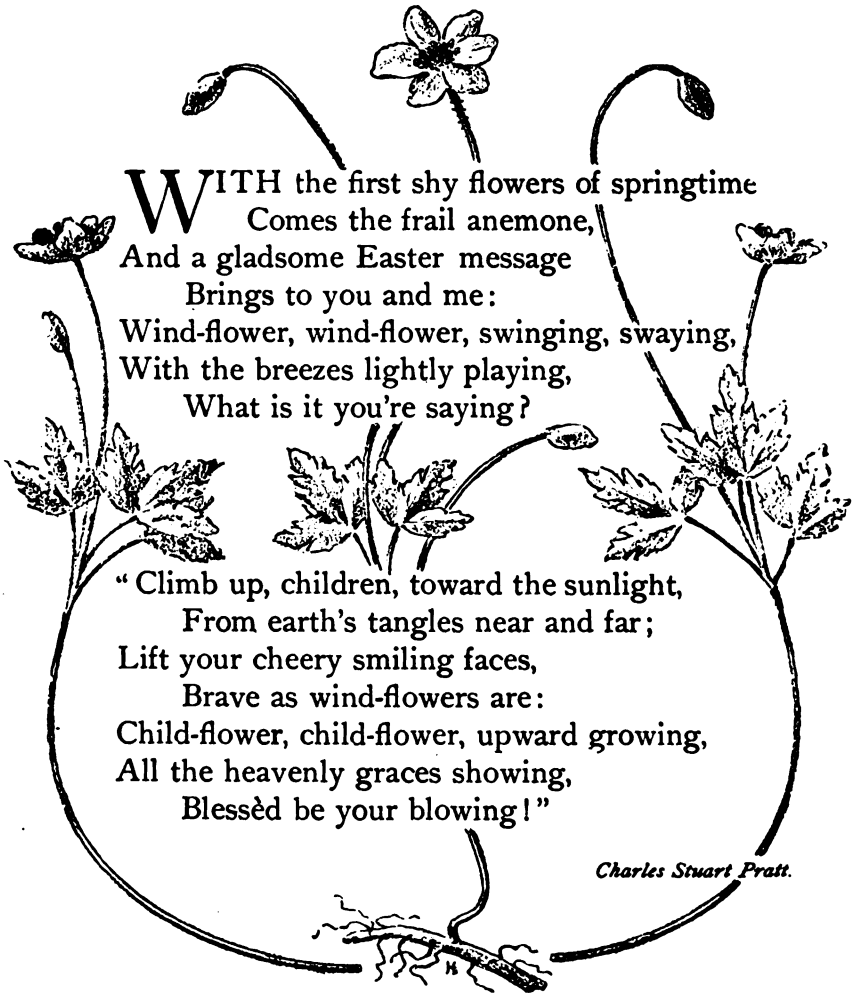
# LITTLE FOLKS

VOL. IV.

APRIL, 1901.

No. 6.

## THE WIND-FLOWER'S MESSAGE.



WITH the first shy flowers of springtime  
Comes the frail anemone,  
And a glad some Easter message  
Brings to you and me:  
Wind-flower, wind-flower, swinging, swaying,  
With the breezes lightly playing,  
What is it you're saying?

"Climb up, children, toward the sunlight,  
From earth's tangles near and far;  
Lift your cheery smiling faces,  
Brave as wind-flowers are:  
Child-flower, child-flower, upward growing,  
All the heavenly graces showing,  
Blessèd be your blowing!"

*Charles Stuart Pratt.*



## THE ANGEL WITH THE BROKEN WING.

ONE day as I was driving along a quiet country road, I passed a pleasant home-like house with large grounds about it ; there were winding walks and driveways and fountains and summerhouses and flowers, everything to make it beautiful. In one corner of the grounds, in the midst of a clump of tall dark slender pine trees, stood the figure of a little white angel ; she was very lovely and perfect in every particular, except that she had a broken wing.

One little white feathery pinion was broken quite in two and a piece of it was lying on the ground. I had never thought before that angels' wings could break and I began to wonder what it meant. By and by I came to know the boy who lived in the big pleasant house to which the winding driveways led, and he has told me since how it happened.

When Jack came to live in the lovely place, and had travelled for the first time about the grounds to see what his new home was like, he had found the beautiful white angel standing among the tall slender pine trees. He began to be very glad about her ; in a short time Jack and the angel had grown to be firm friends and he learned to love her dearly.

He used to play with her for hours at a time and was sure she smiled happily when he talked to her about the squirrels and the birds, and when he put acorns into her little white marble hands he thought she liked to touch and hold them — so they had many good times together, the jolly little boy and the lovely white angel in the pines.

One morning when Jack was especially anxious to get up early and go out to play a new game he had thought of with his little playmate, he ran to the nursery window and found that it

was raining, and he was sure Nurse would not let him go. He was feeling cross and disagreeable about it, when he began to watch a slow cold little fly on the window-pane; it was trying with difficulty to crawl up, but it was so cold it could hardly stir, and couldn't make any attempt at all to use its wings.

The cross disappointed little boy began to follow the cold fly up the window-pane with his finger, and then he pushed him, gently, just a little to help him, he said, and then he put the point of his finger on the fly's back, and then he thought how easy it would be to crush him! He remembered that the fly had quite as good a right to live as he had, but — it was wet and he couldn't go out of doors and it would be so easy and, somehow, before he knew it, Jack pressed his finger down hard on the little fly's back and he fell down on the window sill, with one wing broken. and he lay quite still with his little cold feet up in the air. Jack felt very sorry, for he thought he didn't really mean to do it. But just then his Nurse called him and he ran away and forgot all about the poor little hurt fly for a long time.

By and by, after he had done a great many pleasant things all day, and had grown tired, and it began to be dark and night was come, he thought about the fly again. He hoped he hadn't killed it, and if he could go back to the morning again he was sure he would just help the fly and take it to the fire and warm it — but he wouldn't have hurt it at all. Then by and by bedtime came — and what do you think happened?

That night when Jack went to sleep the rain was still pouring down and the wind blowing hard and he had a dream.

He thought he was sailing through the sky on a beautiful cloud, and he sailed and sailed and had a most glorious time. After awhile his cloud began to sail lower down and he could look into the windows of the houses and see what the people were doing. He sailed very near a house that looked like his own pleasant home, and he wondered if it really could be his — but of course it wasn't. Still there was a little boy standing at one of the windows and he had brown curls, just like his.

And when Jack came a little nearer to the window, still sailing on his cloud, he saw some curious little things on the window pane; they were white and oh, how cunning they were! And as he came nearer he saw that they looked like little white angels, just like his white angel who stood among the tall dark slender pine trees, and they were so beautiful. The little boy in the window was following one with his finger, slowly, and then he put his finger on the angel's back.

Our little friend on the clouds cried out, and caught his breath, and waved his hand wildly to the boy in the window, and tried to speak and tell him not to hurt the little angel, but he could not make a sound. Just then the boy in the window pushed his finger down hard on the angel's back and crushed it, and Jack could hear the sound it made; and one of its wings was broken quite in two, and the angel fell down and lay very still on the window-sill.

All at once Jack started suddenly and awoke; his cloud was gone, he was in his own white bed, and without knowing why, he jumped out on to the floor and ran to the window to look at his little friend among the pines beyond the fountain. The storm was over and the sun was shining brightly — but how the wind must have blown in the night, for the lawn was all covered with leaves and branches of the trees! And there stood his angel — but what do you think! one poor little white wing was broken quite in two and half of it was lying on the ground. Jack gave a cry, and he thought to himself, "Oh, did I do it, or did the boy in the window do it? Oh, dear, how did it happen?"

Without waiting to be dressed he hurried on his wrapper and bed-room slippers and flew downstairs and out the front door as fast as he could go, into the glorious morning sunshine. He ran over to his angel among the pines, standing there with her broken wing, and threw his arms around her and cried, "Oh, tell me I didn't do it, *please* tell me I didn't do it! it could not have been I who broke your pretty white wing!"

Then Jack put his ear to her lips and listened, breathlessly, and he was quite sure he heard her speak.

"No, little friend," she seemed to say, "you did not do it; the wing has been weakened for a long time, and last night the wind was very strong and blew it off—but, dear little Jack, if you love me, you will remember now to be very gentle with all tiny helpless creatures."

Then Jack threw his arms around her again, and promised that he would never be cruel any more; and he was so glad of his promise that he almost forgot the broken wing as he ran into the house to get dressed. Jack played very gently with his angel after that; but if ever you pass that way you will notice that the angel among the tall dark slender pines still has a broken wing.

*Anna S. P. Duryea.*

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## RIDDLE-RHYMES.

### XIII.

**I** AM a little thing that goes,  
From dawn till dark, from dark till dawn:  
I always go, I never stop,  
Yet never am I gone.

The flowers and birds are glad of me;  
I laugh and sing along my way:  
I always go, I ne'er come back,  
And yet I always stay.

*C. S. P.*

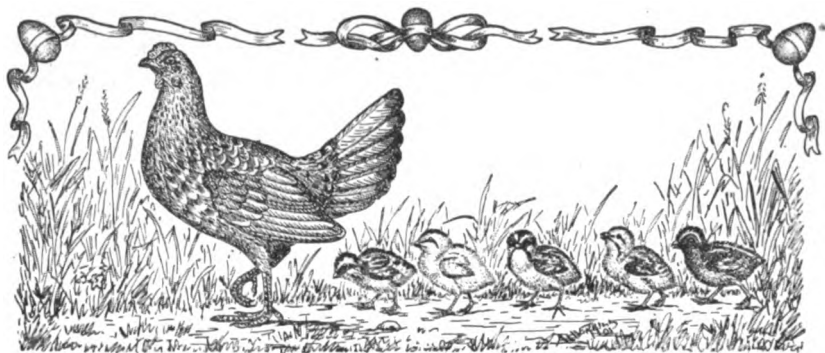
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## A CHILD'S FANCIES.

**I**N large white flakes the snow was falling;  
High overhead wild-geese were calling;  
"These flakes," said I, "so soft and white,  
Are feathers dropped by them in flight."

Now winter's gone ; to-day I found  
 Forget-me-nots upon the ground —  
 I thought them feathers from the wing  
 Of bluebirds flying north in spring.

*W. H. Wilson.*



### BANTAM'S JOKE.

ONCE there was a bantam hen ; a tiny hen was she,  
 And laid the cutest little eggs that ever child did see,  
 And every year at Easter time some little children said,  
 " Please, Bantam, give us each an egg to color blue or red."

But once said little bantam hen, " I guess I'll play a joke !"  
 For hens you know can funny be, as well as other folk ;  
 And so sly little bantam hen hid well her nest of hay  
 Where one would never think to look, nor even pass that way.

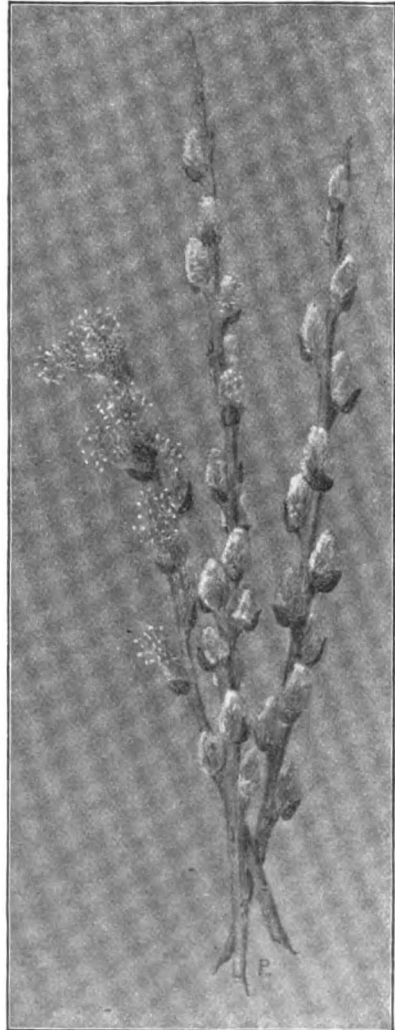
And every day the children went a-searching all around,  
 But bantam hen sat very still and wouldn't make a sound.  
 When Easter came the children all laughed at her funny trick ;  
 She brought no child an Easter egg but each an Easter chick !

*Annie M. Chunn*

## PUSSIES AND CATKINS.

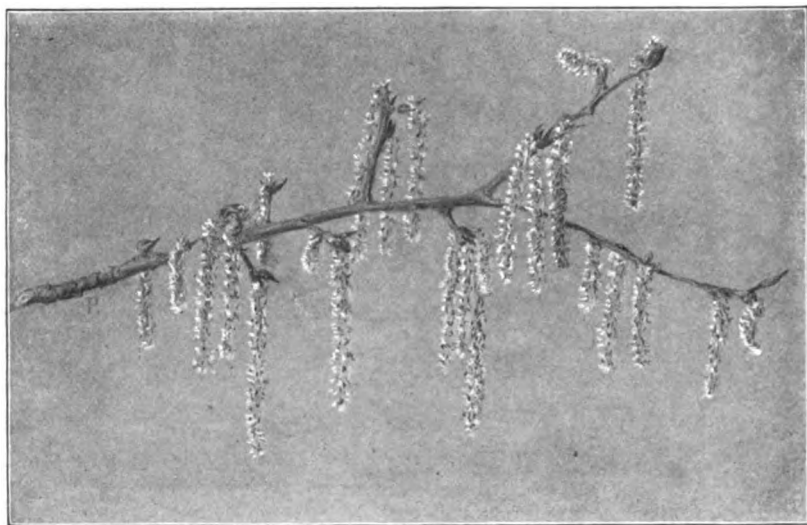
THE small silvery willow-pussies that children so much love creep out from under their brown scales and sit sunning themselves on the willow twigs early in March. Some of the braver ones appear even in February. And how lovely a willow looks in the sunshine when its silky pussies are all out! To my mind the willow-pussy is the real true cat-kin, for "cat-kin" means "little cat;" it sits on the twig, its little silky back rounding up in a contented way, just like a cat's when it basks in a warm place, all its paws curled under.

"Pussy-willows" are usually the only kind of catkin that children know of, but at about the same time, or a little later, they can find another family of pussies. These are the poplar-pussies. They look some like the willow-pussies at first, only they are much grayer, almost maltese, and the scales are of a lighter brown and much glossier. A week or two after I first noticed these poplar-pussies last spring, I visited them again, and to my surprise they had changed into long fluttering catkins. Like the children, I call the short furry ones "pussies," and the long droopy ones "catkins"—of course they all are catkins, but I think the long ones look much more like just cat-tails than cats!



WILLOW-PUSSIES.





THE POPLAR-PUSSIES HAD CHANGED INTO CATKINS.

As I stood under the trees looking up at them, I thought the poplar-catkins were not nearly so pretty as when they were just pussies. But when I broke off a twig and saw them close, I changed my mind. They were long and limber and loose-jointed to be sure, but they wore a very handsome dark-red under their gray fur. I carried the twig home with me. After it had been lying on my table a while I picked it up, and then I saw that a fine almost white pollen had shaken from the catkins and that their red color was given to them by little clusters of stamens; and by looking through a microscope I could see that some of these stamens had cracked open and were full of the white pollen I had noticed. I remembered then that some of the willow-pussies had flowered out into a feathery yellow.

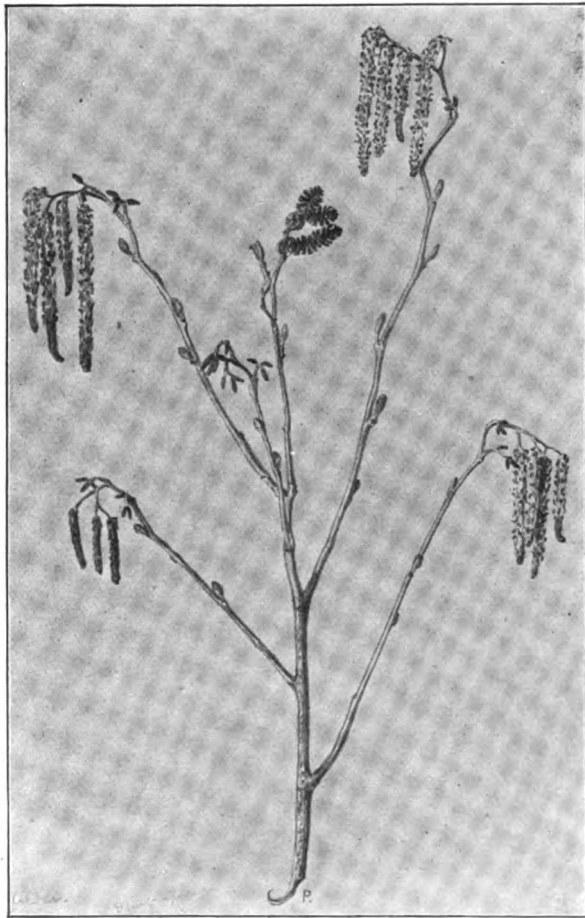
In April "the alder by the river shakes out its powdery curls." This alder grows down in meadows by brooks and streams, and its sulphur-yellow pollen falls into the water where one can see it lying thick on the surface. This kind is called speckled alder. Its twigs are speckled and the catkins look speckled too; they grow in clusters, and drop off. But the alder has two sets of catkins—a set of little reddish brown ones which grow on twigs near the large powdery ones; these stay on and become

the alder-seeds and look like little hard dry cones. In spring one can often find these last-year catkins on the limbs.

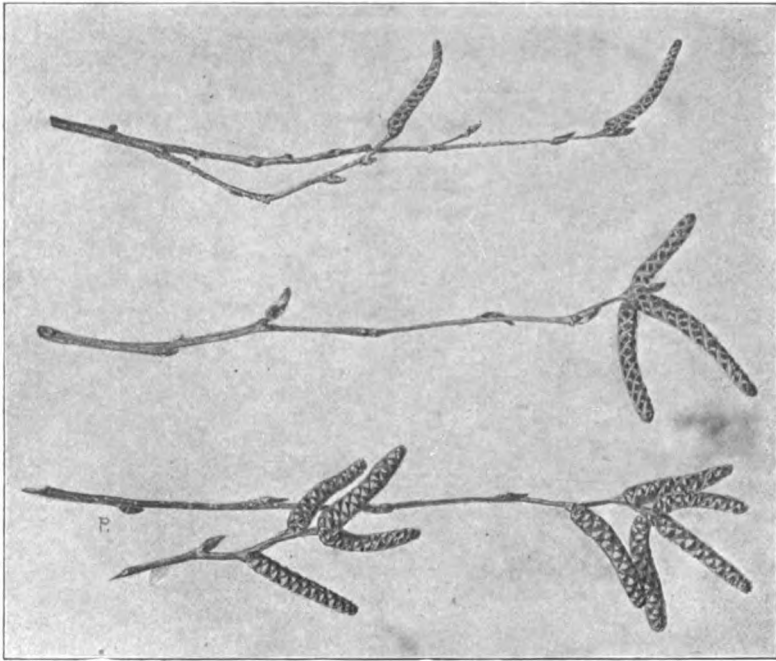
The pretty birches have odd catkins, too—not speckled ones, but checkered ones. In early spring they are short and stiff and are marked off in curious checks; but in May they are very long and slender, light-brown and yellow, and they swing and dance among the tiny bright green leaves. The gray birch catkins grow singly on the ends of the twigs. On the yellow birch they grow in clusters. On the white birch the catkins are larger and grow in “threes” at the end of the twigs.

Country children can gather a large variety of catkins. There is the long stiff greenish catkin of the balm-of-gilead which is a kind of poplar, with its leaves, like those of the rest of the family, trembling in every breeze; and catkins grow on oak, chestnut, hop-horn-beam, walnut, hickory, butternut and buttonwood trees; also on shrubs, such as bayberry, sweet fern and hazelnut.

These pussies and catkins lose a little of their color and



THE ALDER HAS TWO SETS OF CATKINS.



GRAY BIRCH, WHITE BIRCH, YELLOW BIRCH.

plumpness in the house, but if brought in on their twigs and branches at the right stage of growth and placed in pitchers of warmish water they can be kept and studied for some time.

*Susan Brown Robbins.*

## WEE JANET'S JOKE.

WEE Janet, one morning early,  
 Creeps downstairs on "tippy-toes."  
 Hides her mop of hair so curly  
 'Neath a kerchief, softly goes  
 Round the house with broom and duster:  
 Soon all's neat, the table set;  
 And when Mother comes, a-fluster,  
 "April Fool!" cries wee Janet.

*Pauline Frances Camp.*

# THE LOVABLE TALES OF JANEY AND JOSEY AND JOE.

## V.—JANEY'S FUNNY DAY.

AND out in the kitchen lived good Queen Ann and the little Princess Mattie May. (These were the names that, just for fun, Janey and Josey and Joe called their good old cook and her little girl.)

And good Queen Ann was just the color of chocolate cake, and little Princess Mattie May was just the color of chocolate candy.

Princess Mattie May was one of Janey's very best friends, and Janey loved her dearly.

And one morning, very early, Janey went out into the big clean kitchen and said, "Good morning, Queen Ann. Will you let Princess Mattie May go out into the garden with me, and walk this morning?"

And Queen Ann said, "Yes, Miss Janey love, you may take my baby out into the garden with you."

And Princess Mattie was sitting in her high-chair, all clean and sweet. Her little brown face was shining with smiles.

"I'll go and walk with my Janey," she said, laughing and clapping her little brown hands.

Princess Mattie May was exactly two years old, and she wore a pink dress that morning, a little pink ruffled dress. And our dear little Janey was as dainty as a little white rose in her little white barred muslin dress.

And when Janey and Mattie May were out in the garden. Janey said, "Oh, Princess Mattie May, do you see that big, big pumpkin? Well, dear little Joe has scraped out all of the seeds, and now it is only a big, big yellow shell of a pumpkin."

And the Princess Mattie May clapped her little brown hands,



PRINCESS MATTIE MAY.

and went dancing up and down, but she did not say a word.

And Janey said, "I know some fun we can have, Mattie May. We will take off your little pink dress, and slip you right into that pumpkin!"

And oh, oh, but the Princess Mattie May *did* look funny, so funny! All you could see below were her little brown feet,



"WILL YOU LET PRINCESS MATTIE MAY GO OUT IN THE GARDEN?"

and all you could see above was her little brown woolly head!

And just at that minute Josey and Joe came running out of the house, into the garden, and they saw Princess Mattie May in the pumpkin!

And oh, how Joe laughed, and oh, how Josey laughed. They laughed so loud, and they laughed so long, that Mama and Papa and good Queen Ann came out on the garden walk to see what the fun could be. And oh, how they all laughed too, when they saw Mattie May in the pumpkin.

And that very same morning, after breakfast, Janey went out into the garden, and she found Mattie May crying because her dear little brown hands and her dear little brown face were covered with mud.

And what do you think that little rogue Janey did? Why, she opened the garden hose, and turned — yes turned the water all over the little Princess Mattie May and gave her a splendid bath.

And Mattie May enjoyed the bath, and laughed and clapped her little brown hands.

But good Queen Ann did not like it at all, when she looked out of the kitchen window and saw what little Janey was doing. She ran out into the garden, and caught Mattie May up into her arms, and shook her finger at Janey, and said, “This is one of your funny days, Miss Janey love! This is one of your funny days!”

And Janey’s brown eyes twinkled with fun, and she said, “Princess Mattie May loves to be clean, Queen Ann, and I gave her a *splendid* bath.”

And Josey and Joe came running out of the house, and oh, how they laughed when they saw Mattie May all dripping with water.

Little Joe rolled on the grass, and laughed and said, “Oh, Janey, you funny Janey! What *will* you think of next, you funny Janey?”

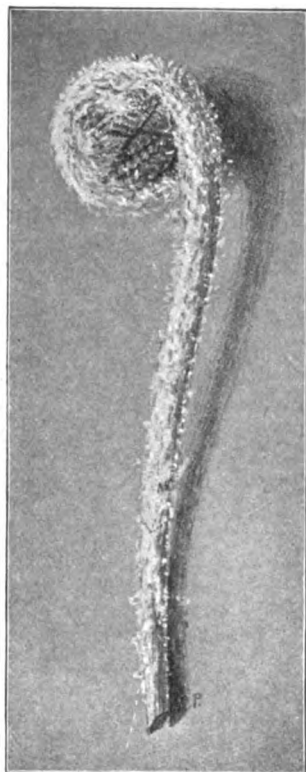
But Josey shook her head, and stopped laughing and said, “Janey, *please* be good, or Mama will send you to bed, dear. She always sends you to bed before night, when you have a funny day.”

And Janey hugged Josey and said, “I will be good, dear Josey.”

And Josey knew Janey would keep her promise.

Janey’s little brown eyes twinkled all day and she laughed all day, but she was a good little girl, and made no trouble, and her precious Mama let her sit up that night until *almost* nine o’clock!

Gertrude Smith



IN HER FURRY CLOAK.



FORTH CAME SHE.

## LITTLE GRANDAM FERN.

**L**ITTLE Grandam Fern looked frail and old  
 As she stood by the brook on an April day,  
 And her furry cloak made her seem a-cold,  
 And her cap was on in an old-time way —  
 Little Grandam Fern!

The cowslips sunned their golden hair  
 And frolicked about her bright and gay,  
 And Grandam Fern smiled at them there,  
 And longed so much to join their play —  
 Little Grandam Fern!

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"Oh, I feel very young," said Grandam Fern,  
"And the blue in the sky is good to see,  
And the sheen in the green, each way I turn,  
Makes me thrill with a life that is meant for me!"  
Little Grandam Fern!

Little Grandam Fern, she raised her head,  
From her cap and mantle forth came she,  
Then gracefully out her arms she spread,  
And stood up tall and young and free —  
Little Grandam Fern!

*Martha Burr Banks.*

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## AN OLD-TIME FAST DAY.

"MEASLES," said the Doctor, pushing open the nursery door, and sniffing the air; "one, two, three measles!"

"Measles is first rate," called out Dick, running up to him and trying to reach the Doctor's trousers' pocket, where he kept peppermints for sick children. "They don't hurt a bit and we don't have to go to school today and we're too sick to go to church tomorrow when it's going to be Fast Day." Whereupon the three children capered round the room and snatched the peppermints which the doctor threw about, though he caught each child in turn, uttering in dreadful manner:

"MEASLES!"

Measles didn't make any difference to the children; for they all "had it lightly," whatever that means, and could be together. The only bad thing was that they couldn't go into the kitchen and help the cook clear up for Fast Day.

The next morning it was cold and windy, real April Fast Day weather. The Father had had prayers in the nursery and had asked God to carry the children safely through the measles, and then he and the Mother had breakfasted downstairs on oatmeal, cold bread and coffee, while the children had bread and milk upstairs.



"Do you think we're going to die?" suddenly questioned little Dick. "Father asked God to carry us safely."

"Pooh!" said Peter. "Father only meant God must take good care of us, but God always does that. I wish Father'd let us have toast Fast Day morning!"

"Father knows better," interrupted Lucy. "Nice hot toast isn't fasting. I guess it's most time he got his sermon finished. I'll just peek and see;" but while she was trying to look through the keyhole, her Father turned the door-handle and she turned a somerserset.

"You can't kiss us goodbye," they all exclaimed, as he stepped into the nursery, "because we got the measles; but you can come and tell us a story before we go to bed," and then they pushed him out of the room.

After they had heard the front door close they set to work "to keep Fast Day." Peter, the eldest, aged eight, stood up on a chair for a pulpit and holding up a newspaper, made believe read the Governor's Proclamation; what he read was as follows: "Children, I want you to stop being naughty and be sorry, and not think you know your lessons when you don't. After today is over you haven't got to fast any more for a year!"

Next came Dicky's part. He tried to sing, "Mary had a little lamb," but could not get any further than the first two lines. After that, Lucy passed a box to the boys and each put in a cent — she did, too — all to be given to a little boy who lived in the back alley and had not any cents. And then Church was done and they played medicine-man, for they never played with dolls or dominoes or any other usual game on Fast Day; they only played what was real and useful, and medicine-man was their favorite diversion on Fast Day.

So they took out their tiny bottles and poured their contents on to Lucy's doll's teaset plates, and began to mix their drugs. "I think you had better take some sick medicine," said Peter to his sister. "You aren't good enough. Take this," and he held back her head and shook down into her throat some pepper and salt.

"Oh, I won't ever be naughty again," cried Lucy, coughing

with all her might, so loud that both Peter and little Dick pretended to be scared and ran into the closet. Peter came out soon, but he had caught cold in a tooth while in the closet, and had to have his face tied up with a handkerchief. He groaned aloud often, until Lucy brought a large bottle of liquid poultice and spread some on his cheek. This liquid poultice was made



LUCY BROUGHT A BOTTLE OF LIQUID POULTICE.

of slate-pencil dust mixed with vinegar, and soon gave relief. When little Dick returned from the closet, he said his throat was sore, and Lucy took a quill and blew a powder in his mouth. This was a favorite powder, compounded of lead-pencil scrapings and chalk-dust. They always gave it for sore throat on Fast Day. They all took some as a "sure preventative," but it seemed to make their measles very much worse, so that none of

them wanted any of their dinner of crackers and milk, and little Lucy had to lie down.

When their parents came home from church they allowed themselves only cold corned beef and Indian whey-pudding that had baked itself. After the Father had had his nap, he and the Mother came into the nursery where the boys, having recovered from the effects of their medicine, began to beg for the story that belonged with the day. "Now tell us all about Fast Day; how our Great-great-great Grandpa had just five kernels of corn and Grandma and all the rest of the folks hadn't any more."

"You haven't got 'greats' enough," interrupted Lucy, lifting her dizzy little head.

"Never mind; go ahead, Father," persisted Dick. And so their Father told them, as he did every Fast Day, of the great drought and the fear of famine, in the spring of 1623, when Bradford was Governor of Plymouth colony, and how because of the drought the colonists "sett aparte a solemne day of humiliation to seek ye Lord by humble and fervente prayer in this great distrese."

"It's rather mean, though," declared Peter, "that Fast Day got to be a fashion, and we have to keep it still when there's plenty of rain every year. I hope there won't be any Fast Day when I get grown up."

"It will be all Thanksgiving Days then," said the Mother, with a queer little smile.

"I wish it had come to an end now," sighed Dick; "we can't have any corn to parch 'cause it will hop, and that would be wrong behaviour; let's make scrap-books and pretend we aren't hungry."

Long before they had finished pasting their pictures into books, the day had ended and they had the crackers and milk for supper, which was intended for their dinner. So, like their parents, they had only two meals. For the Father and Mother had no supper and went to bed as early as the children, all because it was Fast Day, forty years ago.

*Kate Gannett Wells.*

## LONG TOM, AND HOW THEY GOT HIM.

### CHAPTER VI.—BORROWING A BEAR-SKIN RUG.

"IT'S kind of risky for little fellows like you to try to get that gun away from the Tinkertown boys," went on Orlando Pew just as if he had not said about the same thing before.

"The Pekoe Guards are soldiers and must defend their rights," said Billy Boy, and he scowled a little, because he didn't like to hear the Pekoe Guards called "little fellows."

They were still in the great barn, and at that moment the cross gobbler came in gobbling fiercely, and in such a rage that he scraped his wings upon the floor. His feathers were torn and he carried his neck awry.

"Look at him!" said Orlando, pointing with the hay-rake which he held in his hand. "He thought he was defending his rights when Dr. Holman's dog Bowser came into the barnyard. He didn't care which was bigger, he or Bowser. Now look at him!"

"That's the way the Pekoe Guards will look when they come home from Tinkertown—without the gun!" said Sydney Brown, who was a large boy and liked to tease.

Sidney had just looked in at the barn-door with his fishing-pole over his shoulder. He was going fishing and they waited for him to go before they said another word.

"I don't quite like the idea of getting the gun away from the Tinkertown boys," said Bee Brown suddenly. "What if it were *our* Long Tom and we didn't want to part with it?" She looked straight at Billy Boy and he looked straight at her.

Billy Boy nodded. "I think of that too," he said. "I think 'twas mean of the town to sell Long Tom before it bought the cannon. The boys are afraid the Fourth will come and there won't be anything in the town to go off. That's an awful fix!"

Bob Brown nodded and so did even Orlando Pew.

"But the town did sell it to Captain Stork. The boys had no right to hide Captain Stork's gun," Billy Boy went on in the same tone in which he explained a problem in fractions at school. "He had a right to sell it to us. We have a right to take it!"

Although there were so many people in the barn Billy Boy looked at Bee to see what she thought.

"As far as that goes," said Orlando slowly and just as if he were talking politics as he did with the tin peddler, "the town has got to get the gun for Captain Stork anyhow. They talk of putting the ringleaders in jail. My advice to you little fellows is just to keep still and the town will get the gun for you if you have bought it of Captain Stork."

"Tinkertown is famous for being slow; that's why the boys don't expect to get the cannon before next Fourth of July," said Bob Brown.

"The Pekoe Guards will get their own gun!" said Billy Boy. And even Bee didn't shake her head although she shuddered at the thought of the pond and the bear. Billy Boy had told her before, that she must learn to be a soldier's sister.

"We shall have to get Obed Fling to bring the gun home with his heavy team. It will cost as much as five dollars more," said Billy Boy suddenly. "We shall have to have a show to raise the five dollars within a week! I don't see why I didn't think of that."

"You have thought of everything like that since you've known how to do fractions," said Bee. Once she had had to think for Billy Boy what things would cost, and he liked to have people know that he could do it now himself.

"If you're going to have a show I'll help," said Pinky Jones eagerly. "Our monkey has never been really shown off, Bee!"

"I would be a kangaroo on stilts if anybody else would be the hind legs," said Bob Brown.

"If Orlando would only be a bear! he makes such a splendid big one!" said Bee eagerly. For Orlando had been a bear for the family amusement, but did not like to appear in public.

"We have got to do most of the hard work ourselves," said Billy Boy, "because the boys are thinking so much about the gun that they won't care about the show. Besides, they've got a good deal to do to earn the ten dollars. Nobody is to have a cent given him, you know. The Pekoe Guards and not their athers, are going to buy the gun for the town!"



"LOOK AT HIM!" SAID ORLANDO.

"I would be a bear," said Orlando slowly, "seeing the show is to help to buy a gun that the town really needs. But the bear-skin rug is burnt up. Don't you remember?"

Now the bear-skin rug was a fine one, with a head on it, that made it a wonderful thing for a show when there was a boy or a man that knew how to be a bear inside it. It had been in Mama Brown's room, before the open grate. Bee, popping corn there, had dropped a burning coal upon it and ruined it entirely.

It was such a pity! With Orlando for a bear one could have a beautiful show.

"My Sunday-school teacher, Miss Theodora Green, has one just like it," said Bee, after a moment in which she had felt very guilty about the rug and tried very hard to think what could be done. "I think she would lend it to me!"

Miss Theodora Green was an old and a kind friend. She was a person too, who would understand that it might be very important indeed to have a make-believe bear for a show. She would neither laugh at you nor think it would spoil her rug.

"Go and ask her!" said Billy Boy and Bob.

"I will be a bear if you can get it," said Orlando.

"I'll go with you to ask Miss Theodora Green!" said Pinky.

Miss Green listened, with her kindly face full of interest, just as if the minister were asking her to help some good cause.

"I would be glad to lend you the rug," she said, "but I have already lent it to my nephew, Iky Proudfoot of Tinkertown!"

"So Iky Proudfoot is her nephew! I never heard that before," said Bee, as she and Pinky walked back to the barn.

Then she suddenly stopped short in the road. Such a queer little thought had popped into her head!

What did Iky Proudfoot want of a bear-skin?

"I don't think I am afraid to have the Guards go into Perigo's woods to get Long Tom," she said slowly to Pinky Jones.

Now Pinky Jones was not so quick to think of things, and she didn't see what it might mean that Iky Proudfoot had borrowed the bear-skin rug.

*(To be continued.)*

*Sophie Swett.*

## LITTLE APRIL.

**F**UNNY little April  
Had a cloak of snow;  
March had given it to her  
When he had to go.

Laughing little April,  
One warm sunny day,  
Playing with the sunbeams bright  
Flung her cloak away.

Tearful little April  
Found her cloak again,  
Melted to a soft white cloud  
With a fringe of rain!

*Willis Boyd Allen.*



THE PET LAMB.  
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## THE PET SWAN.

(*Far-West Children.*)

**I**T was a little wild baby swan, and Sister's big brother Abner found it down among the rushes near a slough out on the prairie when he was coming home from his work in the Pipe-stone country. Its leg was hurt, and all the other swans had gone away and left it. Abner made it a soft nest with his big cotton handkerchief in his old hat, and brought it home.

When Sister saw Abner coming, bareheaded, carrying his hat in his hands so carefully, she ran to meet him—she felt sure that the hat held something for her. And Abner stopped and knelt down on the ground and held the little swan low, in its soft bed, so that Sister could lift a corner of the handkerchief and peep in.

“Oh—the—little—thing!” said Sister, and took a long joyful breath. And then she began to ask questions. “Can we keep it? Can you make it well? Won't it fly off with the big swans when they go over, like the little Ugly Duck? Are you sure it isn't an Ugly Duckling, Abner?”

“Well, it can't fly off at present,” said Abner. “Don't you see it is hurt? The old swans didn't know how to cure its leg, and it couldn't fly, and so they left it behind. But we can take care of it, you and I, and it shall be *your* swan.”

Sister was so happy that she even forgot all about the clothes-pin doll that she had dropped in the rain-barrel when she saw Abner coming. But next morning she remembered it and fished it out, and dried it all comfortably before the fire, and ironed its dress and put it on, and sat down and told it all about the lovely little new swan and how happy she was and what good times they three would have together.

And they did have good times. Abner tended the hurt leg until it was well, and Sister's mother said she was surprised to see how fast the little swan grew, and how tame it was, for it would walk right in, over the door-step, into the kitchen, just like anybody, and pick crumbs out of Sister's apron when she made a hollow of her little lap.

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By and by when it was almost full-grown, with glorious snow-white plumage, it followed Sister everywhere. It would have followed her to school, like Mary's little lamb, only Sister never went to school, because she was not quite old enough.

The swan loved Sister, it loved Abner, and it liked all the family, but it did not like everybody. Some people it did not like at all, and nobody knew why. It did not like things that were of a flaming red color. And perhaps that was the reason why it flew at Ole Oleson, for he had a very red face and very red hair.

Ole and Abner were having a talk together one time, sitting on a pile of new boards in the back yard, after supper. And all at once the glorious white swan flew up at Ole and beat him over the neck and face with its wings, and Abner had to drive it away.

Sister said the swan was jealous and behaved badly because it could not see why Ole should keep Abner there talking for hours and hours about the "old country" and "going to school next winter" and hauling lumber, and trapping, and other things that no swan could understand.

Mrs. Dewberry, Sister's mother, thought that the swan would have to be cured of being jealous, then, for that was a very naughty way for a swan to feel, when everybody loved it and took care of it.

Every pleasant day, Sister and the swan took a long walk together. Mrs. Dewberry gave Sister a lovely blue ribbon to tie around its glossy neck, with long ends to lead it by, but the swan would have kept close to Sister without the ribbon.

Sometimes they went away out over the wide new-ploughed fields to gather the bright blue spiderwort blossoms; sometimes they went out upon the green prairie where the wild roses grew.

Sister loved to sit down in the fragrant wild grass to rest, with the swan nestled at her feet, and watch the long trains of lumber wagons and emigrant wagons drawn by great slow oxen along the road which went to the new town of Sioux Falls, far, far to the west.

Sometimes the wagons would be quite hidden in some hollow



THEY WATCHED THE TRAINS OF EMIGRANT WAGONS.

of the prairie. Then, when Sister looked again, there they were, creeping along over higher ground, so far away that they looked like toy wagons and toy oxen, growing smaller and smaller as they went toward the west.

Sister could not see a tree, no matter which way she looked. But she could see houses, miles and miles away. And she could see all of the sky, and the air was always very sweet and fresh, like the air out upon the sea.

There was just one thing that Sister was afraid of, even when the swan was with her, and that was strange dogs. I do not know why, for no dog had ever hurt her. When there were dogs trotting along beside the wagons Sister always shut her eyes, and bent her sunbonnet very low, and hardly breathed until the wagons had passed on a long way.

One day, the day that the new minister's folks were to move to the prairie, Sister and the swan were quite far from home, and Sister had filled her apron with flowers for her mother.

As she sat in the grass and rested, she saw a covered wagon

moving along on the road. It was drawn by a team of gentle farm-horses instead of oxen. A rope was fastened to the back end of the wagon, and the rope led a red and white bossy with a cunning little calf frisking along beside her. In the front, beside a kind-faced man who was driving, sat a motherly woman who held a geranium plant in her lap. Suspended from the front of the wagon-cover there was a bird-cage with a canary in it, and the canary was singing.

It was such a nice interesting wagon! But all at once a little brown dog jumped down from the back end of it, and somebody called, "Jippy, here, sir!" but Jippy would not go back. He came running right toward Sister and the swan.

Sister stood up, but she was so frightened that she could not run one step. She did not know that Jippy was thinking, "What a dear little girl that is with yellow hair! I am so very glad to see her!"

He came up to her, barking short happy little barks, out of pure joy and friendliness, and he put up his paws and pulled down her apron, and the flowers were spilled, and Sister screamed. And that instant the glorious white swan set upon Jippy and whipped him with its strong wings until he ran crying back to the wagon. And the people in the wagon stopped their horses and the motherly woman came down and came to Sister, and soothed her, and gathered up the flowers for her and said, "Why, if this isn't Brother Dewberry's little girl — unless it is some fairy, with her guardian swan! What a beautiful swan!"




















It was the new minister and his wife, of course.




















And then the gentle motherly woman led Sister and lifted her up into the wagon, and the swan flew up beside her, and Sister began to smile, and the minister took Jippy in his lap and quieted him, and they drove on, until they came to Sister's house, and they stopped there and took tea. And the swan and Jippy did not have any more trouble.

Sister's swan never went away with the wild swans when they flew over, passing to and fro among the blue northland lakes, and for all I know, he is there yet on the sunny prairie farm.

*Lucia Chase Bell.*

## THE LITTLE OWLS AT RED GATES.

 **A** **F** **T** **E** she caught that  on Doffy's  little Owlet thought herself a very smart little . As soon as the first  peeped out, every night, she would be off. Her  would say "Owlet dear, don't go far!" But "Owlet dear" would spread her naughty  and, as likely as not, sail away for miles! Once she flew down into a  and almost scared to death three little pet , who were nibbling  out in their own pretty . One night she thought she would visit the Dilver , and catch another . So she flew straight at 's window, but instead of flying in, she bounced up against something so stiff—it was a wire —that she fell backward, and tumbled down into some ! She scrambled out as well as

she could, and sailed around to the back of the . There she found a  wide open, and flew in, in such haste that she hit something which looked like a  and knocked it over. The big  who sat there dropped his  and caught up the  with one , and grabbed at Owlet with the other. So Owlet didn't wait to see if there were any  on his  or hear Bobs say, "Why, what a little  that  must be, to fly into a ! As she flew away she spied a small object on a , and pounced on it, hoping it was a —and right there she met her mother and brother, looking for her. Mrs. , was astonished at what her child had caught; for  had a little red  in her . And Owkin laughed so hard that Owlet was vexed, and lit on the roof of the  and wouldn't fly a step until they had gone on!

# THE WIND-FLOWER'S MESSAGE.\*

Words by CHARLES STUART PRATT.

Music by FRANK E. SAVILLE.

*Allegretto.*

1. With the first shy flow'rs of springtime Comesthe frail a - nem - o - ne,  
2. "Climb up, chil - dren,t'ward the sun - light,From earth's tangles near and far ;

And a glad - some East - er mes - sage Brings to you and me :  
Lift your cheer - y smil - ing fa - ces, Brave as wind-flow'rs are :

Wind-flow'r,wind-flow'r,swinging,sway-ing, With the breez-es light - ly play - ing,  
Child-flow'r,child-flow'r, up - ward growing, All the heav'nly gra - ces show - ing,

What is it you're say - ing? What is it you're say - ing?  
Bless - ed be your blow - ing ! Bless - ed be your blow - ing !"

\* NOTE. This song may be made more effective and more interesting to children, especially when sung by several, a class, or a school, by accompanying the last three lines of each verse by a graceful rhythmic movement of the hands. Hold elbows lightly at sides, forearms and hands forward. For upward and downward movements, palms should be down; for outward and inward movements, palms should be inward, toward each other. Move forearms slightly, the hands freely on flexible wrists. The singing of each syllable is accompanied by the movement named. The movements for the second refrain are the reverse of the first. The last line of each refrain is repeated.

Wind (up) -flow'r (down), wind (up) -flow'r (down), swing (out) -ing (in), away (out) -ing (in),  
With (up) the (down) breez (up) -es (down) light (up) -ly (down) play (up) -ing (down),  
What (out) is (in) it (out) you're (in) say (out, and hold there during last syllable) -ing?

"Child (out) -flow'r (in), child (out) -flow'r (in), up (up) -ward (down) grow (up) -ing (down),  
All (out) the (in) heav'n (out) -ly (in) gra (out) -ces (in) show (out) -ing (in),  
Bless (up) -ed (down) be (up) your (down) blow (up, and hold there during last syllable) -ing !"







WHEN THE SUMMER DAYS GREW WARM.

# LITTLE FOLKS

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No. 7.

## A CHIPPY'S NEST.



MOTHER CHIPPY.

ONCE I found a tiny nest  
In a thick green hedge;  
There were little sticks and straws  
All around the edge;  
But upon the inner side,  
Firm and neatly spread,  
Was the softest lining laid  
For a little bed;

It was all of children's hair, .  
Fine and soft as down,  
Curly, straight and silken too,  
Golden, flax and brown—  
When the summer days grew warm  
For the children's play,  
Mama took her scissors bright,  
Trimmed the curls away.

And the thrifty mother bird  
Found the trimmings prime,  
Thought the little children's hair  
Cut off just in time!  
Now, within the leafy hedge,  
Mother Chippy's head  
Peeps above the baby birds  
From that cosy bed.

*Betty Bluet.*

## TILLIE'S KNITTING-WORK LESSON.



HOW TILLIE DID WORK!

**W**HEN my Grandma was young, little girls were taught to do many useful things. Little girls thought it no hardship to wash and dry the dishes, and spread up the beds after a stronger hand had shaken the great feather mattresses; and all the doll-clothes of those days must have been well made, because the "little mothers" were given every day a lesson in sewing, crocheting or knitting, as soon as they were old enough to learn.

One day, one summer, Grandma's mother called her three little daughters to her and said, "I am going to teach you to knit. I will give a reward for the first pair of

socks—and how proud Papa will be to wear them!"

Then she gave Lucinda, Alida and little Tillie each a great ball of yarn and a set of shining knitting-needles. She patiently spent a great deal of time in showing them how to "set up a sock" on three needles, and how to hold it, and how to use the fourth needle to really "knit."

The upper maid, Dinah, was to show them how to shape the heel and toe, and "narrow," and "bind off," as she herself was to be away for some weeks.

So, every day, very soon, each little girl took her ball and needles and went away to her own favorite nook, and for some time a very lively race went on for the prize.

For at least a fortnight the little girls knitted industriously; then Alida began to weary, even before one sock was completed; and Lucinda's sock grew very slowly, though the knitting always showed even and smooth.

But how little Tillie did work! Her small fingers fairly flew; her little white pet rabbits nibbled at the ball of yarn and wondered why Tillie did not have a word to say to them. Every day she took her little stool out into the grape arbor and diligently knitted away, though the shouts of the children paddling in the brook came to her ears, the loudest among them the voices of her two sisters.

"I *will* finish first," she said. "I *will* win the prize! I know I *can*!"

After a very long time to Tillie, and a surprisingly short time to the sisters, Tillie announced — it was on the day after Mama's return home — that her socks were finished; and then Alida wished she had not been having such a good time and had more to show than just one-half of a sock, not very tidy-looking. Lucinda had finished one sock and it was very prettily and evenly knitted; but she, too, was ashamed that little Tillie had outdone her.

Tillie laid the pair of socks on Mama's lap with a triumphant little smile.

The three little girls hovered near while Mama slipped one of the socks over her hand.

But what do you think?

There were about a hundred little holes where Tillie had dropped a stitch every now and then! Alas! and the other sock was quite as bad.

Mama smiled as she said, "These socks will have to be darned before they can be worn."

Alida laughed merrily, but Lucinda put her arms around poor little Tillie whose tears were falling softly over the careless work.

"Never mind, Tilly," she said, "you will get the prize, for you *did* knit the first pair!"

Well, Grandma's Mama—Grandma was Tillie—gave them each a prize for learning to knit—a little work-box, with needles, scissors, thread and tiny thimble.

"Tillie has learned something else too, I think," said Mama as she stooped to kiss the tear-stained and sorry little face



THERE WERE ABOUT A HUNDRED LITTLE HOLES IN TILLIE'S SOCK.

Then she gave Tillie her workbox, a pretty blue one, and said, in a whisper, "Make haste slowly!"

Grandma says it has been over fifty years since she won that prize, and she has forgotten how to knit; but the lesson she learned along with her knitting she will *never* forget.

*Mary Goodwin Hubbell.*

## HELPING THE WORLD.

(*A Recitation.*)

ONE day, in church, the minister  
Said *everybody* ought  
To be a Helper in the world.  
But though I thought and thought

I couldn't see what *I* could do;  
The big world seemed to be  
So much *too* big to need the help  
Of little girls like me.

I couldn't preach to people  
And tell them to be good;  
Nor earn enough of dimes to buy  
One hungry person food;

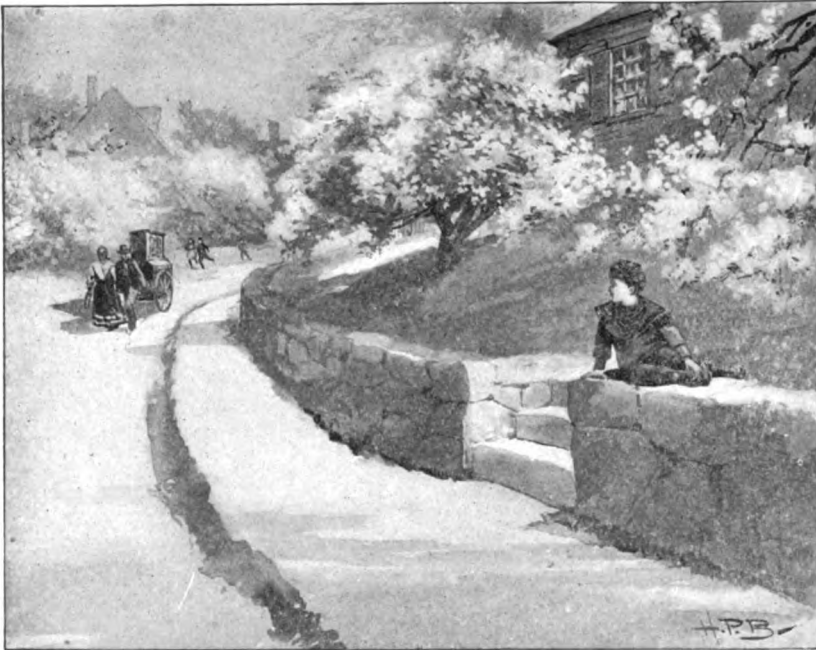
Nor nurse in hospitals; nor teach  
Poor children how to read —  
It seemed as if I couldn't do  
One thing that people need!

So I asked Mother — and she says  
That school and home are each  
Just parts of that same great big world  
It seems so hard to reach;

And when I help my teachers  
By doing what is right,  
Or try not to be noisy  
When papa's tired at night,

Or sometimes spare one of my toys  
To help some poor child's play,  
I'm really helping the big world  
A little every day!

*Henrietta R. Eliot.*



"I KNOW WHAT I AM GOING TO BE  
WHEN I GROW BIG AND STRONG."

## THE HURDY-GURDY MAN.

NEW little leaves are on the trees,  
Birds twitter everywhere,  
And I can smell the sweet, sweet smell  
Of blossoms in the air;  
But what I like the very best,  
When winter goes away,  
Is that the Hurdy-Gurdy man  
Will come now every day!

Sometimes he plays right by my house,  
And sometimes down the street,  
But I can hear, and just the sound  
Makes dance my little feet;

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And then I turn and spin and wheel  
And jump and skip and hop,  
Until the Hurdy-Gurdy man  
Makes his nice music stop.

I wish he didn't have to go  
To dinners or to bed —  
But when he does, the music stays  
And sings inside my head;  
And then I sit quite still and think  
How good that spring is here  
So that the Hurdy-Gurdy man  
Can play both far and near.

I know what I am going to be  
When I grow big and strong —  
A Hurdy-Gurdy man myself,  
And play the whole day long!  
And oh! how dear 'twill be to hear  
The little children say,  
“Ho! Ho! the Hurdy-Gurdy man  
Has come! Hark — hear him play!”

*Lilla Thomas Elder.*

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## THE TIME I WAS SICK.

*(When I was a Little Girl.)*

WHEN I was a little girl I was usually well and strong, and ran and raced out-doors nearly all day long when not in school. One day a friend of my mother's came to see us, and when she went back to the small city where she lived she took me with her. I remember that I felt very grand going off visiting without any of the family.

I cannot tell now what I wore except a white straw hat trimmed with pale-blue silk, and that every bow and end of the



silk was fringed with small white pearl shells, real sea-shells. This hat was called very pretty; and the shells, the milliner said, were something new and very stylish — this pleased me much. My mother, just as I was starting, pinned my collar with a tiny topaz pin, one of her own girlhood's treasures. She told me several times to be careful of the pin, and though I admired it much I was rather afraid to wear it, for I had a great gift for losing things.

After a day or two I began to feel that I had to stay in the house too much, though Mrs. Thomas took me to walk every day; so one morning when she was busy I asked to take a little walk alone. She said I could go a certain distance, and I started off. Somehow I made the wrong turn and instead of coming back to the house I found myself, after walking a long time to find it, in a very bad part of the city. The streets were dirty, and there were bad smells, and all the children were ragged. I walked about and about a good deal, but after awhile got away, and came out upon the right street. I met Mrs. Thomas coming to find me — she had been frightened by my long stay.

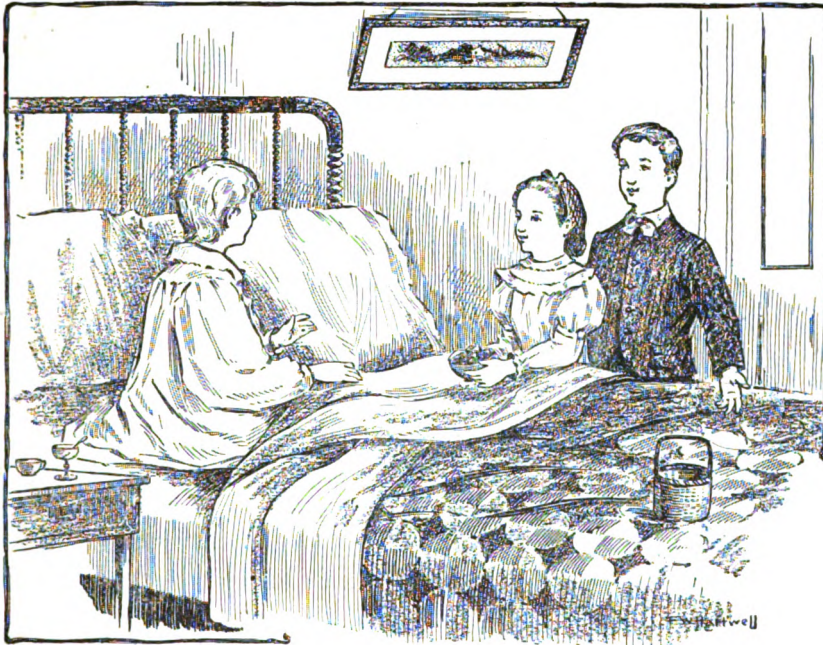
I burst into tears as soon as I reached the house because I was so warm and tired, and when I found I had lost mother's little topaz pin I cried harder than ever and refused to be comforted. I did not feel very well after this, and when I went home I was a sick little girl, so sick that my mother never scolded about the pin, though I cried out as soon as I stepped into the house, "Oh, mother, I have lost your little pin!"

I had a bad fever, and they cut off my hair. I had been letting my hair grow long, and it had got almost long enough to make into what we called a "waterfall." All the girls of eleven or twelve wore "waterfalls." They pushed a round comb through their hair, then pushed the comb up and away from the head making the back hair stand out, then put on a net and tied a ribbon to come up around the comb, with a bow on top; and when, after I was a little better, I found all my nice hair had been cut off while I was too sick to know it, I felt bad. "Now I can't make any 'waterfall' like the rest of the girls!" I wailed.

My mother took care of me daytimes, and my father sat by

me every night, and when I could not sleep he would hold me in his arms, or carry me across the room and put me on a sofa.

When I was a little girl they did not let people drink milk when sick, as they do now. I felt very hungry all the time and wanted milk and all kinds of things to eat. One day I heard the doctor say something about giving me a baked apple, and I



MY BROTHER AND SISTER TOLD ME WHAT THEY HAD SEEN AND DONE.

was quite happy looking forward to it; but it was only some water that had been poured over a baked apple, that I had!

I used to ask very often if I should be well enough to go to Cattle Show (our county fair), and mother and father would say that they hoped so. But when the day came I was still in bed. Father took the other children, and when he came home he brought me a pretty red-and-white basket that the Indians had made. I was in a bed in the sitting-room and my brother and sister stood by the bed and told me what they had seen and done; and when mother came into the room she found me eating shagbarks with a pin — the children had brought some all

cracked from the fair. My mother took them right away from me, and what little I had eaten did not hurt me, most fortunately.

As I grew better the other children had me for a sort of plaything; they thought it was very funny to have little Betsey in bed in the sitting-room. One evening I was waked up by their laughing and found that 'Siah had put a small clay pipe that he used for blowing bubbles, in my open mouth — he was so gentle that I knew nothing about it till I heard the laughing. I used to be bolstered up in bed and make fine doll's clothes. I remember making a little straw hat.

When I was able to have toast, it was made with cream and salt, no butter, and I didn't like it very well, but the other children hung around the bed and wanted it. My birthday was the fifteenth of October and the doctor said I could sit up an hour, and he told mother just what I could have for supper. Little Nabby, my especial friend across the street, come over to take tea with me. We had hot milk and water to drink, and egg griddle-cakes with sugar and blackberry jelly on them, and round cookies with holes in the middle and sugar on top. I had a silver thimble for a present. Before the hour was up I was quite ready to go back to bed. Some time after this, Nabby's father drew me over to his house on a sled, and I took dinner there. I remember eating some salt pork, and his saying it made girls smart to eat pork, and that I ate as much as I could.

All my hair came off, and the children thought it very funny to see big locks of it on the pillow every morning, and they used to like to have me hand them locks from my head, or to slyly pull out a little for themselves, as it did not hurt me any. By the time I was able to go to school my head was just like a shaved head, and I wore a very thick black net and a red ribbon around it to cover it up. One day the girl behind me in school and I got into a fuss, and she suddenly snatched off my net and ribbon and showed my bald head to the scholars. I felt bad and tried to cover up my head with my hands. "Dear me," kindly said the teacher, who helped me put on my net again, "I didn't know your hair was so short!"

A little brown fuzz really had just begun to grow, and I soon

left off the net for I thought that as every one had seen my funny head, it did not matter. Very soon I had fine curly hair that looked like the close coat of a water-spaniel. All the girls thought my curly hair very nice, and I used to cut off little locks that made perfect circles. I, however, did not value my curls, and I wet them and brushed them every day to get the curl out, for I wanted a "waterfall"—but the curl stayed in for more than a year, and the wetting only made my hair freeze stiff on the way to school, but after a time I managed to straighten out my hair enough so that with the aid of a "cushion" I was able to wear a "waterfall," though it was not just like the round-comb kind. Oh, how delighted I was!

*Elizabeth Robinson.*

## WOODPECKER INN.



NEAR the edge of our lawn, and close to the street, stands a great maple whose trunk is partially decayed. In this soft wood a Woodpecker worked all the springtime, last year. He was a very energetic little fellow and sometimes he fairly covered the ground with his chips.

As soon as the house was fairly done and furnished with all the conveniences that he could devise, he flew off in search of Mrs. Woodpecker.

After she arrived, we saw her hopping about at the front door for several minutes. Then she went in and out several times, but never staying inside more than a few moments. From the first she did not approve of the house. Perhaps she thought it too large, or she might have thought that it was too near the street and too easily reached by boys in search of eggs. She chirped a good deal to Mr. Woodpecker about it, and finally the two flew off to find another home.

However the house in the maple did not stand empty long. The Jays discovered it and all summer chased each other in and out screaming like a troop of noisy children. When they were tired of every other place they always came and stayed here awhile.

The children called the little house "Woodpecker Inn" and were always watching for new guests. All through the summer months various birds came and went, and the Inn was never vacant more than a week at a time.



THE JAYS DISCOVERED IT.

Some Sparrows lived in it through the winter, finding it a perfectly comfortable refuge from the snows and icy winds of January and February. And when the warm spring days again came around we saw Mrs. Sparrow sitting with her dainty head in the doorway and Mr. Sparrow, brave in his new suit, perched upon a little bare branch beneath her,

and chirping forth his sweetest notes for her pleasure.

After the baby Sparrows were hatched and the family had flown away, we frequently saw other birds there, strangers, stopping for an hour's rest, just as travellers stop at a tavern.

Now, the children report, a Robin Red Breast has taken lodgings, probably only until he can finish his own nest.

*Pearl Howard Campbell.*

## TWO LITTLE BLIZZARD-CAPS.

(Far-West Children.)

IT was a keen breezy Saturday morning on the prairie, and Uncle Will was waiting, in his buggy, to take Ned and Dick down to their Grandmother's to spend the holiday.

There was a beautiful blue lake only about a mile from where their Grandfather lived, and its shore sloped so gradually out into the deep water that the boys could play there and not be in danger, unless they disobeyed orders and went out too far.

So they got their hooks and lines and thought they were all ready, when their Mama brought out two thick wool-lined helmet caps — that kind that can be pulled down over your face, all but your eyes, and cover the back of your head and even your neck.

"Oh, not the caps, please, Mama!" both the boys begged at once. "Do let us wear our straw hats! What'll folks think to see us wearing our old blizzard-caps in spring?"

"Listen to the wind!" said Mama. "See how it blows! These will stay on your heads. You know you don't like strings to your straw hats — though I *could* sew some on, in a minute."

Now, if there was anything Ned did not like, and anything Dick did not like, it was a string to a hat. So they settled the thick old blizzard-caps comfortably on their heads with the visors up, and climbed into the carriage and each reached down and gave Mama a hug, and then Uncle Will drove away, and they shouted back, "Good-by, Mama! Blizzard-caps all right!"

They had a good visit the first thing with their Grandmother. She always stopped her work when her grandsons came. And then they had some big slices of delicious bread and butter with honey, and after that they went out to the barn and found their fishing-poles in a corner exactly where they had left them the summer before, and started on their way to the lake

The wind had begun to die down and by the time they had reached the lake it was quite still. The sun shone out unusually warm. The trees around the lake were shining with their new green leaves. The waves rippled along one after another against the smooth shore, with silvery tipsy little laughs and murmurs,



IN THE MIDST OF THE BLIZZARD.

and Ned and Dick laughed, too. They had left their shoes and stockings at their Grandmother's, and the first thing they did was to wade out into the crinkling water. And you ought to have seen the glittering pickerel that day! The little boys laid down the poles and caught fish with their hands, till they each had a long string.

It grew warmer and warmer, and the day seemed more like summer than spring. Their faces were red and moist under the heavy caps. Oh, if they could have worn the straw hats!

Suddenly the little fishermen heard a long deep roll of thunder. Overhead the sky was blue, but across the lake they saw a strange green cloud and a grayish mist, and away against that far dim shore the white-caps were tossing.

It was only half a mile to the village and Ned and Dick had been there often. They knew they could get there much quicker than they could reach Grandmother's.

"But you know, Dicky," said Ned, "Grandma didn't *say* we could go to the village. She said we could just come fishing.

"We better run for Grandma's, Dick, if it *is* more'n a mile!"

The wind was already blowing a gale. But the little boys pulled down the visors of their blizzard-caps, tied them snugly, then grasped each other's hands, and started on a run.

The great thick black cloud was rushing across the lake, and in a minute more a cruel hurricane of hail-stones, big as walnuts, came roaring over the prairie. Ned and Dick turned their faces from it as much as they could, but in another minute they were in the midst of it, the hailstones bruising their brave little shoulders, and cutting their bare hands and feet. Sometimes the wind lifted and rolled them before it. Whenever they could walk at all they had to wade through drifts of hail.

But the wind did not blow them entirely out of the right direction, and pretty soon they came into the road that, blind as they were, they knew led to their Grandmother's nearest neighbor, and they called out, and the neighbor heard them, and flung open the door and rushed forth and helped the little fellows in. They were crying with pain from the stinging hailstones, their bare hands and feet were bleeding, but each still sturdily carried his string of pickerel!

The good woman undressed them and gave them peppermint tea and wrapped them in hot blankets and put them to bed, and in a minute they went sound asleep.

The very next thing they knew, they were in bed at Grandmother Gray's, and it was the next morning, and the canary was singing, and the cat was purring in the sun on the windowsill, and out in the other room they heard their Mother and their Grandmother talking.

Grandmother Gray was saying, "Anna May, it was a providence that they wore their old blizzard-caps! There's no telling what their heads would have been beaten into, if they hadn't! We would have had something to grieve over besides broken windows and the grain all ruined. And to think they held on to the fish! Their Grandfather says they'll make two gritty men!"

"And they were so good about wearing the old caps, though they didn't want to," said Anna May.



(Of course you know that Anna May was the mother of Ned and Dick.)

The cheeks of the two little boys burned when they heard the praise. And they shouted, "Ho, ho, Mama May! ho, ho, Gramma Gray! We hear what you're saying!" And then they laughed, and Grandmother and Mama laughed too!

*Lucia Chase Bell.*



## BLOWING BUBBLES.

SWEET spring winds are blowing,  
Sparrows flitting by;  
On the sunny terrace  
Here alone I lie.

With my bowl all foaming,  
And my pipe of clay,  
*Such* good fun I'm having  
With my bubble play!

I can make big bubbles  
Round and clear and fair,

Blow them o'er the terrace,  
Float them in the air.

And each one is lovely  
As my mother's ring,  
Green and blue and crimson,  
All that sort of thing.

Little sparrow, tilting  
On the ivy spray,  
With your small head turning  
Knowingly this way,

Don't you think my bubbles  
Beautiful to see?  
Don't you wish that you might  
Be a child, like me?

*Curo Atherton Dugan.*

## RIDDLE-RHYMES.

### XIV.

**M***Y first*, he gives great thought to clothes;  
He long before his mirror stands,  
And combs and curls his perfumed hair.  
*My second* gives small thought to clothes;  
Before his mirror, set in sands,  
He wildly shakes his shaggy hair.

*My whole* thinks not of curls or clothes,  
And yet is clad in cloth of gold —  
And children wear its curls for hair.  
*My whole*, when earth puts on spring clothes,  
The children pick, all they can hold,  
And set in wreaths upon their hair.

*C. S. P.*

## WHERE A LITTLE BOY LIVES.



THE LITTLE BOY.

THE Little Boy was fast asleep and the Clock struck twelve. The Piano began a scale but stopped short. "Well, I can't get any further," it groaned. "That pin is still there. I shall have to be tuned! Twenty-nine times without stopping to-day, that Little Boy sang, 'Hurrah for the Red, White and Blue,' and I had to bang out the most frightful discords each time!"

"We all heard you and were sorry for you!" squeaked the little French Writing-Desk

"As for me, my legs tremble under me every time he comes near and throws back my lid — my poor scratched lid!"

"You young people may have your mahogany scratched a little, but just think of me!" came from the tall Napoleon Desk between the windows. "Wait until you are one hundred years old, as I am! That Little Boy has no more respect for me than he has for his woolly dog! He tried his new pen-knife on me today!"

A muffled tone was heard from the floor. It was the Cashmere Rug speaking. "Half the bread and jelly he had today is daubed over in this corner. You can't imagine how uncomfortable it is to have your face left sticky over night! And I am always left in a tumble, besides being trampled full of sharp bits of nut-shells!"

"Do let's go to sleep now," sighed the soft cushiony voice of

the green Morris chair. "He has jumped about on me so much today that I ache still! Good-night."

The next day two Men came in and took up the Cashmere Rug. What a beating and shaking it did get! It was too much exhausted to even groan when, all clean and bright, it was once more spread on the floor.

Meanwhile a white-capped Maid was washing all the wood of the furniture in a sparkling soapsuds; then with a queer dark oil she rubbed and rubbed it until she could see her face in every glossy surface.

Next came a Man with a little black bag and took the Piano all apart, the dust and pins that had choked its voice were removed, and it sang sweetly under his fingers.

Then the Chairs and Desks and Tables and Sofas were put in place, and night came again.

"Well, how do you all feel now?" asked the Piano, as the Clock struck twelve. "I am not quite as happy myself as I expected to be. The Little Boy hasn't been near me all day, and though I can sing now, somehow I don't feel like it."

"As for me," remarked the Napoleon Desk, "I confess that I too miss the Little Boy. Now that all his little finger-marks and the dents and scratches are polished away I miss them. I have felt like a grandfather to that Little Boy, and I miss his little greasy pats!"

"I should like to hold him in my arms for a minute or two, I confess," sighed the green Morris chair. "They have pounded every crumb of his candy and cake from my cushions, and every little dusty heel mark has vanished!"

"It's altogether too bare and dismal," said the Cashmere Rug. "They have carried out his horse and picked up his toys and all the picture-books!"

"Well, don't let us distress ourselves," observed the Piano, "for by to-morrow night we shall all have a brand-new lot of love-pats and grease-spots and around us will be the same litter of his toys and things, and they will not clean house again until next fall!"

*Clara Marie Platt.*

## LONG TOM, AND HOW THEY GOT HIM.

### CHAPTER VII. — "AN ELEGANT SHOW."

DR. HOLMAN lent his wolf-skin robe and Orlando was a wolf at the show, since he couldn't be a bear. Some people thought he wasn't so much like a "truly" wolf as he could be like a "truly" bear.

But, as Bee Brown said, you ought not to expect so much talent of one person.

Pekoe people knew more about bears than they did about wolves, too, because one came around with the circus every summer. And some of the old men had hunted bears on Blue mountain in Tinkertown. Anyway, Orlando practiced the wolf bark up in the barn chamber, until such a crowd gathered around the barn that Jo Marvin, the constable, thought there was a fire and rang in the alarm.

And Pinky Jones said she thought that Orlando was "an elegant wolf."

Bee had said to Pinky Jones, when they were coming back to the barn from Miss Theodora Green's, that perhaps it would be better not to tell the boys who it was that had borrowed the bear-skin rug.

No, of course she would not tell, Pinky answered readily. Those Tinkertown boys were probably going to have a show and she shouldn't want any of their boys to go to it. Some of the Pekoe Guards were so fond of going to shows that they might go even to Iky Proudfoot's.

No, Pinky said with a great appearance of discretion, she wouldn't tell anyone that Iky Proudfoot had borrowed Miss Theodora Green's bear-skin rug!

Now Pinky didn't think of anything but a show for which Iky Proudfoot could have wanted the bear-skin. And, in fact, the Tinkertown boys were almost as fond of having shows as the Pekoe boys. It was very likely that he did want it for a show, and Bee was more firmly resolved than ever not to tell even Billy Boy.

What *she* had thought, all in a moment, was that Iky was be-

ing a "make-believe" bear in Perigo's woods to prevent the gun from being taken by anyone.

But Bee felt that if she were to tell the boys it might make them very reckless and, after all, there might be a "truly" bear in Perigo's woods.

Being a sister of the Captain made one feel as if one were a sister of all the Pekoe Guards and must take care of them all; that is if one were a very responsible little girl and used to being a good sister, as Bee Brown was. The Pekoe Guards felt that they must do brave things, being soldiers, and as they were only boys, Bee was afraid they might go over to Tinkertown and do foolishly daring things.

She hoped that Pinky Jones could be depended on not to tell that Iky Proudfoot had borrowed the bear-skin rug. But the worst of it was that Pinky Jones could not be depended upon not to let things that she didn't mean to say pop out of her mouth!

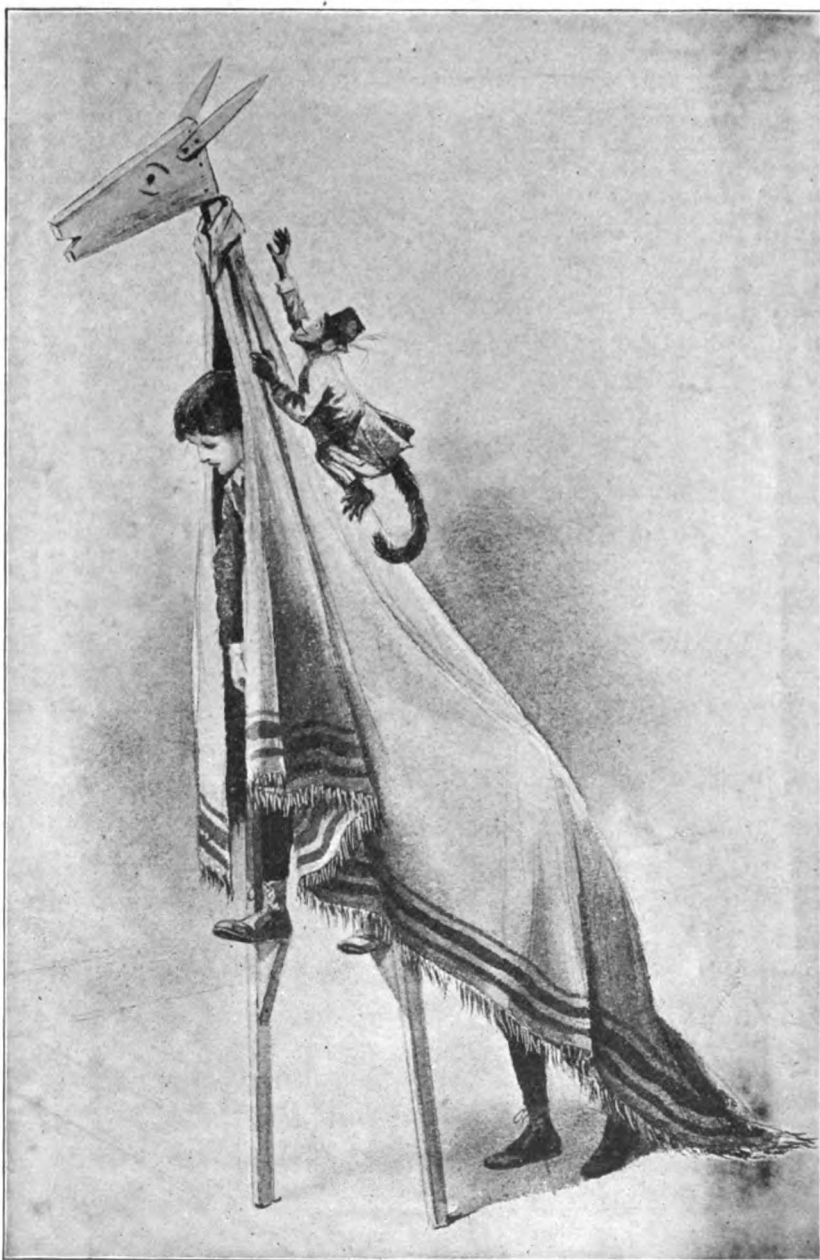
That was one of the greatest shows that the Pekoe boys had ever given, in spite of the hurry they were in. It couldn't be allowed to be a failure, they all agreed, when so much depended upon it!

Bob Brown, who was a very expert stilt-walker, made himself into a giraffe. It was a good deal to do and he never had tried it before, but he had meant to, ever since the last circus came around in which the very long-legged giraffe was the great attraction.

Philena Brown's old shawl, that was just the right color, made the giraffe's skin, and little Willie Johnson was the hind legs. Willie knew a great deal about shows and when the giraffe's forelegs stalked off the stage—that is, the barn floor—the rest of him stayed behind and made such fun that the audience clapped and roared with laughter. Willie was not a strong and healthy lad, not strong enough to belong to the Guards; but, as Billy Boy was often heard to say, he had a great head.

It takes talent to be "the rest of a giraffe;" so Bee Brown said.

Willie had helped his friend, Ralph Farr, to train his dog



THE LONG-LEGGED GIRAFFE WAS THE GREAT ATTRACTION.

Flip, and Flip played an important part in the show. His principal characters as they appeared on the program were these:

*The Great Apple Catcher.*

" " *Apple Thief.* .

" " *Beggar.*

" " *Pointer.*

" " *Tree-Climber.*

" " *Water-Hunter.*

Flip was more applauded than the wolf or the giraffe—at least from the boys. He was, really, a dear little fellow and as proud to act his part as if he knew what it was all for.

The monkey, too, was a great success; and that was a surprise, for when you wanted him to do things most he wouldn't.

"O, wasn't it an elegant show!" cried Pinky Jones lingering among the girls and boys after the older people had passed out of the barn. "I don't believe that Iky Proudfoot can get up any such show, if he has borrowed Miss Theodora Green's bear—Oh dear, oh dear, I forgot that Bee told me not to tell!"

Of course every one of the Pekoe Guards within hearing had pricked up his ears. Even Billy Boy and Dandy Frazar who were counting the money taken at the door, dropped a jingling heap out of their hands.

"Did Iky Proudfoot borrow the bear-skin rug?" asked Billy Boy. And he looked so queer that you couldn't help telling him even if you hadn't let it out.

"There's more than enough money here to pay for bringing the gun home! There's enough to help any fellow out that honestly couldn't get his share," called out Billy Boy. "And next Saturday morning the Guards will go to Tinkertown and pay for the gun! It's pretty sure that they'll find it in Perigo's woods, and the only bear they'll find there will be Iky Proudfoot dressed up in Miss Theodora Green's rug!"

*(To be continued.)*

*Sophie Swett.*



## THE LOVABLE TALES OF JANEY AND JOSEY AND JOE.

### VI.—THE SURPRISE PARTY.



"ALL RIGHT, LITTLE DAISIES!"

AND one day Janey's mother said, "Everyone is always giving dear Janey beautiful presents, and planning nice times for Janey. I *do* wish my Janey would be more thoughtful and kind to others!"

And Janey looked up at her Mama, and smiled and said, "Dear precious Mama, I will plan a beautiful surprise for Josey and Joe."

And Mama said, "That is right, you lovable child. I want you to think of pleasant surprises for Josey and Joe."

And dear little Janey ran out into the daisy field, and she said to the daisies, "Oh tell me what shall I do, little daisies! Help me to plan a beautiful wonderful surprise for Josey and Joe."

And the daisies whispered to Janey. (Janey pretended the daisies could whisper!) And she smiled and nodded her dear little head and clapped her little hands, and said, "All right, you sweet little daisies, I hear what yon say, and I will, this very same day I'll have a beautiful party for Josey and Joe."

And just at that minute Janey saw Aunt Susan Mehetible's carriage coming along the road by the daisy field.

And Aunt Susan Mehetible called, "Oh, Janey, precious Janey, come here, and give me *one* sweet kiss."

And Janey ran out, and climbed into Aunt Susan Mehetible's carriage, and gave her one sweet kiss. And she said, "Oh, Aunt Susan Mehetible dear, I am going to have a beautiful surprise party for Josey and Joe this afternoon, but you mustn't tell *anyone*."

And Aunt Susan Mehetible hugged Janey close in her arms, and said, "I will not tell anyone, precious Janey. And who are you going to ask to come to the party?"

And Janey said, "Oh, dear Arabella and dear Araminta, and you, *you*, Aunt Susan Mehetible. I want you to come too."

And Aunt Susan Mehetible said, "You darling, I will be delighted to come to your party."



JANEY CLIMBED INTO AUNT SUSAN MEHETIBLE'S CARRIAGE.

And Janey said, "This party is for Josey and Joe and not for me at all."

And Janey rode in Aunt Susan Mehetible's splendid carriage down to the big stone house where Arabella and Araminta lived, and asked them to come to the party.

And Arabella clapped her hands and said, "Oh, goody! goody! A party! Yes I'll come to the party, Janey!"

And Araminta clapped her hands and said, "Oh, goody! goody! A party! Yes, I'll come to the party, Janey!"

And then they went home. And Janey ran out into the

kitchen and said, "Oh, good Queen Ann, we are going to have a beautiful surprise party this afternoon for Josey and Joe, and I want you to make caramel cake, and pink ice-cream and raspberry tarts and thimble cookies."

And good Queen Ann held up both her hands and said, "My goodness me! Miss Janey, have you asked your precious Mama if you can have a party?"

And Janey said, "No, it is a *surprise* party and you musn't tell anyone, Queen Ann!"

And Queen Ann held up both her hands and said, "My goodness me, Miss Janey, caramel cake and pink ice-cream and raspberry tarts and thimble cookies will cost your mother a great deal of money!"

And Janey said, "I've taken the money all out of my little red bank and put it in Mama's purse to pay for the party."

And good Queen Ann caught Janey up into her arms and hugged her close and said, "You are the cleverest, sweetest, *dearest* child only six years old I ever saw, Miss Janey love!"

And that afternoon Josey and Joe were playing out in the yard, and all at once they heard some one laughing, and all at once they heard some one saying, "We've come to the party Josey, we've come to the party Joe!"

And there was Arabella, and there was Araminta dancing along the garden walk.

And oh, but Josey and Joe did look surprised! They opened their eyes very wide and said, "Why, there isn't a party at our house today!"

And Janey came running out of the house and said, "Yes, there is a party, a beautiful surprise party out under the apple trees."

And oh, but Josey and Joe did open their eyes with surprise when they saw the caramel cake and the pink ice-cream and the raspberry tarts and the thimble cookies.

And Aunt Susan Mehetible and precious Mama came out to the party too, and they all had a splendid time.

And that night when Janey went to bed her Mama took her upon her lap and hugged her close and said, "Oh, Janey, you

lovable child, you opened your little red bank and gave all your pennies to pay for the party, didn't you, dear?"

And Janey said, "Wasn't it a beautiful surprise? Oh, how little Joe opened his eyes when he saw the raspberry tarts!"

*Gertrude Smith.*


















## CHARLIE.

















'TIS Charlie gets the tumbles,  
'Tis Charlie gets the bumps,  
And worse than these, the measles,  
The chicken-pox and mumps;  
And if the scarlet fever  
Or whooping cough's about,  
Oh, Charlie's sure to have it  
Before the month is out.  
But Charlie's such a darling,  
So full of pranks and fun,  
Another thing he catches  
Is smiles from everyone!

*Alva Deane.*

# THE LITTLE OWLS AT RED GATES.

**L**ITTLE  reached the old nest-  
first. She sat down on a  outside

the , very proud because she had caught  
a new kind of . The  felt  
plump and fat, but  thought she  
wouldn't eat it until she could give her moth-  
er and brother a taste, so she laid it  
on the . There was a bright, full  
 and at last she spied them coming.  
As they flew up, she took the  into  
her , ready to eat it, and then in  
her pride lifted her  and hooted. But  
her mother at once slapped her with  
her , snatched the poor Polly-  
and dropped it into the . "That  
thing isn't good to eat!" she said. "It  
is what those great creatures that nest in  
 make for their  to play

with! Come here!" She flew down into the ferns, picked up the Polly- again and made  and  bite it. Sure enough, there was no taste to it. It looked fat but it couldn't be eaten. The Polly- was dry and tough. Owlet spread her wings and flew away. Owlkin stood on a  and looked down at 's poor little plaything. "I'm sorry  is such a little !" he said. But Owlet wasn't sorry for anything. She said she'd never go back—she'd have a tree of her own! She caught a mouse in the , but the Diver  saw her and almost got her, and then the Diver , loo, saw her and almost got her. And what did poor  do then? She flew home and got into the , and snuggled down beside her mother, close, and  and  both put their wings around her, for they loved little , naughty as she was!



THE WILD ESCAPE.

## THE BABY, THE CAT AND THE DOG FROM NEXT DOOR.

WE left them at play on the nursery floor  
As often and often we'd left them before;  
But once when we looked they weren't there any more —  
The baby, the cat and the dog from next door.

Now where in the world could the truants have fled?  
We looked in the closet and under the bed,  
We searched through the house, and the yard o'er and o'er,  
For the baby, the cat and the dog from next door.

But some one had tracked through the sunshiny street  
The trail of those ten little wandering feet,  
And back to the much dismayed family they bore  
The baby, the cat and the dog from next door.

Which mischievous brain planned the wild escapade?  
Which, which was the culprit that started the raid?  
No answer. We could but to favor restore  
The baby, the cat and the dog from next door.

*Mary Hicks VanDerburgh.*







**"GIVE US A BITE!"**

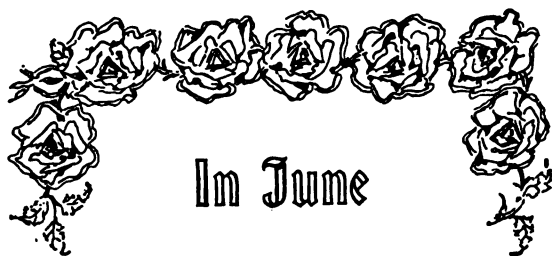
*The Second Prize, Class "Pets," in the First Photograph Competition, was awarded for this picture to W. E. Dickinson, Bradford, Iowa.*

# LITTLE FOLKS

VOL. IV.

JUNE, 1901.

No. 8.



June's the time when all the wild things come a-peeping in  
the grass,  
When the buttercups and daisies bob and curtsy as you  
pass;  
Such a flushing, such a blushing of the roses, pink and red,  
Such a stirring, such a whirring of wee bird-wings overhead,  
Such a tilting, such a liltng of the bonny bobolinks —  
Oh, the June days are the joy-days of the whole glad year, me-  
thinks!

June's the time when all the children come a-dancing out of  
school,  
Out to find the wild strawberries, and the fishes in the pool;  
Such a tripping, such a skipping, such a rush of eager feet,  
Such a sounding and resounding of gay voices, clear and sweet —  
Ah, 'tis you, wee lads and lassies, with bright faces all aglow,  
Make the June-days just the joy-days of the whole glad year, I  
know!

22 • E. Allen.



## THE MYSTERY ABOUT SAM.

(*Far-West Children.*)



**S**AM DINGLEBY was nine years old, and he had not one brother or sister, and he was always so hungry for company that his mother said he sometimes nearly drove her wild. Sam seemed to have everything to enjoy himself with. He had the loveliest little Shetland pony, and a beautiful big St. Bernard dog, and the prettiest cleanest little stable built on purpose for them; and he had a cote of costly pigeons with breasts and heads and necks of soft colors that made you think of rainbows and white clouds and blue June sky. To be sure he didn't have a bicycle, for nobody had bicycles then. But he had a little printing-press, and he had drums and a Chinese dragon-kite, and he had a corner in the library full of story-books.

I do not know what Sam could have wanted that he did not have, except company — that is to say, all the children he wanted and all the dogs. His mother didn't like children as visitors very well, and his Aunt Sarah did not like them at all. His Aunt Sarah lived at his house, and dogs, common dogs, both she and his mother absolutely refused to "have around."

The summer he was eight Sam almost lived at the washer-woman's, several blocks away, on a back street. She had eight children. They were good-enough children, even Aunt Sarah said, except, of course, in their grammar. Their house was small, and it was always filled with washing-steam, and the back yard was always full of clothes drying, but yet there was room for glorious playtimes. So Sam only came home that summer, all through vacation, for his meals and to sleep, and when he did come he was brown with dirt from head to foot; his trousers were ragged, his shoes were filled with sand, and often his stockings were muddy.

Nobody would dream, Aunt Sarah frequently said, that this

boy, so ragged and tousled could be a Dingleby!

The next summer the washerwoman moved out of the neighborhood, and when school was out Sam was very lonesome for a while, and openly discontented and fretted a great deal. But all at once there was a change. Aunt Sarah and his mother both noticed it. Whenever Sam was asked to do an errand he did it so very willingly — he seemed really thankful to be asked. It is true that sometimes he was rather late in returning from his errands, but his mother said the weather was so warm you could not expect a boy to go any faster.

Sam was at home nearly all the time, except when he did errands, but he was not around "under foot" as usual, which made it very agreeable. He might be up in his pleasant room, or in the library, or taking a ride on his pony for a few blocks, or out petting Milton, his big dog, or busy in the garret with his printing. Nobody ever seemed to think just where he was, only you had a pleasant sense of his never being in the way.

There was another thing queer about Sam that summer, and that was his eating. He ate less and less, and soon he began to grow thin. You could see his shoulder-blades right through his gingham waists, and they had to keep putting smaller belts to his trousers. His mother one day actually dropped tears on the little slim new belts, when she was working the button-holes, to think that Sam was growing so pale and thin at the same time that he was growing such a good patient sweet-tempered little boy.

Aunt Sarah said she would simply *make* him eat! There was no use in a boy being finicky. So his father put a big juicy piece of steak on his plate next morning, and said sternly, "Sam, now you eat that steak! You've been notional about your meals long enough."

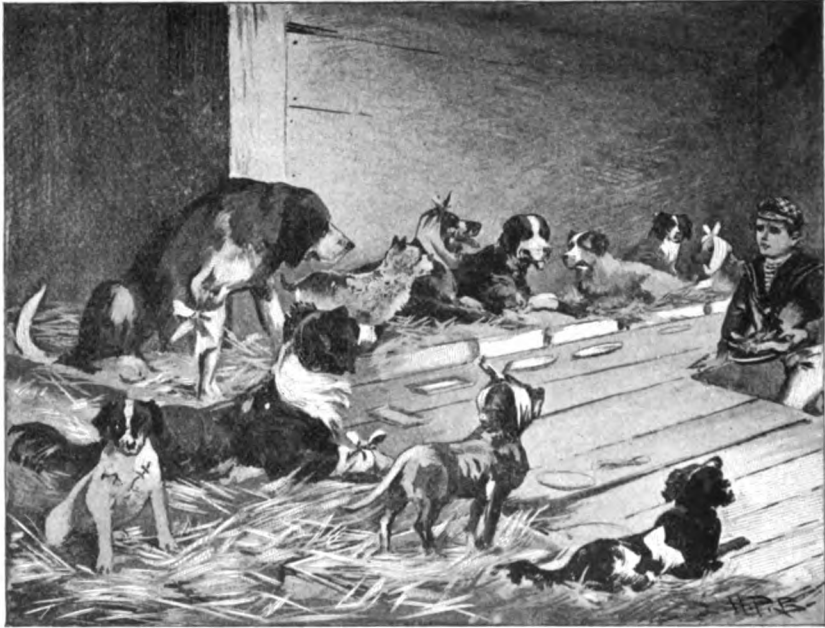
Sam gazed down at the steak but did not touch it. He seemed to choke, and then he choked again, and then the next minute he sat back in his chair and cried out, "I *can't*, father! I haven't any right to!" Then he got up and left the table.

"Well!" said Aunt Sarah when she could find breath to speak. "I must say it is a good thing you have only one child,

John Dingleby! I believe that boy has been reading novels and got romantic!"

"Oh, no, he never reads novels," said Sam's mother, still trembling. "Why, he's only nine—he likes his little Hawthorne Wonder Book better than anything. I know he must be ill!" And she was obliged to leave the table, too, for she could not keep back her tears.

After a while, when breakfast was over, Sam came into the



"DOGS — ELEVEN!"

house whistling as if he were the happiest boy in the world. He brought in some wood for Janet, the cook, and he mended the canary's cage, and then he sat down quietly in a sunny corner to draw pictures, for he had taken it into his head to illustrate his Wonder Book.

His mother was sitting near him with her sewing, thinking what a dear good boy he was, when she heard Janet's voice, very loud, in the kitchen. She went out to see what the matter was, and there Aunt Sarah was, and she was saying to Janet, "You

amaze me! Where is that boy? *He'll* know what it means, I'll be bound! *Dogs — eleven!*"

When Janet saw Mrs. Dingleby she burst forth anew: "Eleven dogs, ma'am, in the loft of the pony's barn, yes, there is! and the scrubbiest, outlandishest dogs — burnt, and scalded, and broken-legged and blind — every one of 'em a sick dog, or else crippled, some with bandages and some with slings! . And ma'am, they're all with the nicest rows of beds in boxes, and clean tin pans to eat from, and they're all contented like they was in heaven a-wagging their tails!"

Now Janet had gone up to the stable-loft to see if she could find the stamp that stamped the elegant floral design on her jelly-glass covers. She remembered having heard Sam tell the washerwoman's boy once that the stamp machine looked like a mad little "water-dog" and would be good to have in an animal-show; and as she could not find it in the closet she thought Sam might have borrowed it. She went to look, and there it was, on a beam of the loft, as wicked-looking as ever. But she had forgotten to bring it down after all — with the surprise of the sight that burst on her — all those dogs, all gazing at her, and wagging their tails.

"You just go out and see for yourself, you ma'am, and you, ma'am!" she burst out again, turning first to Mrs. Dingleby and then to Aunt Sarah, when in rushed Sam from the dining room where he must have been standing.

A great storm of entreaty and eloquence poured from his trembling lips. "There're mine — I'm curing them! Oh, Mama, please don't take them away! I'm going to get homes for them — *good* homes! Just give me time, Mama! I never meant to keep them, Mama, truly — only until I had cured them! They're poor dogs that I've found everywhere, and heard of and gone after them, and they haven't got a friend in the whole world but me! I *had* to take out meat and things to them, Mama, but I did without myself! I never meant to take out more'n my share of things! And they're growing jolly fellows — they're getting 'long fine! Mama, say you won't make me turn off my dogs just yet — say it, Mama!"

For a moment Sam's mother stood silent. The mystery was cleared up about Sam. He was not going to die. Then she put her arms around her boy and drew him close, and she laughed, and she kissed him. "You shall keep the very last dog until he is cured," she said bending down and looking straight into his scared eyes. "They shall have all the nice good meat they need, and so shall you. If you'd just take mother into partnership, Sam, how lovely it would be!"

And Sam cried joyfully, "Oh, I will, Mama! I will!"

*Lucia Chase Bell.*



"I CAN SLEEP AND GROW FAT."

## FROM THE KITTEN.

I AM only a kitten, and what can I do  
 To keep myself busy the longest day through?  
 I can eat a good dinner, and drink some warm milk,  
 And smooth my soft fur till it's glossy as silk;  
 I can play when I'm frisky, and sleep and grow fat,  
 And in time I'll be known as "the family cat."

*Mary Peabody Sawyer.*



**A LITTLE HORSEMAN.**



**ANOTHER LITTLE HORSEMAN.**

(237)



## KNIGHTS OF THE ROUND TABLE.

**L**ITTLE King Arthur with his Knights  
Sits at his Table Round,  
And Knights more loyal than these two  
Are never to be found —

Sir Faithful and Sir Christopher,  
Who honor and obey  
Their master, and where'er he leads  
Will follow night and day.

Sir Faithful wears from top to toe  
A suit of handsome brown;  
Sir Christopher is clad in grey  
As soft and smooth as down.

Sir Faithful's step is bold and free  
And never shows a fear;  
Sir Christopher so lightly treads  
You scarcely know he's near!

And when one day King Arthur played  
Close to the river's brim,  
And splash! fell headlong in the stream,  
Sir Faithful rescued him.

Sir Faithful hails from Newfoundland,  
Surrounded by the seas;  
A Knight of Malta, Christopher,  
An elegant Maltese.

Hear brave King Arthur call their names,  
When they at table sit:  
"Sir Faithful is — my dear Fido!  
Sir Christopher — my Kit!"

*Zitella Cocke.*



KATY QUITE LED OFF IN THE MARCH.

## A PIECE OF PIE.

KATY LUM was a happy little girl, so happy it was fearsome. Katy had been invited to a party, and *such* a party — that was what made it fearsome.

Mrs. Lum said when Katy came in, "Here's Mrs. Fancher's man been over from the Great House with a note from her own little girl for you. I guess Miss Alice must have written it. Just hear this." Mrs. Lum read from the dainty pink paper — the faintest pink it was, you'd think it was white and only blushed a bit.

*"Miss Bessie Fancher will be pleased to have Miss Katy Lum join her birthday party of six, on Saturday afternoon at four."*

Didn't Katy's eyes shine! How wonderful first-time things are! It was the first time she ever had a letter, the first time

she was ever called "Miss," the first time she was ever asked to a party!

Mrs. Lum's eyes shone too, but they looked wet. Why older people cry when they're glad, is more than one can tell. Katy was her only, only child. Mrs. Lum did fine ironing and mending for Mrs. Fancher, two days in each week.

Up at the Great House, Mrs. Fancher and her sister had been talking the party over. Said Mrs. Fancher:

"There are Grace Hurlburt, and Mary Sanford, and Sally Cornell, and Beulah Bates, but who'll be the fifth guest? There must be six in the party on a sixth birthday, and I don't want to make it more than a neighborhood affair. Don't you think it would be nice to ask Katy Lum?"

"Katy Lum!" Miss Alice repeated. Then the loveliest look came into her face. "I think you're a dear," she said.

"You're a trifle off the question," Mrs. Fancher laughed. "Katy often comes when her mother works here. She and Bessie play well together then. She seems such a good little thing, and I don't suppose she ever had a party. I want Bessie to grow up to know goodness wherever it is found, but besides I'd like to give Katy a perfectly happy time for once."

"She shall have it, if putting our heads together will do it." Miss Alice nodded her own pretty head as if the matter was settled, and indeed it was.

What great doings at the Lum's the rest of the week! Mrs. Lum said to herself, "It won't cost much to buy muslin for Katy a frock, and a little lace to trim it with, and I'm as quick with my needle as the best of them. My girl shan't feel ashamed by the side of the others."

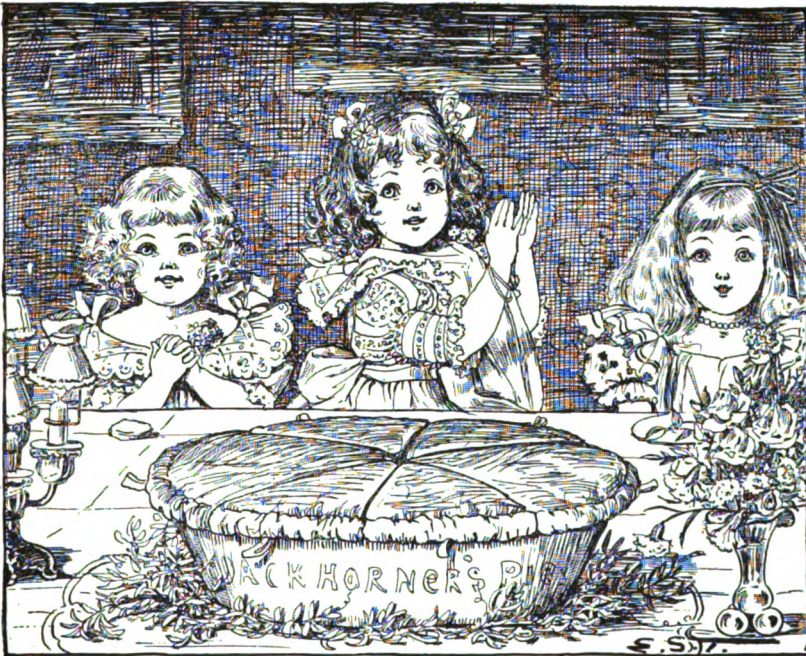
Between the stitches Katy had many rules given her how to behave — and didn't she listen, her blue eyes wide open!

When the Saturday came, and four o'clock came, her little heart beat so fast, so fast, as she went to the party. With her white dress and its pretty lace edge, and the pink sash, and her pink cheeks, there wasn't a sweeter-looking child there, not to except Miss Bessie Fancher herself.

Such a gay afternoon! Aunt Alice wasn't so far off from

being a little girl herself, that she couldn't lead the fun, and think up things they never thought of. 'Twas a pretty sight to see them play at "exercises," while she sat at the piano directing them. Katy had the native wit which catches things quickly, and she quite led off in the march. Mrs. Fancher was so kind, it never seemed to come into anybody's thought that Katy didn't "belong."

It was a wonderful, wonderful afternoon! Two hours of play,



THE LARGEST PIE YOU EVER SAW!

and at six they sat down at the tea-table. Such a table Katy had never seen before! Beautiful china and silver! And flowers! Flowers in the middle, flowers at each plate! Katy did just as the others did, and pinned hers on her white dress at the left side, up near her throat. And the broiled chicken, and the cake, and the nuts and the sweets! Then six odd little candles were brought, each one in a pink candlestick, and each one with a tiny black wick lighted — and behold, the odd little candles and the pink candlesticks were all made of ice-cream!

You had only to just blow out your candle and then eat it up!

Katy had dreaded the tea a little bit, not being quite sure of her table manners, but Miss Alice was always at hand to help her over the hard places without letting her know it, and that is the true way of helping.

Then everything was taken away except the table-cloth, and Katy wondered why they all kept their seats, when the maid brought in the largest pie you ever saw. It was as big as a large milk-pan, and very nicely browned was the crust, and cut in six great pieces.

No sooner was it set down than all the guests except Katy, cried out, "Oh, Jack Horner's pie!" and clapped their hands. Now Katy had heard how Jack Horner "put in his thumb, and pulled out a plum," but she thought this would be a most impolite thing at such a table, however it might answer if you were all alone.

But Mrs. Lum had said to Katy over and over again, "When you don't know how to do, don't do it — wait and take notice." So Katy waited and took notice, and lo! just at the edge of every piece was a loop of baby ribbon. Bessie, the small hostess, who sat at the head of the table, said "Put in your thumbs, girls!" Then each girl put her right thumb into the loop of ribbon in front of her, and all were as still as mice for an instant. "Now pull!" said Bessie, when all the thumbs were in, and they pulled.

Never a pie went to pieces as that one did! Katy pulled with the rest, but she was so taken up with noticing how they did it, that when something fell forward in her arms she was surprised to see a doll-baby resting there with its eyes closed as if it had just gone to sleep, as indeed it had. Now Katy's darling wish had been a doll which would open and shut its eyes, and say "Mama!" She squeezed this one close, and if you'll believe me, it piped out the real word, "Mama!" so plain that a very deaf person could have heard. And the size of it! It must have laid quite across the pan! And the dressing of it — quite as fine as Katy's own party frock!

The other girls too seemed delighted with their pieces of pie

though there were no more wide-awake-go-to-sleep-say-Mama dolls. Possibly they had had them before.

And wasn't it wonderful that this one doll should come to Katy Lum's thumb to pull out — this one doll which made her the very happiest child there, without any "fearsome" in the happiness?

Maybe Mrs. Fancher and pretty Miss Alice could have explained how it happened.

*Helen A. Hawley*

## JANE AND ELLEN AND THEIR RING-DOVES.

**I**N my story, "The Mocking-Bird and the Ring-Dove," there was perhaps little about the ring-dove; but I have a story about some other ring-doves that were no doubt very near relatives of that one, for they came from the same beautiful forest on the eastern shore of Maryland.

These two little ring-doves belonged to two little girls, Ellen and Jane. The children kept them in a rustic cage in the dining room of the large old-fashioned house in which they lived. Their father had family prayers every morning in this room. As soon as he began reading the chapter the little doves would chime in with their plaintive cooing and accompany him all through the service.

The entire family became very much attached to them, and by and by, when they went to Florida to live, the little ring-doves were taken along.

At one time, in their Florida home, there was a cousin of the little girls staying with them, and he was very fond of going off marooning in the Florida swamps. Perhaps some do not know what is meant by "going off marooning." It is to go off to lonely spots and stay for several days at a time to hunt game.

One day the cousin came home without any game. He said he had heard some ring-doves who seemed by their sad tones to

be pleading for the life of all the birds in the swamp, and they reminded him so much of those belonging to little Ellen and Jane that he had not the heart to shoot at any of the beautiful birds in the swamp.

It greatly pleased the little girls to think that in their way their pet doves had saved the lives of other birds; and then they told him a story they had heard of some ring-doves that had saved a pirate.

This pirate was a very bad man, so extraordinarily wicked that when he was captured he was at once put on an island out at sea all alone. Here he managed to live only by fishing and working every minute to get food and shelter. He lived on this island a year. At last, one day, a ship came in sight. After he had signalled many times the ship came to the island, and the captain finally concluded to take him away.



THE DOVES AT HOME.

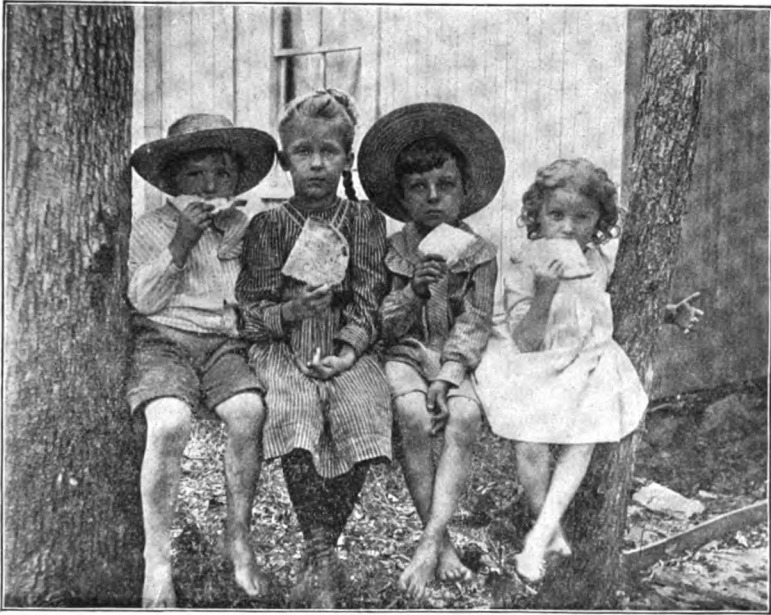
The lonely man told the sailors the whole history of his past life. They soon saw that he was honestly penitent. He claimed that the ring-doves on the island had wrought the mir-

acle. There were many of these birds among the cypresses, and day after day their sweet mournful notes were the only sounds he heard. Their soft voices brought back to him the memories of his innocent childhood, and he grew sorry for all the evil things he had done.

The pirate really became a good man. And little Ellen and Jane said they truly believed that it was the gentle ring-doves that saved him.

*Anne Washington Wilson.*





THE NOON-HOUR AT THE OLD SCHOOL-HOUSE.

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## OUT-DOORS AT GRANDMOTHER'S.

*(When I was a Little Girl.)*

WHEN I was a little girl, I was always eager to go down to my Grandmother's. She lived four miles away out in the real country, with only two or three other houses in sight. My Grandfather lived there too, but he was not well and had to sit much of his time in a big rocking-chair because he had the rheumatism; so Grandmother was the more important person in my childish eyes. I remember little about Grandfather except that he had very pretty red cheeks. He said little to us children, yet seemed to like to see us playing around.

In the big orchard at one side of Grandmother's house many birds had their nests, and we liked to take peeps into them and see the bluebird eggs and to reach our small thin arms away down into the holes where the large partridge woodpecker had built, when the bird was away. We would take out very gently



one of the long white eggs now and then, to look at, but always put it back, for Grandmother allowed 'no stealing' of eggs or nests in her orchard.

There were lovely fields below Grandmother's house, and we found them full of treasures. Very early in the spring the ground was red in many spots with the checkerberry — or boxberry, as we called it. The fruit was twice as big as in the fall, all swollen by the rain and snow of winter. It was fun to pick these big berries. They had a nice mild flavor, and were very tender, but withered quickly if kept long in the house, but except for a stray one overlooked in our pockets, you can be sure we never did keep them long.

In one of the meadows, in May, were hosts of swamp-pinks (a pretty pink orchis) and odd pitcher plants with flat saddle-shaped flowers, and many other flowers not commonly found elsewhere. A pretty brook ran through this meadow, and at one place it widened out into a tiny pond where the cattle went to drink, and there stepping-stones were put down, and we often crossed over to Strawberry Hill, which we named from the many wild strawberries growing on it.

Beyond Strawberry Hill was a pine wood and here we played happily for hours — my sister and I, and sometimes 'Siah would come too, but he was generally fishing in the brook for the trout he never caught — father said there were some there, and that he used to catch them when he was a little boy.

Playing house was our favorite amusement in the pine woods. We would take up a flat piece of pine needles all matted together, and place it carefully on four upright sticks; this made a nice thatched roof house, as you can see. We made the furniture from tiny green twigs fastened together by pins; cups and saucers from acorns which we found not far away. I was always teasing for 'Siah's jack-knife to use in making our furnishings, and I am sorry to say that I lost more than one of his knives; then I had to save up all my big copper cents and buy him another. I remember Grandmother said that if jack-knives could only come up, there would be a large crop of them as so many had been planted on the farm.

When I was a little girl, children had to make and imagine more things than they do now, and I think it was better fun. I remember we used to pretend to light our houses with lamps — and the lamps were spools with a small brown puffball on each; we would give the puffball a squeeze to make it smoke. If the lamps seemed a trifle large for the house it did not matter — I fancy we would have called them piano lamps if there had been such things in that day. We made fine brooms by tying pine needles upon little straight twigs.

I do not think that we pretended to have much to eat in these houses, but in some of our plays I remember we used the inside (taking it out whole) of very green milk-weed pods for fish; you will see if you care to try it, that you have a very nice looking white fish to “make believe” with.

Of course like other children we went nibbling about, taking a taste of this, a bite of that; I remember that we thought the tasteless white “swamp apples” that grew on the wild azalia bushes were very nice; sometimes we found something similar on huckleberry bushes, and we puckered up our mouths trying to eat the very acid-pink and white fuzzy apples found on the oaks. We pulled up much grass to find ground nuts — hard little nut-like bits that are found on some grass roots. In the early summer we picked big bunches of the young and tender checkerberry plants, which we called “drunkards”; these we ate with almost as good a relish as the checkerberries themselves.

The birds and animals in Grandmother's woods and fields were very tame; the red and gray squirrels, the saucy chipmunks, came very close to us and watched our plays (when they were quiet ones), with their sharp little eyes. Once a skunk went trotting by; not daring to stir, we watched him as he went through the woods — he was so handsome with his long shining black and white fur and plume-like tail. We often saw quails and partridges, sometimes with their little ones. I remember once when going along a wood path that we met a partridge with her little chickens; the partridge darted off one way and all her little babies ran another, and the partridge kept making a mewling sort of noise to show her children where she was, and

to warn them of danger. The little things quickly hid under the leaves and we could not find even one, but I think the old partridge found them as soon as we went away.

Sometimes we found in the meadow a meadow mole's nest, and tiny little moles in it. I never knew anything that had such soft thick fur as those meadow moles—it was like fine velvet.

We took anything we could find for playthings. Maybugs



THE PARTRIDGE DARTED OFF.

even the common brown ones, we did not despise, and when we found a gold-colored one we were greatly pleased. Then there were dandy-bugs which had a splendid changeable color, crimson and green, and scarlet fiddlers from the milkweed plants that played little tunes for us when held in the hand, and ever so many other kinds. We used to carry our bugs around in our hands, or in tiny paper boxes, for a little while, and then let them go.

When I was a little girl, I never heard of Bands of Mercy

such as they have now-a-days ; but my mother and father always taught us never to hurt any living thing no matter how small, and in our plays we tried to be gentle with the insects and little animals we found. I never had the slightest fear of the small bright green snakes or of the striped brown ones, and if I could catch them I took them from place to place by their tails and put them wherever I wished them ; but I never cared much for them as playthings — it was too hard to keep track of them because they slipped away so easily.

There were lilac bushes beside the house, and by the stone wall very big deep pink roses ; we liked to snap these rose-leaves — they were so big and made a fine loud noise. There were other roses too, sweet white ones and little pink cinnamon roses. We used to fold rose-leaves sprinkled with sugar in pieces of paper, pound them with a stone, and then when all soft and juicy we ate them. I have heard that they were called “rosy cakes,” but I don’t think we had any name for them. We ate the early sweet violet in the same way, and liked the sugared violets better than the rose-leaves.

My sister and I made long chains from the lilac flowers by putting one flower into another ; and when the moss bloomed in the shade of the stone wall, we made linked chains by sticking the smooth end of each stem into the tiny green knob at the other, pulling off the brown cover of the knob first.

We had many, many fine plays with out-door things.

*Elizabeth Robinson.*

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













## RIDDLE-RHYMES.






















### XV.

**W**ERE I to say each hour has sixty,  
 There would not be much of a riddle in it.—  
 For every one, from five to fifty,  
 Would guess its name in half a ——— !

*C. S. P.*

## THE LITTLE OWLS AT RED GATES.

 **N**EXT  morning Mouser, the  Diver cat, remembered the large  he had jumped at the night before, and thought he would take a walk through the  and see if he could find her. He was sure to know her by her two big , her two little stand-up , and her speckled . In the  he ate part of a  as he passed, sprang at a  just for fun, and gnawed an . Then he came out in the , but saw nothing of the  with the big . So he went along until he came to the  by the red . He jumped up on the gate and looked in the . Then he looked among the , and all at once he jumped down and pounced on something — not poor , but Polly-

 Mouser- knew that little red flannel doll—he knew very well it was 's little pocket-. He took her up in his  climbed over the  and started for the . He didn't stop to bite  or nibble a  though he loved . He met  and Bobs said, "Hello, Mouser! What you doing with 's doll?" But  with head up and tail up, didn't stop to answer, but went into the  upstairs, jumped on Doffy's  and laid Polly down.  didn't know that her  had been carried off by an ; she just saw that Polly was all wet, and she said, "Oh, naughty, naughty ! You had my dolly out in the wet grass to play with! You must have your little  spatted!" So, just because he could not talk and tell his story, good Mouser had his  spatted. Wasn't it too bad!

## LONG TOM, AND HOW THEY GOT HIM.

### CHAPTER VIII.—THE MARCH TO TINKERTOWN.

WITH what was left of the show-money after enough was laid aside to pay for hauling the gun home—it was two dollars and a half, instead of five dollars, as Billy Boy had expected—the Pekoe Guards helped out those boys who really couldn't pay their share for the gun.

There were different reasons why these boys couldn't pay. One had to give all the money that he earned by jobs to his mother because she was poor, and another hadn't paid for his bicycle and owed thirty-five cents at the candy-shop. The rules of the Guards were very strict. No money was to be given for the gun until all honest debts had been paid. The boy who was helped had to promise that he would pay those debts just the first minute that he could.

Billy Boy's Aunt Kate's husband, the soldier, had told him that one must "serve his country with clean hands." That was quite a grown-up saying for the Pekoe Guards, but they understood it when they found they couldn't give any money for the gun until they had paid their debts! But there was a very kindly feeling shown to those who couldn't pay and their names were known only to Peter Plummer, who took care of the company's money.

Bright and early the next Saturday morning the whole of the Pekoe Guards, thirty men—the Captain always called them his men—set out on the march for Tinkertown to buy Long Tom and to *get* him which was by far the more difficult and exciting part.

Now Bee Brown, as the sister of the Guards, felt that she ought to go and protect them. Bob laughed at her and said that she thought she could keep the bear from biting Billy Boy. But in truth Bee didn't care about going very near to Perigo's woods; she only thought that Billy Boy and the other boys would be more careful if she and Pinky Jones went too. For the Pekoe Guards had always seemed to feel that it was a part of the duty of soldiers to take care of ladies.



**CAPTAIN BILLY BOY DREW HIS MEN STERNLY INTO LINE.**



But Bee's mother would not let her go to Tinkertown to take care of the Pekoe Guards with only Pinky Jones. She said Orlando must drive them in the donkey-cart.

Now the Pekoe Guards did not want the girls to go. Even Billy Boy didn't.

Danny Frazar said that girls always screamed when they saw a bear. And Billy Boy was afraid that Bee would try to keep him away from the woods. Bee wasn't, as she said herself, a "screaming person," but she was a little too apt to think that anything that was good fun was dangerous.

And although Orlando was so good a "make-believe" bear in a show, it was darkly whispered among the boys that he was afraid of a "truly bear." He had frankly owned to Billy Boy that he would rather see a real bear in the geography than out of it. So it was pretty sure the boys thought that he wouldn't be of much help in getting the gun.

But if those girls wanted to go it wasn't of the least use to try to stop them, not the least; so Ralph Fay said, and he had a good many sisters.

So it was settled that Orlando should take them in the donkey cart.

It was arranged that when they got the gun they would telephone to the teamster to come after it, and that not one of the Guards should leave it until it was safely locked up in the Pekoe gun-house.

They set out for Tinkertown with Tommy Pritchard drumming his liveliest and their flag proudly borne by Smithy Jepson who was very tall for eleven. It was five miles to Tinkertown, but they meant to keep up a martial tread, with drum beating and banner flying all the way. They thought it would make the Tinkertown boys understand that they were not afraid of a bear.

But Carrots disliked the drum and kicked and pranced so that Bee feared for the pail of lemonade that had been put into the back of the donkey-cart with the great box of cookies that Ann, their cook, had made for the refreshment of the Guards.

So one of the Guards had to be detailed to sit upon the pail

of lemonade, and a demand to take turns in that pleasant duty disordered the ranks a little.

Bee and Pinky thought, too, that Carrots ought not to be disturbed all the way by the drum and that Tommy Pritchard, the drummer, ought to have a rest.

It was mortifying that it was just as Tommy Pritchard, red-faced and panting, was having a drink out of the lemonade pail, with Pinky holding his drum, and most of the others were straggling out of line, Ray Rogers and the two Tatwick boys that they had seen with him before, should go whirling by on their bicycles.

"Hullo, Pekoe Guards!" called back one of the Tatwick fellows. "We're going over to see fair play, but if you get used up like that on the way, you'll never get Long Tom!"

Tommy Pritchard said a rude and ungrateful thing. It was really no excuse for him that he felt the drummer of the company should not be seen drinking lemonade on only a five-mile march.

"I most wish we hadn't let girls belong at all!" said Tommy "Because then there wouldn't have been any lemonade."

Captain Billy Boy drew his men sternly into line and marched them on rapidly.

Carrots was fat and he was tired, for the day was warm, and would hardly go at all.

Tommy Pritchard's gun beat out again its liveliest rat-a-tat, and the flag blew back gaily as the company marched on. On and on leaving the donkey-cart behind.

Tears came into Bee's eyes as she felt that even Billy Boy would rather have the donkey-cart out of sight when the Guards entered Tinkertown. When the drum was out of hearing Carrots started again. At the corner, where a long dark road led into Perigo's woods, Orlando drew rein.

"The Guards have got to go up to the top of the hill to pay Captain Stork's wife for the gun. I don't know whether we would better drive around to Pumbleberry's Pond, or down into Perigo's woods," he said.

*(To be continued.)*

*Sophie Swett,*



"I'LL FIND IT," SHE WHISPERED.

## THE LITTLE ROUND SQUARE.

**O**BSTINATE Olga took no rest,  
Always she wandered about her quest  
Over the world from East to West.

The little birds ever did sing and sing:  
"Obstinate Olga, there's no such thing!"  
But she bade them all be off and a-wing.

"I'll find it," she whispered, "by dark or by light.  
I dream it all day, and I dream it all night—  
Such a wonderful shape, such a wonderful sight!"

The little leaves gossiped together at play,  
A little brook chuckled and ran away—  
"That foolish creature!" they seemed to say.

But Obstinate Olga shook her sweet hair:  
"Now hush ye! Some summer, some time, some where,  
I surely shall find me a little Round Square!"

*Agnes Lee.*

## THE LOVABLE TALES OF JANEY AND JOSEY AND JOE.

### VII.—THE MEADOW LARK'S LESSON.

AND one day in June dear little Janey Monroe was picking flowers beside the road — way down the beautiful road near the mulberry tree.

And Janey was all alone, as she loved to be, because she could “make believe.”

And to-day our Janey was making believe that she was a poor little child who had lost her way — a poor little child who had no home!

“Oh, oh, I’m *so* lonely and sad!” she said.

A meadow lark lit on a fence post right by her side, and sang a sweet song.

Our dear little Janey laughed aloud. “I was only pretending, you sweet little bird,” she said, “I’m not one bit sad. I’m glad, glad. I’m Janey Monroe, you know.”

And the lark tipped his head on one side, and looked at Janey with his bright little eyes, and then he opened his dear little bill and oh, what a sweet song he sang!

And Janey listened. “I believe you think it is wrong to even *pretend* to be sad, you sweet little bird,” she said.

The meadow lark spread his dear little wings and flew up, up and away, away.

And Janey sat down under the mulberry tree to make a daisy chain. “I think it is fun to play be sad, when you really and truly are glad,” she said. “And besides I’m Nellie Brown, and not little Janey Monroe.”

And the dear little goosie pretended to cry. “Oh, oh, I wish I had some one to love me!” she sobbed. “I wish a dear kind lady would come by, and see me and say, ‘What a lovely child! Who are you, my dear little girl?’ And I would say, I’m *poor* little Nellie Brown. I’m lost, and I have no home! And the lady would say, ‘You shall be my own little girl. I will take you right home with me, Nellie Brown, and give you a Shetland pony!’”



JANEY WAS PICKING FLOWERS BESIDE THE ROAD.

And just at that minute Janey heard a carriage coming over the river bridge. And the little goosie said to herself, "I'll not look up when the carriage goes by. I'll look down like this, and pretend I am poor little Nellie Brown!"

And the carriage came on down the beautiful road. And who should be in the carriage, but Aunt Susan Mehetible dear! And in the carriage beside Aunt Susan Mehetible was an exceedingly handsome man.

And when Aunt Susan Mehetible saw little Janey under the mulberry tree, she called, "Oh, precious one, come here, and meet a new friend, one who loves you dearly."

And Janey shook her head, and would not raise her eyes.

And Aunt Susan stepped out of her splendid carriage and came to Janey's side. "Why do you hang your curly head when I speak to you, precious one?" she said. "What is the matter, you dear little Janey?"

And Janey looked up into Aunt Susan Mehetible's eyes and said, "I'm poor little Nellie Brown, and I haven't any home

And oh, how Aunt Susan Mehetible laughed. She laughed and laughed until two little tears rolled down her cheeks. She knew that her dear little Janey was "making believe" and that this was part of the play.

"Poor little Nellie Brown!" Aunt Susan Mehetible said. "The gentleman waiting in my carriage is the Governor of our State. He wanted to see little Janey Monroe very much indeed, but he never has heard of you Nellie Brown,—so good-by Nellie Brown!"

And Janey jumped up, and threw her arms around Aunt Susan Mehetible. "Oh, I'm Janey, I'm not Nellie Brown, Aunt Susan Mehetible dear," she said. "Is it *really* and *truly* our Governor?"

And Aunt Susan Mehetible kissed her and said, "Yes, precious one, it really and truly is our Governor. When I was a little girl, and he was a little boy, we used to play together. He wants to see little Janey Monroe."

And when they came to the carriage the Governor said, "Well, is this the lovely child I have heard so much about? Why did you hang your pretty head, when your Aunt called to you, dear?"

And Janey looked up into the Governor's eyes and said, "I was making believe that I was poor little Nellie Brown, and of course I didn't know Aunt Susan Mehetible, and of course I didn't know you."

And oh, how the Governor laughed.

"Ha! ha!" the Governor laughed.

"I remember I used to pretend I was some one else, when I was a boy. Now come with us and take a ride, you beautiful little girl!"

And Janey went for a long, long ride with Aunt Susan Mehetible dear, and the Governor of her State!

And she sat on the Governor's knee, and told him about the meadow lark that sang to her that morning. "I'm sure the lark was saying, 'It is wrong to even *pretend* be sad, little Janey,'" she said. "I guess that lark is right. When I make believe after this I will always be some one who is happy and glad."

And the Governor kissed our sweet little Janey and said, "You lovable child, how wise you are! If we all would hear the lesson of the meadow lark's song this world would be happier far."

*Gertrude Smith.*



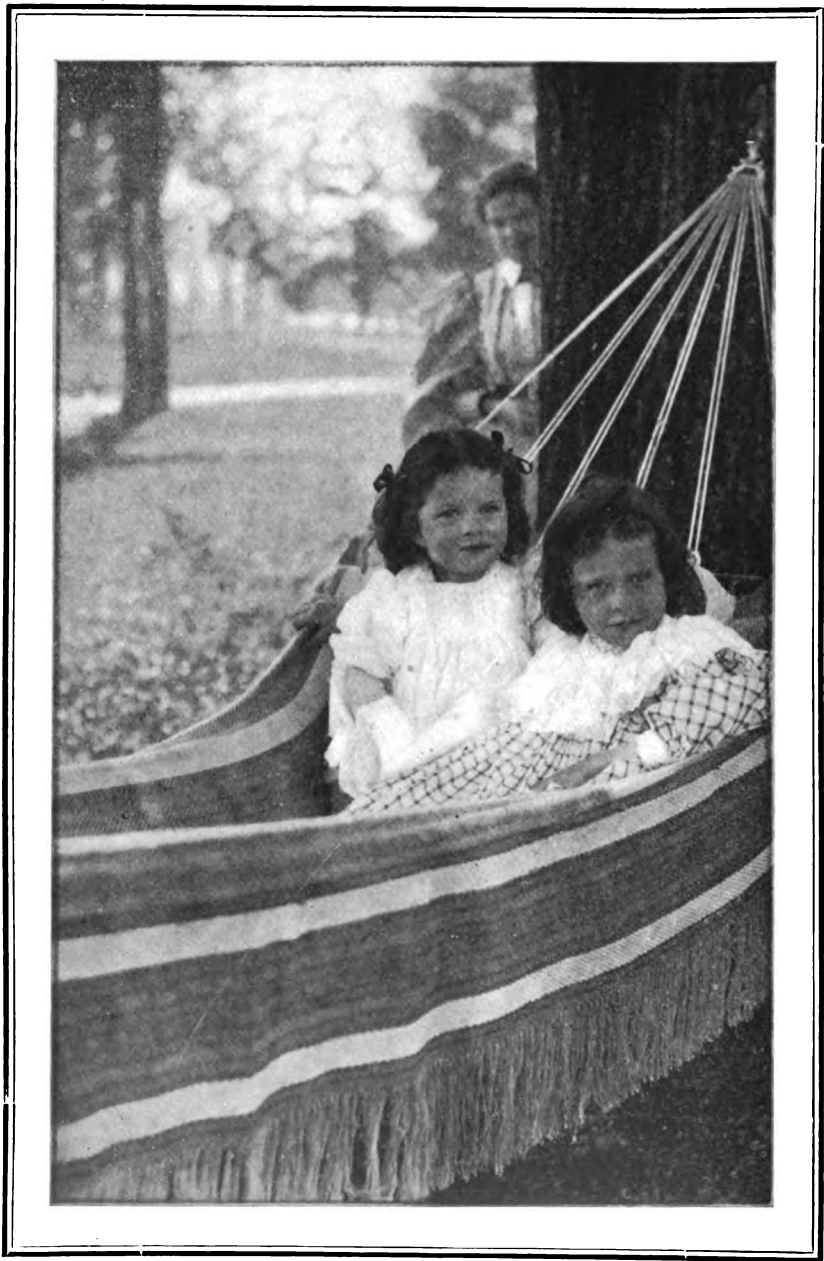
### PEGGY'S DOLLY.

ONLY a roll of cloth tied to a broom!  
 The one precious plaything of Peggy MacGroom,  
 A poor ragged child, in a dark dirty street,  
 With no hat on her head and no shoes on her feet,  
 Yet no little maiden, with dolls by the score,  
 Is nearly so happy as this child of four,  
 With this one single dolly that's made out of rags,  
 And the carriage to draw it, a broom that she drags—  
 For to Peggy's mind's eye, 'tis a beautiful thing,  
 And the coach dolly rides in just fit for a king.

*M. B. Thurston.*







A SUMMER MORNING.

# LITTLE FOLKS

VOL. IV.

JULY, 1901.

No. 9.

## HAMMOCK CHATTER.

### I.

THE spiders are doing their washing —  
Just look at the hedge and the grass!  
The sheets and the table-linen,  
They are spread wherever you pass.  
What cute little busy housewives!  
What smart little spinning elves —  
I'm sure from what has been told me  
That they make the linen themselves!

### II.

SEE the diamonds, see the rubies, shining in the grass!  
Sunbeams touch the dewdrops — thus does it come to pass!

### III.

I'D like to see a purple rose!  
I'd like to see a blue!  
A rose in all the colors of  
The rainbow would be new!  
I'd like to see a golden pink,  
I'd like to see a blue!  
I'd like to see a pink in all  
The rainbow colors too!

### IV.

OH, a Tree is the kind of a cage  
That the birds all prefer, no doubt;  
There are plenty of perches to please,  
Besides they can always get out!

*M. J. H.*



PRACTISING: "LONG MAY IT WA-A-AVE!"

## PATTY PIPER'S "PATTEROTISM."

PATTY PIPER sat on her Grandmother's doorstep reading a book with a great many pictures in it, entitled "A Child's History of the War of the Revolution." Although Patty was but nine years old she was fond of reading history; and as her Great-great-great-grandfather had fought in the War of the Revolution Patty read everything she could get hold of that told about that war.

Patty did not have either father or mother, and she and her Grandmother lived alone in a little red house on the edge of the little village of Troyville.

Perhaps it was because she was a descendant of a brave and loyal soldier of the War of the Revolution, that Patty was such a patriotic little girl. It always made her eyes sparkle, and her

bretah come a little faster every time she saw the beautiful Stars and Stripes floating in the breeze. She had never heard a band play many times, but the pieces she liked best when she did hear a band were "The Star-Spangled Banner," and "My Country 'tis of Thee." Patty loved to sing those songs in her shrill and not very musical voice.

She had read the last page of the book when the playmate she liked best, Lucy Lawson, came down the village street and stopped at the gate of Patty's house.

"Ask your Grandmother if you can go down to the post-office with me, Patty," said Lucy.

Grandmother Piper said that Patty could go, and a moment later the two little girls were hurrying down the long elm-shaded village street. It was the second week in June. Suddenly Patty said, "I don't think the folks here in Troyville have a single spark of patterotism!"

"Patterotism!" exclaimed Lucy. "What's that?"

"Why, Lucy Lawson, the idea of you not knowing what patterotism is! But then you are only eight and I'm nine, so maybe I ought to know more than you. Well, patterotism is what makes you want to screech and hooray and wave flags on the Fourth of July. It was patterotism that brought about Independence, and Independence Day, you see."

Lucy did not see and she said so; whereupon Patty said, "Why, I'm surprised at you, Lucy. But then your Great-great great-grandfather never fit in the War of the Revolution as mine did. Patterotism means—it means"—Patty found herself getting into deep water and she said hastily, "Anyhow, I think that it is a burning shame that there isn't patterotism enough here for the folks to get up a celebration on the Fourth. We could have a lovely one over at Buxton's Pond. I do wish the selectmen would get up one. If I was a selectman I'd order a Fourth of July celebration every year and show my patterotism!"

"And Buxton's Pond," said Lucy, "is a beautiful place to play—I wish we *could* have one!"

"Yes," said Patty, "we should play after the exercises and

'freshments. The Declaration of Independence would be read, and there'd be a prayer and patterotic speeches and singing! I've been to one — the one they had over in Minden."

Patty's "patterotism" ran higher and higher as she talked, and the idea of a celebration in Troyville so delighted her that she could not give it up.

When the little girls reached the post-office they found an unusual number of buggies and wagons in front of it. The



CELEBRATING AT DUXTON'S POND.

post-office was in the lower part of the town hall, and as they went up the steps to the door they heard one man say to another, "What's going on to-day?"

"Oh, the selectmen are having a public meeting and are trying to decide whether or not to try to have a Fourth of July celebration in Troyville. Some want it and some don't."

"O-o-o-h!" exclaimed Patty to Lucy. "Let's go up and hear what they are saying about it."

"Little girls can't go to town-meetings, can they?"

"I guess they can if they want to! Come on."

Lucy marched boldly up the stairs and into the room in which the selectmen were having their meeting. Just as the little girls entered the room the chairman of the selectmen was saying, "Has anyone anything else to say in regard to whether we shall have a Fourth of July celebration in Troyville this year or not?"

Patty never knew what made her do it, but she got upon a settee and cried out, "Oh, yes! Let's have one. Let's show our patterotism! We ought to be patterotic!"

Shouts of laughter followed this speech delivered in a shrill, childish treble, and when the laughter had died away the chairman said, "I think that the little girl is right. We ought to be 'patterotic.' We ought to celebrate the Fourth for the sake of the children who ought to know what the day and the flag stand for. Will some one make a motion that we have a celebration in Troyville this year?"

Half a dozen made the motion; and every man voted for it although there had been some opposition to the plan before Patty made her little speech. They said afterwards that it was Patty's "patterotism" that carried the day; and when the celebration took place out at Buxton's Pond, Patty, who was a very couragous little singer, stood on the platform dressed in white with a red, white and blue sash, and held a beautiful silk flag in her hand and sang "The Star-Spangled Banner" while a choir behind her sang the chorus. "Patterotism" ran high in the breast of loyal little Patty that day.

*J. L. Harbour.*

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## BROTHER BABY.

WHEN Brother Baby comes down late,  
His trouble, his distress, is great;  
He missed the "blessing" while up-stairs—  
"Mother," he says, "give me some prayers!"

*M. J. H.*



"ONE,  
TWO,  
THREE,  
FOUR!"

## SHELLING PEAS.

**L**ITTLE green men,  
In a little green pen,  
Huddled up, all in a row;  
Open the door!  
One, two, three, four,  
Out, helter-skelter, they go!

Eight little fingers, as spry as can be,  
Two little thumbs, quite as nimble you see,  
Open the door for the little green men,  
All in a row in the little green pen.

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See how they run!  
 Isn't it fun?  
 Out they come tumbling, ho!  
 Pippity-pop!  
 Hippity-hop!  
 Right into the pan they go!

Eight little fingers — how fast they can fly!  
 Two little thumbs, quite as nimble and spry;  
 All of the little green pens, we shall see,  
 Soon will be empty as empty can be!

*Marian Phelps.*



## STRANGE !

I JUST took my dolly out,  
 For all the folks to see;  
 But they didn't look at her a bit,  
 They just all looked at me!

*A. T. C.*



## THE PRESIDENT'S WREATH.

*(Far-West Children.)*

THERE never had been a real boy in Mandy's family, and she had to be the boy, because she was the oldest girl and her father was a cripple and they lived on a little new farm in the mountains.

Mandy used to cut down trees, and chop wood and haul it to the house with the team; and she could plough and hoe, and cut hay and stack it, or pitch it into the barn. In fact, she did everything that a boy could do. She never stopped for rain or any kind of bad weather, any more than a boy would. Her hair was short and rough and faded to the color of the wild yellow grain in the dry summer weather, and her face was covered with freckles. All she ever went to school was three months one summer when she was eleven. She never minded that much though, or any of these things, until Little Mandy came.

Little Mandy was her cousin. She was an orphan when she was twelve and came to the mountain farm to live because she had no other home.

Little Mandy had always been sent to a fine district school and she could read everything — the newspaper, and the Bible, and the cook-book, and all kinds of poetry-books; and she knew the school-readers by heart. She could speak pieces and she could sing. Her age was the same as Mandy's, but she was much smaller, and she was so pretty that she made you think of the dear little wild baby-blue-eye flower, always so delicate and clean. She was not a very strong child and Mandy's mother was afraid to have her do the least bit of work.

Little Mandy had such a sweet disposition that everybody loved her. The schoolteacher loved her, and the children all loved her, and her cousin Mandy loved her best of all.

Little Mandy had only one fault. She was afraid — afraid of everything, and of things that were not anything; afraid of the dark, afraid of the little black unseen noisy crickets, afraid of the dog, afraid of the water, afraid of the thunder. And when a "fraid" spell came on she would sink right down wherever

she was, as limp as water almost. You would have to take her by the arms and drag her or carry her.

The small schoolhouse, where Little Mandy and Mandy's sisters went to school, stood down in a dark hollow between the hills, close beside the great railroad that winds its way from the Columbia River to the Golden Gate. The post-office was there and one or two houses, and a little shed with a platform.

One afternoon, just a little while before school was dismissed, Miss Merry, the teacher, heard that the President of the United States, who was making a tour of the West, would be on the through passenger train the next morning. The President's wife was with him, and a whole party of people whom all the world knew about.

The train would stop to "wood up" here, as usual, and the President probably would come to the car-door just as the other passengers always did, and perhaps Mrs. President, for there was a lovely waterfall in the canyon in plain sight; and there would be plenty of time for Miss Merry and the children to go out on the platform to see the President, and for Little Mandy to speak a beautiful piece.

Miss Merry planned it all in about one minute. The hillsides were bright with frost-tinted autumn leaves. How splendid it would be to gather bushels of them, and make glorious garlands for the President's car! The finest one of all Little Mandy could present to the President himself, when she spoke her piece.

The children were wild with delight, and flocked to the woods to gather the harvest of bright leaves.

Little Mandy was not at school. She was away up in the mountains, nearly two miles, visiting Mandy's Aunt Susan. The teacher sent word to Mandy's folks that Little Mandy would have to come down that very evening, so as to be ready to speak her piece and present the beautiful wreath to the President next morning—for no other child could speak and look like Little Mandy.

It was nearly sunset when Mandy's sisters got home with the message, and there was no way to get Little Mandy but for Mandy to go up after her.



ONCE SHE SAW EYES, YELLOW SHINING EYES.

Daylight lasted longer up at Aunt Susan's than it did down where Mandy lived; so it was quite bright up there when Mandy rushed in just at supper-time with her errand.

Little Mandy instantly rose up from the table and kissed Aunt Susan, and hugged the little white kitten on the hearth, and tied on her hat, and put on her shoes and stockings. Then she and Mandy started, running down the path out into the steep canyon road.

They were soon out of sight of the cheerful sun, and the shadows grew deeper and deeper. At first Little Mandy kept up very well, but presently began to beg Mandy to walk slower.

Now they were entering the darkest loneliest part of the road. A screech-owl with his long shrill cry suddenly made Little Mandy clutch Mandy's arm.

Oh, what if Little Mandy should sink down right here with a 'fraid spell!

Mandy laughed at the screech-owl and drew her on, talking

fast about the President and the teacher and the wreaths and Little Mandy's piece, and her white dress that Mandy's mother was ironing at home.

The road was hardly more than a path now, it was so hedged on either side with the thick undergrowth. Great trees, three hundred feet high, hid the sky. Only a little opening here and there let the light through, and that was so dim it could scarcely be called light.

Mandy knew every stick, stone and overhanging bough along the way. Yes, and every sound. And as they walked on, her sharp ears heard soft footfalls all along, upon leaves and moss and twigs, in the darkness.

"Nothing but a cougar goes like that," thought Mandy, with her heart beating hard.

If Little Mandy knew, she would sink down in the road — and one must never stop when a cougar follows.

She must *make* Little Mandy keep on, without running, without stopping — and there must be no silence else she might hear the steps. And also she had often heard that a noise would frighten the savage animal away, or at least keep him at bay.

So Mandy began to sing, to whistle and to laugh. She did not know any pretty songs, nor, indeed, any songs at all. Nobody ever thought Mandy could sing, any more than a crow. Now she sang Mother Goose rhymes to tunes of her own. She did not care how ridiculous they were.

"This is what you'll all sing for the President," shouted Mandy.

"Cock-a-doodle-doo!  
My dame has lost her shoe,  
My master's lost his fiddling-stick  
And don't know what to do!"

"Aren't you 'shamed!" said Little Mandy, almost crying.

"Why, I'm singing as well as I can," laughed Mandy, and then she made the woods ring again, with "Little Robin Red-breast."

"Won't the President laugh when he hears that!" said Mandy. "Sing it now to my tune, Little Mandy, do! And here's three cheers for the Red, White and Blue!"

And then Mandy cheered and cheered! How she cheered!

Past the old oak log; past the strip of corduroy road; now they were out of the tallest timber — and still Mandy's sharp ear heard the footfall in the leaves whenever she stopped to take breath, and once she saw eyes, yellow shining eyes! Then she sang louder than ever.

"Please stop, Mandy — you *can't* sing — it hurts my ears!" begged Little Mandy.

Now they would soon be out of the woods; but right here was the darkest place of all, and out there in the leaves Mandy heard those three quick taps of an angry tail — the three taps that mean a sudden spring.

Mandy's breath was almost gone, but she gathered all her strength and screamed — a long shrill scream, and holding Little Mandy's hand tight she ran with all her might, and in a minute they reached the blessed open fields, and there the moonlight lay clear and white; and there was the postmaster's boy coming up the road with a horse to bring them, because Miss Merry had been worrying for fear they would not come down until morning.

Mandy knew that the cougar would not follow them out of the woods, and she stopped and leaned against the horse, and laughed and cried.

"Mandy is clear crazy!" said Little Mandy.

When they reached home Mandy told about the cougar; and the postmaster's boy and a crowd of other boys and men went out on the cougar road with dogs and guns and found him and killed him.

The next day Little Mandy sang, in her sweet white dress, with the other children, on the platform when the train came in, and she spoke her piece and presented the beautiful wreath, and the President and his wife kissed her, and thanked the teacher and the children, and the President's car was hung with glossy garlands.

And Mandy stood in the side-door of the post-office, next the schoolhouse, and saw it all.

*Lucia Chase Bell.*

## A BIRD THAT PLAYS "I SPY."



MANUELA.

**D**ID you ever know a bird that could play "I spy?"

Well, Manuela, our parrot, likes nothing better than to have the children gather in the back-yard and make ready for a game of "I spy." Of course she doesn't hide as the children do — oh no, she thinks her part of the game is to keep watch.

Just as soon as the "counter" goes to the base, shuts his eyes and begins to say, "Five, ten, fifteen, twenty, twenty-five, thirty," and so on to one hundred, Manuela runs for the pine-tree and up she climbs to the highest limb; from this perch she can see behind the barn, around the corner of the house

and back of the garden fence — in fact, she has a good view of all the nice hiding-places.

I wish you could see Manuela climb! She has a great long crooked bill which she hooks into the bark of the tree and pulls herself up until she gets to the limbs — after that it is very easy. She looks so funny with her long tail hanging down; for, you see, Manuela is a macaw and has a red tail three feet long! She is not green like most parrots but is red, with bright blue and yellow wings. She looks like a great big beautiful flower up among the dark-green pine branches.

When everybody is hidden and the "counter" begins to spy around to see whom he can find, Manuela calls as loud as she can from the top of the pine tree: "Com-i-n-g! Com-i-n-g!" And oh, when a race for the base takes place between two of the swiftest runners, you should hear her scream and laugh: "One, two, three, for me! Free! Free!"

She says, "All free! Free us!" and all the other things that the children say in the game; and she never gets tired of playing.

Manuela seems to love little children more than anything, and lots of little boys and girls come to see her. What do you suppose a little girl asked the other day? She asked, "Is that the bird that lays the Easter eggs?" You see Manuela is blue and red and yellow and green and purple just like an Easter egg, and it was very natural for a child to think that she might lay those pretty eggs.

*Julia B. Tutwiler.*



"A LONE FISHERMAN."



## VISITS.

**W**HEN Cousin Alice pays a call  
 She takes her cards so neat and small,  
 She always wears her finest frock,  
 She stays Ten Minutes by the clock,  
 Then says "Good-by," and comes away  
 Without one single bit of play!

Why, on our square, we shouldn't call  
 Such visits any fun at all!  
 I run across to Bessie's door  
 In plain old dress and pinafore,  
 And Bessie's very sure to say,  
 "Take off your hat, and then let's play."

We make a play-house on the floor;  
 I stay an hour and sometimes more,  
 And oh, such games! I wouldn't do  
 Like Alice for the world — would you?  
 Oh, ours is *much* the nicer way:  
 "Take off your hat, and then let's play."

*Jeannie Pendleton Ewin*



## LONG TOM, AND HOW THEY GOT HIM.

### CHAPTER IX.—FLIP DOES A FINE THING.

"**I**F Long Tom is in Pumbleberry's Pond no one can get him. I don't see why we should go there," said Pinky Jones, with scorn.

She and Bee looked at each other behind Orlando's broad back. They thought that he was afraid to go into Perigo's Woods because there might be a bear there. He was more afraid than girls—a great big fellow like Orlando!

"Orlando, you may go to Pumbleberry's Pond if you like," said Bee with dignity. "Pinky and I are not at all afraid to stay here, on the edge of the woods, until the Guards come, not at all."

"I wish you'd let me drive you round there. I shouldn't be a bit surprised if we should find the gun at Pumbleberry's Pond," Orlando said.

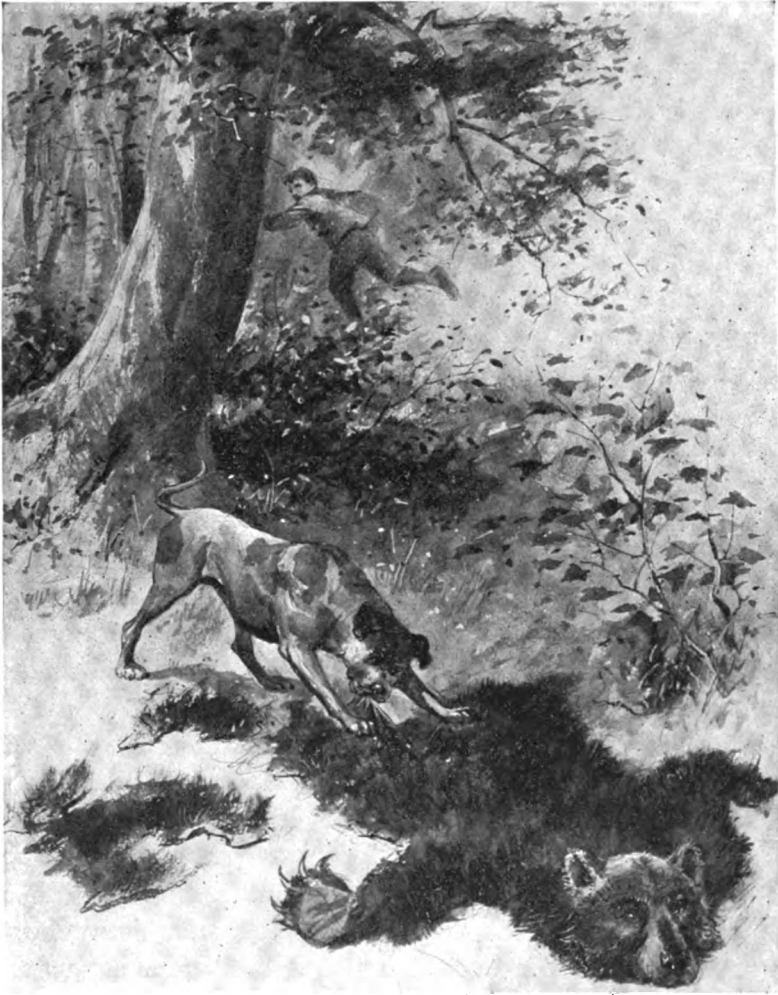
"Pinky and I are not at all afraid of the bear," said Bee coldly. "If there is any bear it is only Iky Proudfoot in Miss Theodora Green's bear-skin rug. You may go if you are afraid!"

Orlando grinned broadly. He seemed to find it funny that they thought he was afraid. But why was he in such a hurry to get away from Perigo's Woods if he wasn't, Pinky Jones asked herself.

"I don't expect anything would happen to you if I should just back the cart into the bushes here and tie Carrots to a tree," he said. "You're near enough to the road for folks to see you, anyhow. Then I'll just run across lots to Pumbleberry's Pond and see if the gun is there." And Orlando went, although Pinky Jones called out to him that Pumbleberry's Pond had no bottom.

It was very still in the woods road after Orlando had gone. The leaves rustled with a soft little sound and no one came by on the highway.

It was a time that would make you think of bears, anyway, Bee said.



**FLIP WAS GNAWING AND TEARING FIERCELY AT A GREAT BEAR-SKIN.**

They were not afraid, yet it was a pleasant thing to see Ralph Fay and Willie Johnson coming. They had decided not to go up the hill because Willie was tired.

The two boys walked a little way—only a little way—into the woods. Ralph said that the rest of the Guards might not like it if they didn't wait until they came. Ralph was the very youngest one of the Guards.

Bee and Pinky got down from the cart and walked about. They did not go into the woods. Pinky said she thought it was pleasanter near the road.

Flip kept running into the woods and scenting about with his nose to the ground.

"If there is a bear Flip is sure to find him!" said Ralph proudly.

Just at that moment Pinky, who was nearest to the donkey-cart, cried out as if afraid, and they all turned towards the cart. They were in time to see a tall hairy creature on his hind legs at the back of the cart! And Pinky—before she started to fly with Bee and the others—saw the creature's furry head-covering slip back so that the boy beneath it might take a drink of lemonade!

Flip didn't run. He was a little dog but a fierce one when anything furry came in sight. He made a wild silent rush at the bear-skinned monster.

Bee, turning to look back as she ran—it would be of no use to pretend that she didn't run away—saw Flip gnawing and tearing fiercely at a great bear-skin on the ground, and she saw, too, Master Iky Proudfoot running into the woods as fast as he could go!

"I don't see what makes you all run away!" called Pinky Jones stopping suddenly. (She had been running just as fast as anyone.) "It was only Iky Proudfoot with Miss Theodora Green's bear-skin rug on! Iky Proudfoot!" she called suddenly, "you'll have to buy Miss Theodora Green a new bear-skin rug! Flip is tearing this one all to pieces! Do you hear that, Iky Proudfoot?"

But Iky Proudfoot didn't come back to rescue the rug, or to

pick up the cookies that seemed to be scattered along the way.

Never did a little dog have a better time than Flip was having with that big bear-skin rug! Ralph and Willie tried their best to get it away from him but couldn't.

When he had got through with it—and you wouldn't have known that it had ever been a bear-skin rug—Flip seemed to realize that he had been a disobedient bad little dog. He stood up and "begged" and looked at his master with beseeching eyes as much as to say, "It isn't every day that a little Pekoe dog gets a chance to kill a great live bear! You couldn't expect him not to do it!"

Iky Proudfoot had got out of the way as if he were ashamed of being Iky Proudfoot and wanted to pretend that he was some one else. He ran into the deep dark woods while the joyful rat-a-tat of the Guards' drum sounded nearer and nearer as they came marching down the hill.

"Now the Guards can just go into the woods and find the gun and take it!" said Bee happily. "We *know* now that there isn't any bear!"

"They're deep woods; they're as much as half a mile long. You couldn't find a gun there all in a minute!" said Willie Johnson, with a serious shake of his head.

But as the drum-beat of the Guards came nearer a great shout came from the depths of the woods.

Iky Proudfoot was not the only Tinkertown boy in the woods! And if they couldn't pretend any longer that there was a bear in there, they meant to defend their gun. You could tell by the sound of their voices that they didn't mean to let anyone have Long Tom!








"Do you suppose they will fight? I don't think that this is a thing that girls ought to belong to!" said Pinky Jones. "Let us get in and drive around to Pumbleberry's Pond and find Orlando!"















"Halt!" cried Captain Billy Boy as the Guards reached the edge of the woods.

*(To be continued.)*

*Sylvia Sweet*

# THE LITTLE OWLS AT RED GATES

THE day before the Fourth ran a big  up over the door, and  and  and  fastened two smaller ones on the  and , hung little ones out of , and tied a big  of red white and blue on . Bobs put patriotic rosettes on the horses  and tied a striped patriotic ribbon on the . Then, just at dark,  and  and  and  drove down to the  to see the , and hear the  play. Bobs rode his  and blew a big tin  that made all the  dance. It was early for the Owl family to wake, but they heard the Dilters singing "America", and popped up their  just in time to see the  drive off, with  on his pony, and the Dilter  running behind. "Children", said Mother Owl,

get right up! I said I would take you into the  sometime, and now's the time! They've all gone, and taken the , and left the barn doors open. Come!" Owlkin gave a joyful hop on one , and off they flew! Yes, all were gone. The  was dark, the  stood open, and there was no one left to guard the place but . He was lying on the floor, but when he saw the  flying in, he rose, his  as big as two  and his  like two  of fire. Owlkin and Owlet felt afraid, but their mother said "Just fly in his face and flap — he'll run!" So the  gave a hoot all together, flew down at the  and hit him with their wings, and he ran out. Then they sat on a , hooting for joy to think there was no one at home, so they could look about as much as they pleased.

## LADDIE'S GLORIOUS FOURTH.



POOR LADDIE!

**I**T was Fourth of July morning. The sun was just beginning to show over the hills behind the barn when Laddie turned over in bed and rubbed his sleepy eyes. His first waking thought was of his precious fire-crackers carefully stored under the bed for safe-keeping. He reached down to see if they were safe. Yes, there they were, a whole paper bag full of beauties, all sorts and sizes, from the tiny "lady-crackers" to the great big fellows with lots of noise packed up inside their red jackets.

Papa had sent the crackers from the city to surprise his little boy who had expected to do without a celebration this Fourth. What fun it had been yesterday to unstring them all and put them in the bag ready for firing. The bag was Laddie's own idea and he was proud of it. "So handy to carry 'round," he had explained.

"I shall have a glorious Fourth!" Laddie said. Then he laid his bag down lovingly on the bed and began to dress. It was pretty hard for a little fellow who was used to being helped, to manage the buttons alone, but each little garment was on at last.

With the bag in one hand and his shoes in the other, Laddie crept quietly out of his little alcove bed-room, down the front stairs and out of the big hall-door.

Of course the stairs would creak and the door bang a little, but on the whole it was done very well for a small boy, Mama thought when she heard the strange sounds. "Getting up early" was part of the fun of the Fourth she knew. So she smiled and closed her eyes for another nap. Laddie had promised to shoot only the very littlest before breakfast — the "lady crackers."

Mama had hardly drifted off again when a terrible noise arose. Fizz! boom! pop! bang! pop! What could be the matter down in the garden! That was no "lady-cracker!" Cries too, could be heard above the rapid explosions.

By this time the whole family was wide awake and at the windows. There, out on the lawn, gaily hopping and flying in every direction, were the whole contents of Laddie's bag. In the midst of the exploding crackers stood poor Laddie himself, crying as though his heart would break. It *must* have been dreadful to see his whole day's fun disappear in five minutes!

In less than five minutes, in fact, the entire bagful had exploded. Of the lot but one tiny "lady-cracker" was left. That one Laddie was holding in his hand when a spark from the punk set fire to the bag.

Poor Laddie! every one pitied him, but nobody could help him. From six o'clock until eight he sat in the hall with his little cap on, a very sad disappointed little boy! He went into breakfast when the bell rung, and took his seat, his plump cheeks actually pale with trouble. Everybody excused Laddie's silence—poor little fellow, with a long glorious day still before him and only one lonely fire-cracker to celebrate with!

*Kathleen S. Bassett.*

## POLITENESS PAYS.

**A** WHIM-WHAM and a Flim-Flam  
 In a narrow crevice met;  
 Neither would flinch nor yield an inch,  
 And there they were standing yet,  
 When into the room  
 Came a Maid with a broom;  
 And when she began to sweep,  
 The Whim-Wham and the Flim-Flam  
 Both lay in a tangled heap.

*Elizabeth Rollit Burns.*





"SUNNING."

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## THE LOVABLE TALES OF JANEY AND JOSEY AND JOE.

### VIII.—THE VISIT TO GRANDMA'S HOUSE.



AND one time Josey and Joe went away on the train to stay for two long weeks.

(Grandma lived in the city, and the city was fifty miles away.) And oh, oh how Janey did miss her dear sister Josey, and her dear brother Joe! And Janey sat down and wrote them a letter, and this is the letter she wrote them:

"My dearest Josey and Joe:—Our house is so big and so empty now you are away! But dear Arabella and dear Araminta come over to see me and play.

"Yesterday we all went down to the brook to sail our boats, and a funny thing happened. (Mama is writing this letter for me.) Why, Arabella was reaching way over the water to get her boat, and all at once she fell right into the brook—splash, dash, right into the water! And Araminta ran quick to help her, and she fell into the water too!

"And Arabella had on her new muslin dress with the little ruffles clear to her waist. And Araminta had on her muslin dress with the little ruffles clear to her waist. And oh Josey, oh Joe, you *should* have seen how funny they looked, when they crawled up out of the water! They looked exactly like little chickens when all their feathers are wet.

"And Arabella laughed and Araminta laughed. They didn't care if they did fall into the brook. And we all went up to the house, and Mama let Arabella put on one of her dresses, and she let Araminta put on one of her dresses, and they *did* look so funny and sweet and dear!

"And Arabella and Araminta stayed all night with me, and we all slept in the bed in the big front room. But Mama says she never, never, never will let us sleep together again! We laughed so much, and talked so much, we didn't go to sleep until almost nine o'clock!

Your dear loving sister,  
Janey Monroe."

And when Josey and Joe received this letter from Janey they laughed and laughed, and thought it was very funny.

(Grandma thought it was funny too.)

And Josey said, "Oh, Grandma, I wish little Janey was here right now. I miss her so, I *almost* want to go home!"

And Grandma said, "I wish the dear little lamb was here, but she could not leave her Mama, or come in the cars alone.

And little Joe said, "Oh, Janey would not be afraid to come on the cars alone, if she wanted to come."

And Grandma laughed and said, "Well, I'm sure I wish the precious one were here. I'd give a bright five-dollar gold piece to see her!"

And Joe said "Oh, Grandma, we'll write to Janey this very day and tell her you'd give a five-dollar gold-piece to see her!"



JANEY WENT ALL ALONE ON THE CARS.

And so Joe wrote to Janey that very day, and Josey helped him think what to say.

This was the letter they wrote to Janey:

"Dear little sister Janey:— We love you so, and wish you were here every minute.

Grandma says she would give a five-dollar gold-piece to see you!

Now Janey, would you *dare* to come all alone on the cars to Grandma's house?

"There is going to be a circus, Janey, and we will be *so* sorry to see the very first circus we ever have seen, unless you can see it, dear. If you're not afraid to come on the cars, do come and go to the circus with us, and Grandma will give you the five-dollar gold-piece. (We will all go home in a week, together.)

Your dear loving,

Josey and Joe."

And when Janey's Mama read her this letter from Josey and Joe, she jumped up and down, and clapped her hands and said, "Oh, I'm not afraid one bit, Mama. May I go? May I go?"

And Mama said, "Oh, Janey, my precious one, you are only

six years old! Do you think I can let you go all alone on the cars to Grandma's house?"

And just then Papa come into the room, and Mama said, "Do you think we can let little Janey go alone in the cars to Grandma's house?"

And Papa laughed and said, "Why, yes, indeed she can go. I know the conductor on the train, and he will take good care of our sweet little Janey."

And the very next day Janey went all alone on the cars to Grandma's house, and she wasn't one bit afraid. (The conductor knew her Papa, and took good care of her.)

And oh, how glad Josey was to see her dear little Janey!  
And oh, how glad Joe was to see his dear little Janey!

And Grandma gave Janey the five-dollar gold-piece and hugged her close and said, "You precious lamb, to come *all alone* on the cars to Grandma's house!"

And the next day they all went to the circus together. That was the very first circus that Josey and Joe and Janey had ever seen, and they had a splendid time, as children all do when they go the very first time to the circus.

*Gertrude Smith.*

## RIDDLE-RHYMES.

### XVI.

**B**Y day, by night,  
We come, we go,  
With sound and with light,  
With rain and with snow;

We rainbows wear,  
And heaven we roam;  
We live in the air,  
Yet the sea's our home.

*C. S. P.*

## UNDER THE HICKORY TREE.

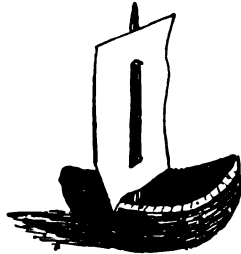
*(Two Little Southern Girls and their Garden-Plays.)*



A SKIFF.

THE hickory trees that spread wide black arms over the old southern fence corners and through the forests always seemed like real playfellows in our child-days — playfellows and kind friends. They kept giving, giving — giving us something to play with, or something to please us just as our Black Mammy did.

What whistles from the hickory tree, the best of all wood for whistles with the long loosened the bark for notches for the notes, a far-reaching sound strument. When we woods and thirsted to sparkling spring half-hanging ferns, we used cup of a hickory leaf.

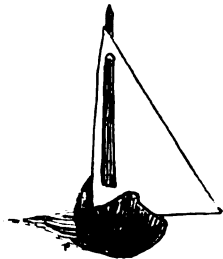


ANOTHER SKIFF.

Why we just reached up and picked a big leaf and rolled it into the form of a funnel and run a sharp slender twig through to hold it in shape. We had to take care to roll and fold carefully, so as not to leave any hole at the end of the funnel. Never did cold water taste so good to children as from this green leaf-cup — a cup so strong and trustworthy that we could pass the crystal draught all round.

Then, in the chill bright autumn, when the nuts ripened on the tree and fell off, and the great hulls could be divided, what cradles — cradles that rocked with just a touch! Perhaps when the moonlit night-winds blew them back and forth to and fro, the fairies rocked in them!

Then, such 'boats from these hulls — skiffs, the southern children call them. All we needed was a pen-knife, a match, a bit of paper. What blissful hours we had with our hickory-hull



AND ANOTHER SKIFF.

boats with a paper sail held up on a match, or boats without any sail at all. We floated them sometimes in a tub of water, sometimes in the brook.

But the funniest of all for us was the old Hickory Nut Woman, with her yellowish wrinkled face, the same as some of the old house-servants. Her head was always a hickory nut. The pointed end made an excellent nose. From our handy little box of water-colors we gave her black eyes, red cheeks and an expressive mouth. A stick run through the nut and down to

the bottom of a small round box stuffed with cotton made the "frame-work" of this old plantation aunty. Then we would sew a little dark stiff woolen frock and put it on, stretch it over the box, so as to give the skirt a smart stand-out. The waist we would stuff out with cotton, and the sleeves with cotton arms. Then we pinned on a white neck-kerchief, and folded and pinned about her head a white head-kerchief for a turban. There! we had an old Aunty ready to wait on little doll-misses and masters! Sometimes we provided her with aprons and turbans and neck-kerchiefs

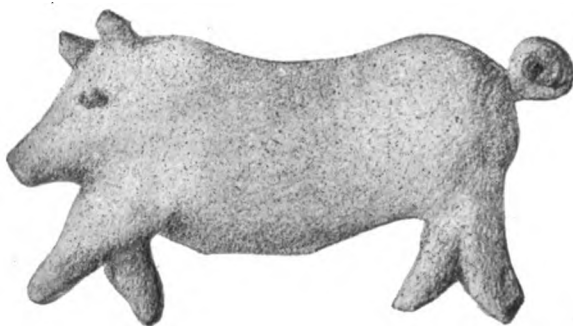


THE HICKORY-NUT WOMAN.

of pretty figured stuff. She would stand upright anywhere we placed her. Sometimes we stood her on our little bureau and stuck her dress full of pins; then she was more than ever like a kind old Mammy ready to give us a pin for a rent.

The hickory trees used to give our brothers "flippets"—pebble-shooters. But we little girls never liked "flippets!"

*Martha Young.*



## THE LITTLE DOUGHNUT PIG.

OF all the fond amusements  
Of my childhood days, I know  
That none were more enjoyable,  
Than the menagerie of dough;  
The animals were always tame,  
And never very big;  
But the favorite of all,  
Was the little Doughnut Pig.  
Oh, that little Doughnut Pig  
Was not so very big;  
But he was fat and plump and sweet,  
And oh, so very good to eat!

His eyes were made of allspice,  
And his tail was twisted dough;  
His ears full often were ungainly,  
And his legs were thus and so;  
But when all fried and nicely dried  
And sugared o'er and o'er,  
Those funny ears and legs  
Endeared him more and more.  
Oh, that little Doughnut Pig  
Was not so very big;  
But he was fat and plump and sweet,  
And oh, he was so good to eat!

*Mary Frazer.*







THE SUMMER BOARDERS.

*The Second Prize, Class "Action," in the Second Photographic Competition, was awarded for this picture to T. S. Nixon, Chambersburg, Pa.*

# LITTLE FOLKS

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## A PARTY FOR ADA.



MARGERY.

THIS is the story I told to Margery the day she had the toothache.

When I was a little girl just a little larger than you, I went to see my grandmother one summer. My mother took me and the boys—they were very aged and very wise, I thought, ten and twelve years old.

My grandmother (she was your great-grandmother) lived in a pretty country town. When I shut my eyes I see the house, now, with its green lawn in front, and its broad hallway, and the quiet green street it all looked out upon. Next door lived Ada and her parents. Ada was an only child. I considered that rather a grand thing, but Ada did not. She said she was lonely, and she wished she had a sister to play with her.

We two girls were together from morning till night. We used to run up and down the gravelled walks in grandfather's kitchen-garden, and pick currants and raspberries for our dolls' tea-parties, or make playhouses down by the brook that ran behind the house, or on the lawn. I think those playhouses were our greatest pleasures. They were made of pebbles laid in a great circle which meant a whole house to us; inside the circle we made other divisions by laying out stones to mark off the different rooms, and then we carried in quite heavy flat rocks

for tables and chairs. When we had collected some clam-shells and washed them in the brook, to make our dishes, we were ready to set up housekeeping. Other days we sat with our picture-books or our dolls on the velvet-green lawn and "visited."

But by and by I did a naughty thing. One night I was so tired with happy exercise that I could not sleep. I tossed and turned upon my pillow long after the boys had stopped giggling and whispering in the room at the end of the hall. There was a door open into a pleasant corner of the house where the grown people often sat. They were all there that night. Ada's mother had come in from next door and she was among them. I could not help hearing all they said. Presently I heard this:

"I think while the children are here I shall give Ada a party."

I almost sprang out of bed in my rapture. None of us had ever had a party. I had never been to one in my life. I could not get to sleep after that, not until my mother came to bed herself. It was excitement, now, that kept me awake—the thought of the wonderful thing that was about to happen.

I was only a little girl; but I knew very well that what I overheard I had no right to tell. I did not mean to tell. But the next day, when we were playing house down by the brook, I smiled and looked so mysterious that Ada asked me what the matter was.

"It's a secret," I answered, pressing my lips together. That made Ada beg harder.

"They don't tell secrets," I urged. And then, because I was so happy, and it was such a lovely secret, I fell to laughing all to myself.

Of course Ada wanted all the more to know what could be so nice as that! At last she turned about and pretended she was going home.

"I shan't play house any more, ever," she declared, "unless you tell me."

She looked as if she meant it, and I thought she did. Almost before I knew what I did the secret popped out of my mouth:

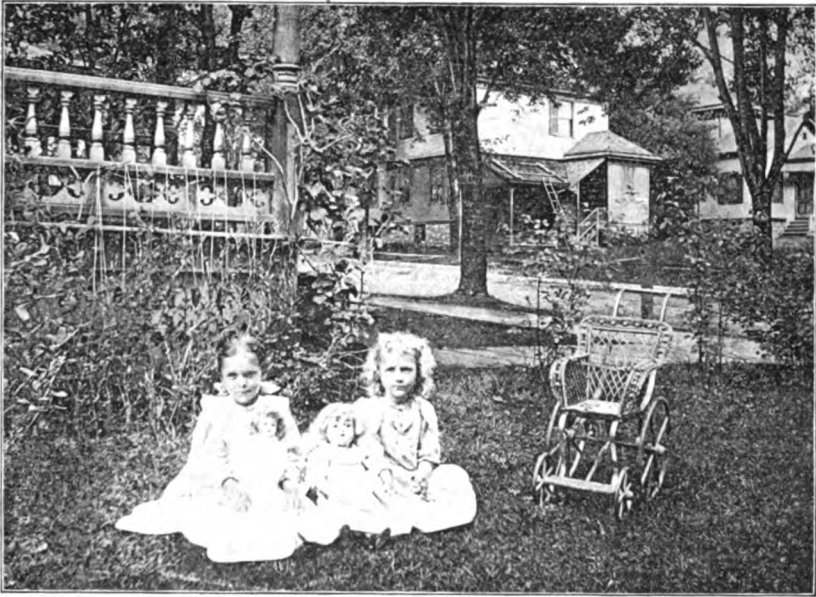
"Your mother said last night, 'While the children are here I'm going to give a party for Ada.'"

Ada jumped right up and down. "I shan't ask Gertie Nearing," was her first remark. "She had a picnic and I wasn't invited. But her brother Tom can come."

"And have Cousin Clara," I begged. Cousin Clara was a young lady, but we children liked her very much.

"I'll have her," said Ada graciously. "And her mother, and your Uncle Will. And I'll have Sadie White."

We both fell to naming company for the party. The next thing that I remember—and I can't at all tell how it hap-



WE SAT WITH OUR DOLLS ON THE LAWN.

pened—we had quitted the playhouse, and started out to give our invitations.

There seemed no question that we might have the party when we chose, and we appointed the next afternoon. Even that was a long time to wait.

We went to Cousin Clara's and to Tom Nearing's, and to Sadie White's. We found it so pleasant bidding people to come that in spite of the picnic we included Gertie, and did not leave out a child in town.

We were late to dinner. Ada went into the house with us

for her mother was at my Grandmother's, spending the day as she often was, for the families were very intimate.

"Where have you been?" asked Grandmother, untying my bonnet. "It's half-past one."

"We've been inviting my party," said Ada.

Ada's mother stared at her, and no wonder. Our faces were dirty and so were our hands. The toe was stubbed out of Ada's shoe. "Look at Snip's apron!" cried my biggest brother. They used to call me Snip.

"Who told you anything about a party?" Ada's mother asked.

Ada levelled a short forefinger at me. I hung my head. After dinner we were washed and dressed. And then what do you suppose happened? They sent us about to every house we had visited that morning. Ada left the same message at each one:

"I'm not going to have a party!"

We were there at Grandmother's a long time after that. It was cold fall weather when we went home. The boys and our pretty young aunt were allowed to give a dance. We two little girls wore white gowns and fresh sashes and had a lovely time. We played day by day in the babyhouse by the water, as long as it was warm at all, and with our dolls in the gravelled paths. We had a happy summer.

But my silly tongue had spoiled one pleasure. There was one good time in our childhood that we missed and might have had. For Ada never gave her party.

*Ruth Hall.*

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## CORNFIELD CITY.

THE streets of Cornfield City are very straight and long,  
And if you miss a turning you are certain to go wrong;  
For all the lanes are just alike, and every thoroughfare  
Goes on and on, and does not seem to lead you anywhere.

The walls of Cornfield City, they stretch up very high,  
 You cannot see what is beyond, you hardly glimpse the sky;  
 But only waving banners along them can be seen,  
 All just alike on every wall, fringed out of yellow-green.



ALL THE LANES ARE JUST ALIKE.

The ways of Cornfield City are very strange indeed;  
 There isn't a policeman to direct you when you need;  
 There are no names nor numbers, there are no signs to show  
 Which way it was you entered, which way you ought to go.

And so in Cornfield City you may possibly got lost —  
 You'll turn and twist and wander where the checkered streets  
     have crossed;  
 But don't sit down at last and cry — remember what I say,  
*Just follow out the right-hand street*; it is the only way.

*Abbie Farwell Brown.*

## WHEN JIMMY TRIED HIS BOAT.

### I.



EACH BROUGHT A BOAT.

THE "Boston Boys' Boat Club" held its first meeting at Jimmy's house, in the attic.

Mama said she was perfectly willing, so Jimmy and a friend worked busily, and decorated the room in fine style with flags and pictures of boats cut from newspapers and magazines.

Each boy who belonged to the Club paid a cent for the privilege and brought a boat beside; and even a person who didn't know a thing about them could not have helped admiring the exhibition, for there were all sorts of boats, from twenty-five-cent yachts to more expensive ones. Jimmy always had liked boats better than anything else and never was so delighted as when listening to stories about the sea. Many were the tales that had been read to him of pirates and tropical islands far away, and other exciting things — very interesting to hear read about, but not so very nice in reality.

Jimmy was proud of the fact that he had earned the money for his best boat himself. You see, he had just longed for this particular boat for many a week, and used to linger and gaze at it as it stood so trim and saucy in the shop window. It was about this time that he began actually to beg to do errands for the whole family.

Of course he didn't really expect to be paid for doing them; but Mama was much too bright, and guessed directly what Jimmy was trying to do, and paid a little something for every one. And then he mended Papa's old bicycle padlock and sold it to one of the boys for a quarter, and Grandma had a way of finding stray ten-cent pieces which were just longing to be popped into Jimmy's little purse.

And so, as he really tried to make himself useful and kind, it wasn't long before he had enough money to buy the beautiful

boat. He named her the "Yankee Doodle," and then the boat-club was started.

The first meeting was a great success. They began with singing "America," which sounded very inspiring, and made all of the little sailors feel almost as if they were in the navy, I don't doubt. Then they elected a Commodore and Jimmy was made Secretary. I was going to say that he used oceans of ink that very first meeting, which would have sounded quite proper as it was a boat-club, and you would have said that it was pretty near the truth if you could have seen his hands. The Club had no refreshments, save a pitcher of water, but that was all right, too, for water certainly suggests boats.

After the meeting was finished Jimmy stood up and made his first speech, and this is what he said:



THE BOSTON BOYS' BOAT CLUB.

"Commodore, I want to speak. I think this Club is fine, and if we don't get to quarrelling it will join us in friendship."

Here Robert Brown, who because of his small size was called "Tom Thumb" by his playmates, fell over backwards into the cot-bed which was used as a settee, and had to be fished out before Jimmy could go on.

"Prob'ly we'll have visits from other clubs," continued the little orator, "so I want to try this new boat of mine right off."



Here the Club applauded so wildly that the Commodore had to ring the bell, which had been borrowed from the dining-room table, before the members quieted down.

"Now, boys," Jimmy went on, "I'm going to invite you all down to the Common to help me try my boat, and I move that the next meeting of the B. B. B. C. be held at the Frog Pond, on the Common."

Then the Secretary sat down, and oh, my! what a tremendous noise the members did make in response. And so the first meeting of the B. B. B. C. came to an end.

## II.

Down the mall of the Common the "Boston Boys' Boat Club" raced, breathless and happy.

Each boy did not carry a boat, as they had agreed that Jimmy should try the "Yankee Doodle" all alone. Not even Tom Thumb, who owned the "Sprite" which he proudly claimed to be the model for the finest schooner in the world; he had not even thought of bringing that wonderful yacht with him, for alas! she had been tried and found prettier as a model than as a real boat. Instead of sitting up as a well-behaved schooner ought to do, she simply had flopped over sideways, in a most miserable fashion, and Tommy made up his mind that until he had decided which to take off — a mast or the keel — he would keep her at home.

At last the gay little company reached the Frog Pond. It was full of water and the hydrant was sending up its sprays in such a pretty fashion that the boys paused to watch its sparkle and see the splash it made.

Really Jimmy was excited. The happy moment had come when the pride of his heart should sail off for herself.

"I'll tell you what I've done, boys," said he; "I've tied a string to her stern so we can pull her in if she sails off too far." Then, getting down on his knees, Jimmy carefully placed the "Yankee Doodle" in the water.

"One, two, three!" said the Commodore, and away went the

little boat proudly. How the boys cheered! It was just fine to hear them. "Oh, she's a beauty; doesn't she set up just right!" exclaimed poor little Tom Thumb, thinking, no doubt, of the way the "Sprite" had upset the very first time out.

I wish that you could have seen Jimmy's smile as the "Yankee Doodle" went sailing along gracefully, and for half an hour the Club put her through all sorts of interesting manœuvres, with the aid of the string and a long pole. Jimmy forgot everything



THE BIG STUPID DOG!

in his delight, forgot to get up from where he was kneeling on the granite edge of the pond, and just then a great fat dog came rushing along—he certainly ought to have been in more respectable business than chasing robins, a big dog like him—and the first thing anyone knew Jimmy, the proud and happy one, was floundering in the water not far from his precious boat!

The water wasn't very deep, but Jimmy went in head-first, and in some way or other he got all tangled up in the string. But at last he was fished out, thoroughly wet, yet with nothing hurt except his tender feelings.

And when the Club had escorted wet Jimmy and the rescued boat to Jimmy's home, they felt as though they had seen a shipwreck and saved a drowning man besides. The excitement was something great. At first Jimmy felt quite dejected about his unexpected bath, although the boys didn't laugh once, not even Tom Thumb who giggled most of the time for just nothing at all, and who showed that he was a manly little fellow in

deed, when you think of his own beautiful "Sprite" and then of the "Yankee Doodle's" success.

But when the news spread and boys came around just to look at Jimmy and his wonderful boat, and he realized that he was a young man of some importance — quite a little hero indeed — things began to look bright once more. Really, a boy who hadn't been present "when Jimmy tried his boat" had missed the event of the season.

So you see it almost always is true that "every cloud has a silver lining," for little did Jimmy think when he went head-foremost into the Frog Pond that he was so soon to be a hero.

*Cara Howard Crandon.*

## RIDDLE-RHYMES.

### XVII.

I LIVE in the house with Tommy,  
 Though nobody bids me stay —  
 Indeed, every one of the family  
 Would like to drive me away.

I woke up, they say, the Baby,  
 Asleep in the Grandma's lap;  
 I spoiled, so I heard him tell Grandma,  
 The Grandpa's afternoon nap.

They drive me away from table,  
 Away from the window, too;  
 They whisk me from books and from pictures,  
 And scold, whatever I do.

So Tommy was set to catch me;  
 And, oh, how Tommy did try!  
 But Tommy, he never will catch me,  
 Because, you see, I'm a ——!

*C. S. P.*

## “ P. S.”

**B**EATRICE was a dear little girl about seven years old. She was not a very good scholar and made many mistakes in her spelling. Her father used to be surprised at this, for he always could spell easily, even when he was quite a small boy. But her father, who was a learned man, was satisfied with many of his little daughter's accomplishments. She used to spend most of her time in the open air. She knew how many eggs she would be likely to find in a robin's nest and what color they would be, and she could climb a tree very well. She was very active and helped her mother when she could. She ran countless errands. Some children only “walk” them, but little Beatrice “ran” errands, and did not get cross when she was interrupted in her play. She had another good trait. She was careful to tell the exact truth.

One day her mother took her driving to town. They stopped at a large store. The show-window was gay with books in red, green and blue bindings, and some of them had gilt pictures on the cover. Beatrice's mother asked if she could keep a secret. Her little daughter felt proud to be able to say that she could.

Her mother told her that her father's birthday anniversary would come next week, and that she had driven into town to choose him a new book for a birthday present. Beatrice was delighted. The book was written by Dr. Nansen, the great explorer, and was full of pictures describing what he saw and heard in the frozen North. The book was paid for and wrapped up. As they were leaving the bookstore, Beatrice tugged at her mother's hand.

“Mama, can *you* keep a secret?” she asked.

“I hope so,” said her mother smiling.

“Mama, *I* want to buy a little birthday present for Papa, at this shop across the street. I will get something if you will lend me ten cents, and I can pay you when I get home, for I have some money in my little red purse upstairs.”

Her mother directed the coachman to cross the street and wait for them, while she took Beatrice into the other shop.

It was a confectioner's store, where sugar plums were sold.

In the window were pretty toys, boxes covered with red, white and blue paper to look like the Fourth of July, and pretty gilt baskets of candy with great bows of wide satin ribbon in different colors tied to them. Cut glass dishes displayed shining sweetmeats. Burnt almonds were piled in one dish, chocolate creams in another, and "Jim Crows" in a third. Pink and yellow crystallized jellies, candied grapes, marshmallows dusted with fine powdered sugar, and squares of nut-candy tempted the little buyer. One box had the lid off and a tiny pair of gilt tongs lay ready for use in nipping up pieces of candy. Frosted cherries and plums, candied violets and the little white muffs of sugar with crimson ends, known as "Portugese secrets," seemed to say, "Eat me!" Pistache lent color to cushions of soft green sugar. Smooth balls of orange, brown, pink and lilac sugar-plums stood ready to slip down someone's throat. Mint-drops were falling like drops of solid rain from a gilded horn in one corner of the window.

Beatrice stood before the show-window, her eyes dancing. It took a long time for her to make up her mind; that is, until she saw in a far corner a tray on which were disposed animals made of chocolate. A prancing horse, a dog, a pussy-cat, a chicken, an elephant and a bird were tumbled together in confusion. Beatrice caught sight of a swan with curving chocolate neck.

"I know what I want, Mama," she said. They went into the shop and Beatrice asked the price of the chocolate swan. The shopman brought the tray in from the show-window and set it down on the counter before her.

"All of these are five cents each," he said.

"I want the swan," said Beatrice. "Mama," she added, "are you sure you can spare the five-cent piece until we get home?"

Beatrice's mother laughed and replied that she believed she could get home without it, and then handed a quarter-dollar to the shopman.

He brought her twenty cents in change, and a little square box in which lay the pretty chocolate swan.

Beatrice did not ask her mother to buy her any candy, for she was never allowed to eat it between meals. But it made her

hungry to see the sugary cream balls, and the row after row of glass jars ranged on the shelves behind the counter, filled with sticks of pink and white peppermint, and others of wintergreen, sassafras, rose and lemon candy — these last were of yellow with tracings of white climbing upward in spiral curves.

Mother and daughter stepped into their carriage and drove home. Beatrice held her parcel tight in both hands. She was afraid of losing it. "How pleased Papa will be," she thought; "I don't believe he has ever owned a chocolate swan before."

It was Thursday when they drove to town. Papa's birthday would come on the following Tuesday. On Friday morning, as soon as she was awake, Beatrice ran to her bureau, and pulled out the top-drawer, eagerly looking to see if the swan was still there. She opened the drawer in a hurry — because who knew that it had not been stolen in the night? She had heard of such things. No, there was the square box, and there inside lay the chocolate swan on a nest of soft white tissue paper. It smelt deliciously of the chocolate, and also a little of vanilla.

Beatrice had paid her mother with five pennies out of her own little purse. She felt proud and important at having two secrets to keep.

Every evening before she went to bed, Beatrice examined her bureau top-drawer, and lifted the lid to see if the swan was still there. On Saturday morning the swan was there, and also on Saturday night, on Sunday morning and on Sunday night besides.

On Monday morning it rained. When Beatrice woke up the windows were dark, the rain pattered against the panes, the wind blew and made the shutters creak. She ran to the bureau and opened the drawer. The box and swan lay undisturbed.

Because the day was stormy Beatrice could not go out to play. After breakfast she put some fresh water in a tiny toy pitcher and filled the canary's drinking fountain. She filled his china dish with seed.

"To-morrow Papa will get the book and the chocolate swan," said the mother smiling.

"To-morrow Papa will get the swan and the new book," Beatrice said to herself.

It was a pity it was so rainy, for there was no chance to go out; and when Beatrice had taken her sewing lesson, and after reading a chapter of English history aloud to her mother, and writing a letter to her grandmother, she was free to amuse herself. To be sure the letter took a long time, for some of the words were not spelled correctly, and two copies were made before it was ready to go in its envelope.

Then Beatrice ran away to play with her dog in the hall. She played with her doll, she jumped rope, she drew pictures on a slate, she strung some beads, she watered her row of plants in their flower-pots, she fixed up her doll's house and then got out account-book and made up her her accounts. Beatrice was busi-



"WHAT IS THERE FOR DESSERT?"

ness-like, and set down the date of the days he drove to town, September 20th. Next she set down the sum ".05" in the proper place; this was to show she had spent five cents. Opposite to this she wrote in a bold round hand, "Choklet swan."

It seemed as if dinner-time would never come. Beatrice thought she would pay one more visit to the swan and therefore she ran to the bureau and took another peep at the "brown beauty." How deliciously it did smell to be sure! Could anything taste better than such a swan?

The little girl wondered why grown-up people did not buy chocolate swans flavored with vanilla, every day. She held the swan a little closer to her nose and shut her eyes to inhale the fragrance. The first thing she knew it was near her mouth, and before she thought what she was doing Beatrice's lips sucked a little chocolate off the under part of the swan's breast. It was delicious.

Ding-a-ling, ding-a-ling, ding-a-ling-a-ling. That was the din-

ner-bell. Beatrice replaced the swan in its nest, slammed the drawer, and set off to wash her hands for dinner.

Regularly every day, unless company was present, Beatrice would ask a question as she sat down to dinner. It was always the same, "What is there for dessert?"

To-day her mother replied, "Wait and see," instead of "apple meringue" or "peach pudding," as the case might be. So Beatrice ate a good dinner of beefsteak, gravy, lima beans and tomatoes. When the dinner dishes were removed no pudding dish appeared, but instead a dessert plate with chocolate creams upon it was set down in front of the little girl. Oh, how she enjoyed them! Vanilla cream melting inside and stiff chocolate varnished on the outside. Beatrice was allowed to eat as many as she wished after her dinner. Then she dipped her little hands in her pretty finger-bowl half filled with warm water, wiped them on her napkin and was told she could run away and play.

Beatrice did not run, however. She "felt fat," she told her mother, and walked very quietly away to her room. How she wished she had not sucked the birthday swan! If she only had known they would give her chocolate creams for dessert she could have contrived to wait a little longer for dinner. And the bell had rung just as she took the suck. Besides it was not fair to give Papa a birthday gift which was not quite as it was purchased. Again the little girl examined the swan; yes, there on the breast was a small dull spot. All around it was glossy. No one would be likely to notice it, but Beatrice felt uncomfortable about it.

So it happened that next morning at breakfast Beatrice's father found by his plate Dr. Nansen's famous book, and also a square box with a note tied to it, addressed "Papa." He opened it and read:

"Dear Papa,















Here is a chocklet swan for your birthday. Your loving  
daughter.

























P. S. It is a little sucked underneath."

*Jean Fraley Hallowell.*



## THE LITTLE OWLS AT RED GATES.

 OWLET and Owlkin sat on the  a long time, looking about. "What a nice place a  is!" said Owlet. "I'd like it for a , it's so big!" She flew up into a , and flapped her little  as if to crow, like a . "Here's a beautiful big nest," she called. "I'll never leave this !" Then she saw another . "Come up, Owlkin!" she cried. "There's a  for you too!" So  flew up, and liked it too. But Mrs Owl thought they best come down to look at things quickly —  might come back, or the . Owlkin flew down, but Owlet was too delighted with the haymow to leave it. "Tell me what everything is," said Owlkin, "and how the Great Creatures use it." "Well," said his mother, "they haven't any , to go from one place to another, so

they built this  and . and hitch  to them, to carry them—poor helpless things! They can't eat such food as we do—a  , a  , a  , or a  is plenty for us. But those Great Creatures want a hundred kinds of food! They get some from  , some out of the ground, some from the water, and keep these  ,  ,  , and  ready to eat. They dig up the ground-food with these  and  , and bring the tree-food to their nests in these  , and cut  into pieces with these  and  , to make fires to keep themselves warm, for they have no warm feathers like  . "Poor things!" said Owlkin, "they are not as comfortable as even the  and  and  , are they?"  listened. "They're coming!" she cried "Come, Owlet!" But when they reached their  , Owlet was not with them!

# LONG TOM, AND HOW THEY GOT HIM.

## CHAPTER X. — THE SISTERS OF THE GUARDS.

“Oh, Billy Boy,” cried Bee, “the bear was only Iky Proudfoot, and he came after cookies and lemonade, and Flip Fay has torn up his skin and Iky ran away!”

The Guards shouted, and they cheered Flip, and the little dog seemed to feel that he had done a fine thing although he had been scolded. He wagged his tail until it seemed, as Bee said, as if there were more wag than dog and as if little Flip would soon be swallowed up in it and be all wag — like the pleasant grin without the cat that Alice saw in Wonderland.

A shout came from the woods in answer to the Guards, a louder shout than they could raise although they tried their best.

“There are an awful lot of Tinkertown fellows in there!” said Danny Frazar. He shook his head seriously, as Willie Johnson had done; and, for the first time since he had been Lieutenant of the Pekoe Guards, he put his thumb squarely into his mouth.

Ray Rogers and the two Tatwick boys came along without their bicycles and went into the woods.

“Tatwickers are going to see fair play!” called out Ray Rogers.

“The gun is ours and we are going to have it!” cried a chorus of the Guards.

“Oh, Billy Boy, you won’t fight, will you?” cried Bee. “You know it is foolish and wicked to fight!”

Billy Boy looked sternly at her. “What are you girls here for, anyway?” he said. “You don’t belong to the Guards.”

It was the very cruelest thing that Billy Boy had ever said to Bee in his life!

“Willie Johnson doesn’t belong, either,” said Pinky Jones pertly. “And he couldn’t fight any more than girls.”

“Willie Johnson is the friend of the Guards!” said Ralph Fay quickly.

“Well, we are the sisters of the Guards!” said Pinky Jones.



BILLY BOY LOOKED STERNLY AT HER.

"Willie Johnson is a soldier inside. And he has a great head and may be useful in directing movements against the enemy!" said Billy Boy, who was getting to talk very grandly. "Girls are only in the way — in an army."

Bee turned away — she let no one see that her lip trembled — and got into the donkey-cart. When Pinky had mounted to her side she started Carrots up. On the highway, at the very end of the woods, she looked back. A great shaggy beast on four legs ran out of the woods and into a clump of bushes by the roadside!

"Oh, Pinky, Pinky! a bear, a real live bear!" cried Bee. "I saw him as plain as day! And see how Carrots is trembling!"

"It was only a cow, or a tree, or something," said Pinky, who had not seen anything. "Of course there couldn't be a truly bear there. He would have eaten all the Tinkertown boys by this time if there had been. And it can't be a 'make-believe' bear because Tinkertown boys couldn't get so many bear-skins!"

"There might be one more skin in Tinkertown," said Bee, trying to think, while she let Carrots go just as fast as he wanted to — which was very fast indeed — away from the clump of bushes into which the great shaggy beast had gone.

Pekoe boys and girls had so many shows that they were very well acquainted with "make-believe" animals. Now if a boy was a bear all by himself his arms had to be the fore-legs and his legs the hind-legs. And it is plain to see that he couldn't run very fast. When another boy was the hind-legs it could be managed better.

And Bee said to herself that no two Pekoe boys had ever made themselves into a bear that could run as that beast had run out of the woods!

And she was going away as fast as Carrots could go, leaving Billy Boy at the mercy of a wild beast and of all those Tinkertown boys who were determined that the Pekoe Guards should not have Long Tom! She was going because Billy Boy had told her that she was in the way! It may be hard, thought Bee, to be sister to a soldier when he wants you to help him, but it is much harder when he tells you that you are in the way!

"Let us drive over to Pumbleberry's Pond and find Orlando," said Pinky. She did not seem to care at all because they had been told that they were in the way. After all, calling one's self a sister to the Pekoe Guards was different from being a real sister to the Captain, thought Bee.

She, too, wished to find Orlando and send him to Perigo's Woods. Some grown person ought to be there, if those boys were going to fight for the gun!

Pumbleberry's Pond was only a little way from Perigo's Woods, "across lots," as Orlando had gone, but it was quite a long way around in the donkey-cart. When they drove down upon the shore of the pond they saw three men walking along towards the lower end. The three men carried a long iron chain, which made them look as they walked some distance apart, as if they were chained together. They were old Mr. Pumbleberry, his "hired man," and Orlando.

Bee called Orlando, as loud as she could, and beckoned to him to come to her.

But Orlando shook his head and pointed down to the farther end of the pond. "Gun! Gun!" he shouted, making a trumpet of his hands at his mouth.

"It would be just like Orlando to think he was going to get the gun out of the pond by dragging that chain along!" said Pinky. "But you *would* think that Mr. Pumbleberry and his hired man would know better."

"Bear! Bear! All Tinkertown and a bear fighting the Guards in Perigo's Woods!" shouted Bee. "No, Pinky Jones, he wouldn't be too much afraid to go! You have to be afraid sometimes and do things just the same; and Orlando would — for Billy Boy and the Guards!" added Bee, almost in tears. !

But Orlando didn't seem to hear. He shouted "Gun! Gun" and taking up his end of the chain walked on with the others.

"Oh, make Carrots go!" cried Pinky Jones. "What fun it would be if we could help get the gun after those boys told us that we were in the way!"

(To be continued.)

Sophie Swett.



WHEREVER MOOLEY WENT, LOONEY WENT TOO.

## LOONEY AND MOOLEY.

*(Far-West Children.)*

**A**T dear old Aunt Penny's little clover farm, it seemed as though all the things loved each other. Perhaps this was because Aunt Penny cared for every one of them so well. Even her flowers were crowded and jumbled, all colors together and all kinds, and never minded it in the least, but just bloomed on, more and more sweetly every day — hollyhocks, balsams, sunflowers, pansies, pinks, bachelor's-buttons, sweet-williams — more flowers than you could count.

There were five cats and they never quarreled. Old Dixie, the big dog, and Nippy, the little dog, were always together and loved each other; one would not eat without the other. And the turkeys and ducks and chickens and geese were contented and happy together, the live-long day.

But among all Aunt Penny's things, Looney and Mooley seemed to love each other the most.

Looney was the oldest goose on the farm. He loved Mooley, the glossy little black cow, better than anything else in the world. She had no horns, but Looney didn't mind that.

Wherever Mooley went, Looney was at her side. If she stood still for hours in the deep rich clover, Looney quietly stayed around her feet and picked at chance grasshoppers or juicy blades of grass. When Mooley came up the lane at night to be milked, Looney walked soberly at her heels—it seemed as though he had even learned to walk like Mooley.

Aunt Penny had meant never to separate Looney and Mooley. She always said that it would not seem like home on the farm with either one of them gone. But one day Aunt Penny heard of a dear little girl who was very, very ill, and must be sent to a hospital to receive a certain kind of care, or she would die. But there was no money to pay the doctors unless Aunt Penny and some of the other neighbors could give it.

Aunt Penny said that it must be done, and she would do her part. Then she sat down and counted all the money she had, and it was not nearly enough, and worse than all, she could not see how to get any more.

Until, all at once, she remembered that Deacon Barnes had said one day that he would like to buy Mooley!

"Well," she thought, "*why* not sell Mooley? For we *must* save the little girl, and I *could* get along without Mooley. Really, I could make a better living if I did not love the things on the farm too well to part with them! Who ever *heard* of such a farmer?"

Aunt Penny went straight to see Deacon Barnes that very evening, and he said he would come over in the morning and get Mooley.

"I don't *like* to separate Looney and Mooley," said Miss Penny, stopping a minute in the doorway. She hoped he would say that Looney could come along. But the Deacon's wife spoke up. "*We* don't want the goose, deary knows! I hate geese! We never had a goose on the place!"

There was nothing more to be said, and Aunt Penny went home quite sad. She crossed the fields the nearest way, and



came up through the stable-yard; and there she saw Mooley, comfortably resting; and Looney, in a cosy hollow he had made in the ground with his wings, was nestling close beside the little black cow.

"Oh, they're *so* happy together — I do wish there'd been some other way!" said Aunt Penny. "I s'pose the creature loves their home. I s'pose this old yard looks good to 'em! I s'pose they like the locust blooms, and the path up the lane, and come out here mornings seeing to 'em all."

Aunt Penny stopped beside old Mooley and patted her back. "Poor old Mooley," said she. "I don't know what Looney'll do without you!"

In the morning Deacon Barnes came and led away the little black cow. They shut Looney in the calf-pen, first. They thought he would not know. But Looney squawked his grief loudly, and flapped his wings, and tried to fly over the pen, and by and by he did fly over into the barn-yard.

By that time Mooley was nowhere to be seen. Looney wandered excitedly around for a few minutes; then he wedged himself under the gate, out into the lane, and away he flew and ran across the fields, the shortest way, to Deacon Barnes' barn-yard.

I do not know why he went that way. Nobody knows. But when the Deacon led Mooley through his big gate, into the yard, there was Looney, and he waddled and flew up to Mooley, screaming goose-talk! "Mooley, dear Mooley, here I am! I must be with you, Mooley!"

Deacon Barnes thought it all over; and as he was a very kind man, and as Mrs. Barnes could not abide geese, he made up his mind to add the price of Mooley to what he had already given, for the little sick girl, and let Aunt Penny keep Looney and Mooley together in their own dear home.

Aunt Penny saw Deacon Barnes coming, leading the little black cow, with the goose close at her side, and she ran bare-headed down the road to meet them, and see what it all meant; and she almost hugged Looney with pride and joy when she heard how faithful he had been to Mooley.

*Lucia Chase Bell.*



## When Baby Goes to the Zoo.

NOW a good book to read and a good hem to sew  
And a good quiet moment or two!  
I'll do all the things that are waiting, you know —  
For Baby has gone to the Zoo.

Come, hem, and come, tuck, come, rip, wear and tear!  
Come, dear little buttonless shoe!  
Yet, oh, little feet, I would follow you there,  
As you toddle about at the Zoo!

I wish I could see her pat father, and point  
At the monkey and queer kangaroo,  
And feed the big bear, and laugh at the giraffe —  
How Baby must crow at the Zoo!

How prim and how proper the cushions all look,  
What stillness the house ranges through!

Dear me, I'm too lonesome to take up a book.  
It's time they were back from the Zoo!

Why, it's getting quite late, why, how long they're away!  
Oh, I'm rather uneasy, 'tis true!  
Yes, poor little doggy, it's stupid to-day —  
Your playfellow's gone to the Zoo.

I hear them at last, oh they're coming at last;  
I'm all of a flutter — and you,  
Wag, doggy, your tail! oh, and run to her fast!  
Yes, Baby's come back from the Zoo.

Oh, I've not read a bit, and I've not sewed a bit:  
And I don't know whatever I'd do —  
What *would* I — if Baby — oh, answer me it! —  
Should go every day to the Zoo?

*Agnes Lee.*

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## THE LOVABLE TALES OF JANEY AND JOSEY AND JOE.

### IX.—MISS MARY VIRGINIA'S FIELD.

**A**ND one day Janey ran away from Josey and Joe, away down the road she ran and crawled under the fence into Miss Mary Virginia Winter's field and hid in the tall, tall grass.

"Josey and Joe cannot find me now!" she said.

The grass in the field was so high that it come right up to dear little Janey's chin.

Miss Mary Virginia Winter lived in a little white house on the hill, and she saw little Janey crawl under the fence and into her hay-field. She loved little Janey Monroe, as everyone did, but she did not want anyone to go into her hay-field and tramp down her grass.

And she ran down the hill to the fence and called, "Janey

Monroe come right out of my field! Don't you know that you will spoil my beautiful grass, and the men cannot cut it for hay?"

Janey kept very still and did not answer. "Miss Mary Virginia is cross this morning," she thought. "I wish she would go away. If Josey and Joe should see her they would guess where I am!"

And Josey and Joe *did* see Miss Mary Virginia Winter run down the hill to the fence, and they *did* hear her call, "Janey Monroe come right out of my hay-field! Do you hear?"

And Josey and Joe ran down the road as fast as they could, and both of them shouted, "We know where you are hiding, dear Janey! We've found you, you little mischief!"

And Miss Mary Virginia Winters was *greatly* excited.

"Josey Monroe and Joe," she said, "don't you *dare* go into my hay-field to look for your little sister!"

(She really was very cross.)

And Joe said, "I don't believe that Janey will come out, Miss Mary Virginia, unless we *do* go into the field. She said she was going to run away and hide, and would never come home till we found her."

And Miss Mary Virginia Winter spoke very loud, so that Janey could hear. "If Janey Monroe is as dear and good as everyone thinks she is she will come right out of my field!"

And Joe said, "Janey is dear and good, but *sometimes* she is a real little mischief, because she is full of fun, you know."

And Josey climbed up on the fence, and sat on the topmost rail and called, "Janey, come out of the field! We found you, dear!"

And Janey stood up in the tall grass—only her dear little head and face could you see. "No, you didn't find me," she said. "Miss Mary Virginia told you where I was, and it isn't fair at all!"

And away Janey ran, on her hands and knees, through the tall grass and hid again, and kept very still!

"Why don't you *hire* her to come out of your field, Miss Mary Virginia?" asked little Joe. "Tell her you will give her a beautiful present, if she will come out."



THE WHITE COW WAS VERY GENTLE AND KIND.

"I'll give her a little willow switch, and a note to take home to her mother!" said Miss Mary Virginia Winter crossly.

And little Joe climbed up on the fence, and sat on the top-most rail and looked over the beautiful field of grass, and laughed and called, "Janey, Miss Mary Virginia says she will give you something if you will come out of her field."

And Janey stood up in the tall grass — only her dear little head and face could you see.

"I know what Miss Mary Virginia said she would give me," Janey said. "Perhaps I would come out of her field if she wasn't so very cross. I didn't know I would hurt her grass. I only came in to play."

And Janey lay down in the grass again and looked up at the sky and was very still.

And Josey said, "If you spoke *real* kind to her Miss Mary Virginia, she would come out of your field. Everyone is always kind to dear little Janey."

And Miss Mary Virginia Winter looked around and thought for some time, and then she called in a pleasant voice, "Oh Janey dear, my old white cow is feeding down here beside the road. If you will come out you shall ride on her back over to my house and I'll give you all some berries and cream."

And Josey clapped her hands and called, "Oh, yes, little Janey, *do* come! We will play that you are a queen, riding a milk-white cow, and we will make garlands of leaves, and have a *beautiful* time."

And Janey stood up in the tall, tall grass and smiled and then came slowly out to the fence.

The old white cow was very gentle and kind. She let Miss Mary Virginia Winter put little Janey upon her back, and did not mind it at all.

And Josey and Joe made garlands of leaves and hung them about her neck. And they put a wreath on Janey's head, and played that she was a queen.

And they all went down the beautiful road, and up the little lane to Miss Mary Virginia Winter's house, and sat on her piazza, and ate raspberries and cream.

And when it was time to go home Janey put her arms around Miss Mary Virginia's neck, and kissed her, and said, "I'm sorry I ran into your field, but I didn't know I would hurt your grass, and I'm sorry I didn't come out when you called me."

And Miss Mary Virginia Winter kissed her and said, "I am sorry that I was cross, and you must forgive me too, Janey."

And Janey kissed her again and said, "I do forgive you Miss Mary Virginia, and I had a beautiful time riding the old white cow, and playing that I was a queen."

And Miss Mary Virginia laughed and said, "You certainly looked like a little queen Janey, with that wreath on your pretty head."

Any Josey said, "I think Janey was as pretty as any queen I ever saw in a picture."

And then they all went home down the beautiful road together.

Gertrude Smith.



THE SWEET-TOOTH BABY.

## BABY'S WANTS.

I WANT a little cookey,  
And on a pretty plate  
A bit of pie, a jelly tart,  
Some raisins and a date;  
Some candy and some apples,  
A little piece of gum,  
An orange and a bunch of grapes,  
Some pudding and a plum.  
I don't want very much of each —  
A *teeny* bit to eat  
Of all you've got of anything  
That's just a little sweet!

*Madelyn Ellms Rawlings.*

(32A)







THE WITCHY MOON.

(See page 334.)

# LITTLE FOLKS

VOL. IV.

SEPTEMBER, 1901.

NO. 11.

## BETSEY, THE BRAVE DOLL.

*(An Old-Fashioned Fairy Story.)*

THE Dear Little Girl calls the day "Dayland," and the night she calls "Dreamland." She thinks Dayland a lovely country, but not wonderful, like Dreamland; for in Dreamland you can travel thousands of miles in a second of time, and dolls are alive and talk and think and move. The battered doll Betsey, who belongs to the Dear Little Girl, is a sorry sight in Dayland, but in Dreamland she is often very beautiful.

Every night the Dear Little Girl hugs Betsey to her breast and they slip away together into Dreamland. There they meet elves and fairies and ogres and dragons. The Dear Little Girl is sometimes terribly frightened, but Betsey always sees her safely home.

One night, in Dreamland, the Dear Little Girl and Betsey were in a fairy garden, and they were told not to go outside of it. But the Dear Little Girl was naughty and slipped outside the gate when no one saw. At once an ogress caught her and carried her away and put her in a dungeon. Nobody knows what would have happened if Betsey had not learned where she was.

Betsey took a pot of gold which was hers, and followed the ogress until she found her. "If you will please let my mistress go free," Betsey said, "I will give you this pot of gold."

The ogress looked with greedy eyes at the pot of gold. "Give me the treasure," she said, "and I will think about it."

So Betsey set the pot of gold on the ogress' table. The wicked creature sat with her chin in her hand, and thought. After a long time she spoke.

"I cannot let your mistress go, for I want her pretty hair to make into a rope."

"I will give you my pretty hair," said Betsey.

So the ogress took Betsey's pretty hair. But even then she would not let the Dear Little Girl go.

"I must have her little right foot for a charm," she said.

"You may have my little right foot," said Betsey.

So the ogress took Betsey's little right foot. But even then she would not let the Dear Little Girl go.

"I cannot let her go, for I must have her little left arm to stir my soup."

"You may have my little left arm," said Betsey.

So the ogress took Betsey's little left arm. But even then she would not let the Dear Little Girl go.

"I must have her two blue eyes to give my blind boy," she said.

"You may have my two blue eyes if you will only let my mistress go," sobbed Betsey.

Now the ogress had been trying for a long time to get two blue eyes the shade of Betsey's, which were almost purple, like brook violets. So she took Betsey's hand and led her, all blinded, to the door of the dungeon where the Dear Little Girl was, and opened it.

"Now begone!" she said harshly. "But if I find either of you on my land by sunrise to-morrow, I will put you into the dungeon and you will never get out."

Then the ogress laughed; for she knew well that they would not be able to get away.

With her right hand in the hand of the Dear Little Girl, Betsey hopped out into the highway. But she could not go fast on one foot, and before long she was so tired she had to stop.

"You go on," Betsey said to the Dear Little Girl. "I shall be happy if you are safe."

But the Dear Little Girl would not leave Betsey. They rested awhile, and then went on again, slowly. At sunset they had come to a wide marsh.

"I can never cross it," said poor lame Betsey. "You go on. I shall be happy if you are safe."

But the Dear Little Girl would not leave Betsey. Very slowly and toilsomely they made their way through the sticky ooze. And dark came fast. Soon they could not see a step ahead of them, and they sat down close together on the marsh grass and told each other stories, all night.

The stars grew pale at last and the dawn wind blew. Far out over the marsh was a moving black speck that came nearer and nearer. It was the ogress coming to get them.



FAR OUT OVER THE MARSH WAS A MOVING BLACK SPECK.

"Oh, please go," cried Betsey to her little mistress. "You are not lame; you can run and get away from her. Please go! please do not delay!"

But the Dear Little Girl would not leave the brave doll who had given up everything for her sake; and together they waited for the ogress to come.

If the Dear Little Girl had looked the other way she would have seen the butterflies of the beautiful golden chariot of the

fairy queen sweeping up from the east. But instead she stood watching the ogress.

Suddenly a sweet voice spoke behind her. "Come, my dear children, come with me. I am here to take you back into the fairy garden"—and there was the fairy queen in her chariot.

They flew faster than the wings of morning in the golden chariot until they reached the fairy garden. There, the fairy queen drew forth her star-tipped wand and touched Betsey's blinded eyes and her shorn head and crippled limbs. In a moment her blue eyes and pretty hair and her little foot and arm were restored, and Betsey was seven times lovelier than before.

The Dear Little Girl opened her eyes. The first rays of the sun of Dayland was shining upon her mirror and making her room bright. By her side lay Betsey, safe.

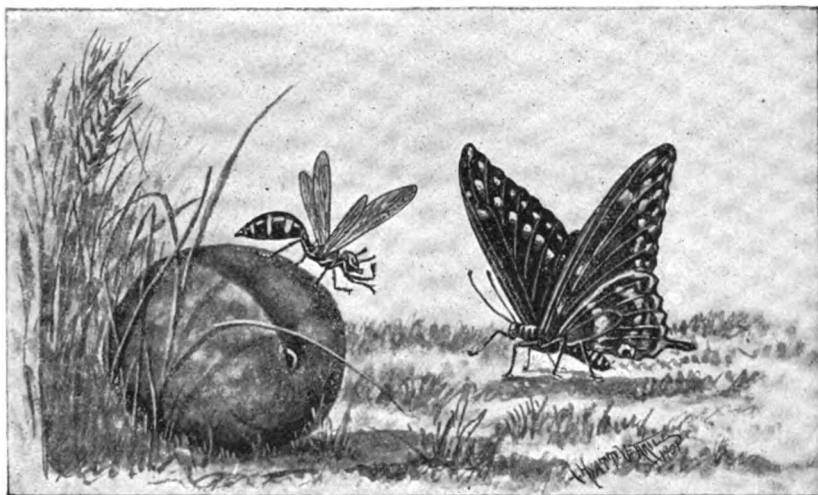
"Oh, you dear dear brave doll!" cried the Dear Little Girl, lifting her.

Then Betsey opened her blue eyes, and, as ever, they were full of smiles and love.

*Bertha F. Bush.*



THE LITTLE HARVESTER.



THE WASP SPOKE TO HER STERNLY.

## A QUEER QUARREL.

**I**N our garden there is a long row of peach-trees, filled in the fall with beautiful rosy-cheeked fruit.

The wasps have long known about the peaches, which are of a very sweet delicious kind, and spoil a great many by piercing them, and sinking in their long tongues to suck up the honeyed juice.

I have lately learned that butterflies are fond of the peaches too; and one day when out in the garden I saw a big black and yellow striped wasp quarrelling with a little butterfly, over a large red peach which had fallen to the ground. The little butterfly had such pretty wings, with yellow, black and blue spots!

The wasp was standing on the peach enjoying himself very much indeed, when the little butterfly came fluttering down to the ground near him, and began moving slowly toward him. The wasp evidently did not like it, for he turned around and looked sternly at the butterfly, and said something to her.

As I could not understand the language they spoke I cannot tell you what they said; but I was astonished when the wasp made a dart at the little butterfly, who flew off a short distance,

then gently floated down to the ground again and once more started toward the peach, fluttering her wings up and down all the way.

This action the little butterfly kept up, running at the wasp over and over again, plainly trying to frighten him off the peach; and at last away flew the wasp, buzzing angrily to himself. Then the little butterfly calmly settled down on the peach and had a very delicious supper, as I know; for I had one of those peaches myself!

*E. B. Green.*

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## LITTLE BOY LONESOME.

*(A Recitation.)*

ONE time my Mama went away  
To stay all night and all next day,  
And left me all alone  
With Papa, Ted and Sister Lou  
And Uncle Jim and Aunty Sue  
And Cousin Will and little Prue  
And cook and Pat and Joan.

And when I woke up in the night  
There wasn't the least bit of light,  
And I heard a drefful noise;  
It sounded like a kinkajou,  
Or a grizzly bear, or wanderoo,  
A-hunting little boys.

'Twas like a' nawful, nawful dream,  
And oh, oh, oh, how I did scream  
And sob and cry and moan!  
Then Papa came and Sister Lou  
And Uncle Jim and Aunty Sue  
And cook and Pat and Joan.

And when I told them why I screamed,  
They said I must have surely dreamed,  
    For there wasn't any bear;  
But Papa poked up in the flue  
And under chairs and tables too,  
    And hunted everywhere.

And then they all laughed out at once,  
And said I was a little dunce  
    To be so scared; and then  
They told me not to tremble so,  
And left the light a-burning low,  
    And went away again.

Now if my Mama had been here  
She'd hugged me close, and called me dear,  
    And softly smoooved my hair;  
She wouldn't poke up in the flue  
And under chairs and tables too  
    When there wasn't any bear!

And I hope my Mama'll never go  
Away again and leave me so,  
    All by myself, alone  
With Papa, Ted and Sister Lou  
And Uncle Jim and Auntie Sue  
And Cousin Will and little Prue  
    And cook and Pat and Joan!

*Mary Marshall Parks.*

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## THE SUN AND THE SMALL BOY.

**S**EPTEMBER Sun is shining and shining in our yard;  
Upon a Small Boy's worsted back he's shining very hard;  
He little thinks, this mighty Sun, in his far distant track,  
How very warm he makes a Small Boy's worsted back!

*M. J. H.*





WHEN MAMA 'S SICK.

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## THE WITCHY MOON.

*(Far-West Children.)*

THE Wilfers were going down to the beach to gather crabs that evening, if the moon shone out full and clear and if Dicky Wilfer and Ruby Wilfer did not have to take their violin lesson.

The violin teacher had been having the measles, but she was about well. It might be she would come and it might be she would not. But Dicky and Ruby made their plans the same as

if they knew she would not come. And, if they went, their older sister would go along, and perhaps their mother, for they loved a walk in the moonlight, and besides Mrs. Wilfer did not like to let the children go alone.

Dicky and Ruby stopped at the minister's house on the way home from school, to see if the minister's two little boys, Willy and Jack, could go with them; and their mother said they might if they finished all their chores and studied their lessons an hour after supper, first.

The chores were not very big chores, but they always had to be done, and you ought to have seen the stove-wood go into the kitchen box that evening, and how quickly the milk was brought from old Aunty Hodge's, and how promptly the chickens were fed!

Two round faces bent for an hour over the lessons. Each had twenty words of spelling to learn and a composition to write. Each tried to do his best, but it did seem as though they could not keep from thinking about the moon, and the shining sea, and the crabs.

Jack's composition was finished first. If it had not been for the crabs I am sure that it would have been a *little* better, and the teacher's eyes would not have twinkled when next day, in Jacky's sprawling letters, she read these statements:

"A Fly is a annul. So is a wurm, and a fly is not a tame annul, nether is a wurm. So thare both wild annuls but not savidge wuns. Jacky Levering Parker."

Willy's composition was soon finished, and as he was two years older than Jack, and knew of more things to write about, it was a very good one.

Then they seized their caps, and the two gunny sacks they had been sitting upon during their studies, "to have 'em ready;" and when they opened the door they saw a great yellow light that looked as if a town might be on fire, over beyond the hill with its crest of dark fir trees.

"Hurrah!" shouted Will. "There's the moon! Isn't she jolly — there she comes!" And sure enough the moon did

come up while they looked ; right up from behind the hill, big and round and yellow, and the bunches of dark firs on the hill showed against her brightness in odd shapes that looked like animals watching for her.

Their mother kissed them, and looked after them until they were out of sight. Then she went in, and turned to the sitting-room table with a smile, to gather up the books they had forgotten to put in order. "Of course," she thought, "if the violin teacher should come, Jacky and Willy will come right home. I ought to have told them that, I suppose; but then, Willy is so trustworthy, and Jacky does everything Willy wants him to." She was very proud of manly Willy.

But it was such a pity — oh, no, it was not a pity of course — but the violin teacher was so well she did come to give the lesson and Ruby and Dicky had to stay at home, and none of the family could go to gather crabs.

So the minister's little boys started away from the Wilfers to go home. It did seem so dreary to be going home — just — going — home — to go to bed, in the same old way, and not having a jolly time down in the moonlight on the beach. Why, it was as light as day — as light as day! You could see to play better, almost, than in day-time. It was a perfectly lovely evening, so still and sweet. It did you good to breathe the salt air coming up from the sea. Jacky and Willy went slowly.

When the little boys came to the street where you turned off to go down to the beach, they stopped. And Willy said, "Oh, Jacky, it's as light as day — and mother lets us go to gather crabs in day-time, sometimes." And little Jacky growled, "If that old violin teacher hadn't come, we'd be down there now."

"Let's go anyhow," said Willy. Yes, Willy said that — Willy, the boy who was trusted!

"It's such a witchy moon — isn't it!" said Jacky.

They ran down the street, past the old wharf, past the new wharf, along the wagon road, and down to the beach.

There were never, never so many crabs to gather before! The moon shone so brightly, you could see every one — all fine large ones.

Willy and Jacky gathered and gathered. It did not seem five minutes, but it was much longer, when all at once, while they were hard at work far out on the beach, Willy happened to look along a few yards from them, and saw water shining all about, where water had not been before.

It was the tide! Willy knew it was the tide, and Jacky knew it too, the minute he looked up. Coming so fast — so fast!

The little boys knew they might be drowned, but they did not stop to cry, or call for help.

Willy said, "Climb on brother's back, quick, Jacky. Brother'll get you out."

And Jacky, round sturdy Jacky, almost as heavy as Willy, climbed on "brother's back," and Willy started through the water to struggle toward the high safe shore. Once he stumbled into a hollow leading down to the sea, and it was almost filled with water, and came nearly to his chin.

It made a great choking come into his throat — thinking of his mother and his father not knowing — and the cruel water, and Jacky so heavy. Then he remembered that this was not the real depth of the water everywhere, for he had played in this hollow often, and he remembered where to find his way up into the shallower water, and went that way.

Jacky had begun to cry, but Willy said, "Hold on tight, Jacky, and don't you be scared. Brother'll get you out."

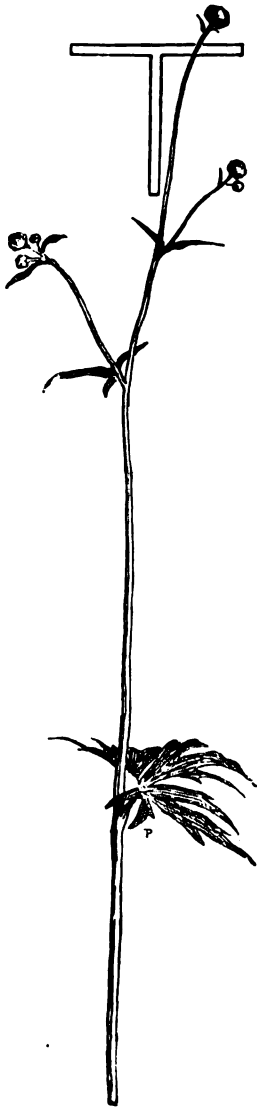
At last Willy did reach the shore; and they sat down, all dripping, and waited till he could get his breath, and his knees felt stronger. As soon as Willy gained his breath again, they got up and ran home, and when their mother saw them she cried out, "Oh, the tide, the tide! Willy, you and Jacky *did* go alone to the beach!"

And Jacky said, "Oh, Mama, you can't think! it was such a witchy moon!"

In the morning two sober little boys went into the study for a talk with Papa; and by and by two sober little boys came out of the study. And I don't think they ever again tried to blame the "witchy moon" for things!

*Lucia Chase Bell.*

## A REBEL BUTTERCUP.



STUBBORN!

HERE was once upon a time a stubborn little Buttercup that would not blossom. It was vexed because one day a Bumblebee searching for honey came buzzing and bumping up against it.

"I'll stay shut!" said the Buttercup. "I'll not open. Those greedy Bumblebees shall have nothing from me! Greedy, stupid, clumsy Bumblebees!"

So day after day of sunny bright weather the Buttercup kept its petals tightly closed, and looked just like a little fist doubled up, and would not blossom. It was all in vain that the other Buttercups of the meadow told it how blue was the sky, and how swiftly the sunshine and the shadows raced over the fields together. The vexed little Buttercup would not blossom.

The Butterflies came often and fluttered around it and told it of the white clouds sailing over at noonday, of the beautiful red and yellow clouds at sunset, and of the wonderful dawn-colors of the sunrise. But the cross little Buttercup would not blossom.

Then a Northwest Wind journeyed all the way down from a mountain-top, and for two hours lectured it in a voice so high and powerful that all the other flowers bowed their heads and trembled. But the stubborn little Buttercup would not blossom.

The obstinacy of the Buttercup was becoming known all through the land, and a message about its behavior was sent up to the ancient Sun. The ancient Sun looked down on the contrary little Buttercup sternly with his great yellow eye for several days. All in vain! The saucy little

Buttercup said, "You cannot make me blossom?" The ancient Sun shot down his beams like arrows, but the Buttercup would not yield. "Shoot all you like," it said; "I'll not blossom!"

Then the cold Rain came sweeping across the field and beat upon it hour after hour, until all the other flowers drooped and shivered. But the defiant little Buttercup stood up straight and would not blossom.

A little Child and her Sister passed the Buttercup daily, and the Child saw that the buds did not open. "What will become of the poor little buds?" she inquired.

"They will dry, and grow hard and brown, and fall off," said the Sister.

"And not be blossoms at all!" sighed the Child. "Poor Buttercup!"

"No, it never will blossom," said the old Oak-tree above the plant. "I have lived a hundred years, and I never before saw a flower so stubborn."

"Let us try to persuade it," said a Dewdrop. "I think I can persuade it."

So one pleasant night the Dewdrop took its station upon a leaf of the Oak-tree just above the Buttercup. In the morning when the birds were beginning to sing and the sky to be rosy, the Dewdrop came softly down and kissed the little Buttercup. "Open your eyes, dear Buttercup," it said, "and look at me. I am sad that you do not blossom." And at the kiss of the Dewdrop, the sorry little Buttercup opened its golden petals and blossomed.

*A. M. Tirrell.*



PERSUADED !



"AND ALL DAY LONG . . . .  
NELL'S BLUE EYES WANDERED THERE."

## THE "FAR AWAY."

### I.

THE hills Nell saw across the lake  
All looked so green and still,  
And like a fairy palace grand,  
The vine-embowered old mill;  
The daisies were ten times more white  
Than those which round her grew,  
And there were lovely wild harebells —  
Oh, such a patch of blue!

### II.

The buttercups all shone with gold,  
Such grass was never seen —  
The dappled cow looked glorified  
That nibbled in its green;

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And, oh, the songs the strange birds sang  
Within those waving trees!  
They sent their joyous notes to her  
By every wandering breeze.

## III.

And all day long, with longings deep,  
Nell's blue eyes wandered there,  
Until one day she really went  
To see their wonders rare.  
But, strange to say, the hills that looked  
So radiant from afar  
Were just what any summer hills  
Steeped in the sunshine are;

## IV.

The daisies like her own at home;  
And the great patch of blue  
Was only pretty blue-eyed grass  
As common as the dew;  
The fairy palace, oh, dismay!  
Was crumbling and forlorn;  
The cow, that looked so beautiful,  
Like Crummie with one horn;

## V.

The birds were her old robins, too,  
Singing in joyous peals;  
The same light larks and bobolinks  
Spun the same silver reels.  
"From here," said Nell, "my hill's as bright  
As these are, any day!  
'Twas not the place that looked so sweet—  
'Twas just the 'far-away'!"

*Susan Hartley.*



## LONG TOM, AND HOW THEY GOT HIM.

### CHAPTER XI.—A "TRULY" BEAR.

WHILE Bee and Pinky Jones were driving over to Pumbleberry's Pond the Pekoe Guards were preparing for action. That is, they were preparing to take possession of Long Tom, the gun that they had bought and paid for.

The Guards were not as yet allowed to carry arms. Some of the members owned air-guns, but their fathers and mothers had forbidden them to carry them to Tinkertown to get the gun. The Tinkertown boys had fathers and mothers, too, so there was not even an air-gun among them. And most of the Tinkertown boys were what Captain Billy Boy called upon the Pekoe Guards to remember that *they* were—"gentlemen as well as soldiers." There were some large boys among them but they, as well as the Tatwick boys, meant to "see fair play."

Although Danny Frazar had thought by the noise they made that there were "an awful lot" of the Tinkertown boys, there were really fewer than of the Guards.

They didn't think it would take a great many Tinkertown boys to keep those Pekoes from carrying off their gun. They didn't mean to hurt the little fellows, either. So the Tinkertown boys said.

"We must keep together as much as we can," said Captain Billy Boy. He quite forgot to use military terms, he was so excited; but he carried himself with a martial air as he led his men into the dark woods.

The shouts all came from one direction. Evidently the Tinkertown boys were keeping themselves together, too.

The Guards came suddenly into an opening in the woods where there was a pile of huge logs that had been cut down to be used as timber for vessels. The Tinkertown boys had made the logs into a kind of fort and they were all mounted upon it. Something black, like the muzzle of a gun, showed under a heap of boughs on the top of the fort.

The Pekoe Guards had not expected to charge a fort, but every boy was ready to do it at a word from the Captain.



THE TINKERTOWN BOYS HAD MADE THE LOGS INTO A KIND OF FORT.

But the Captain hesitated. Aunt Kate's husband had told him that a good Captain was careful of his men. He had said that courage was a good thing in a soldier but recklessness was a very bad thing.

And it is certainly true that whether you are a soldier or only a common boy with sense you want to know where you are going before you go ahead.

What Captain Billy Boy wished particularly to know was whether there were stones, or shot, or anything of that kind in that fort.

He said as much to Willie Johnson who had gone nearer to the fort than the Guards, in his desire to find out just what there was there. Willie always wanted to find out things, and understand things.

"It may be that the gun isn't there at all!" said Willie. "It looks to me like the end of an old stove-pipe sticking out up on top!"

"It would be just like those fellows to have a make-believe gun there! It would be just like their make-believe bear!" said Captain Billy Boy. And he thought, more than ever, that Willie Johnson had "a great head."

Just how the attack would have begun will never be known; for at that moment there was a shrill barking heard in the distance and a huge shaggy beast came rushing out from the depths of the woods followed by little Flip Fay. Flip never minded that things were bigger than he was, as his master boasted, and he hadn't been in the least daunted by his first sight of a real bear. The great beast seemed about to charge upon the fort from behind, and with wild screams the Tinkertown boys leaped from it and ran!

It must be owned that the Pekoe Guards ran just as fast. Perhaps it is not at all to their discredit that they did. Willie Johnson said that it was only sensible to get out of the way of a bear.

Ralph Fay ran but a little way and then he came back and whistled to Flip. It seemed likely that the great bear might, at any moment, turn upon the little dog. And Ralph felt that

he would almost as soon the bear would eat him as to eat Flip.

The bear had dashed on, then, finding himself near the highway, had turned and made again for the deep woods. Flip came back at his master's whistle. His tail drooped between his legs and his whole small body quivered. It looked a little as if the bear *had* turned upon him.

One by one heads began to peep from behind trees that surrounded the little clearing where the Tinkertown boys had built the fort.

Captain Billy Boy came out among the first.

Iky Proudfoot looked out, pale and gasping for breath, from behind a great oak tree.

"You fellows didn't make *him*, did you?" he said in a half whisper, as if a loud tone might bring the bear back. "And *we* didn't! There's no make-believe about him! I thought it was only a joke about there being a bear in these woods! I was a fine bear, myself, with my Aunt Theodora's bear-skin rug on. We should have scared you little Pekoes almost to death if I had not got careless and gone after some of that lemonade! It makes you hot and tired to wear a bear-skin rug."

Captain Billy Boy scarcely listened to Iky. Willie Johnson had just said to him, "Did you notice that the bear ran lame?" Billy Boy was thinking of that. And suddenly he started and ran as fast as he could go into the deep woods where the bear had gone!

"Let Flip come with me! I am going to find that bear!" he shouted.

Some of the Guards mounted the fort, of which the Tinkertown boys seemed in no hurry to take possession. Lieutenant Danny Frazar rattled down an old piece of stove-pipe from the fort. "Is it what you call fair play to try to make us fight for an old piece of stove-pipe?" he cried. "Where is the gun? Where is Long Tom?"















"Where the Pekoe Guards can't get it!" answered the Tinkertown boys in chorus.























*(To be concluded.)*

*Sophie Swett.*

## THE LITTLE OWLS AT RED GATES.



was swinging on the gate with  
 talking about the . They were  
 small, and the was strong, so didn't  
 say they mustn't. "I'd have liked to go up  
 in that fire- " said Dicky. "I'd rather go up  
 on a  !" said Doffy "Hark!" cried Dicky;  
 "What's Bose barking at, in the barn?" and  
 away they ran to see.  was standing in  
 the barn-floor, barking up at the  and   
 sat near, looking up too, his  pricked up,  
 his  shining. "There's something there!  
 Bobs, come in here!" Dicky shouted. Up  
 the  went Bobs, and Mouser too!   
 might not have found the right place, but  
 did, so quickly that Bobs was but just  
 in time to save a soft, beautiful  of   
 from his sharp . "Hello!" said Bobs, "it's  
 our friend, the little ." Down he came,

 behind him, mewing, and trying hard to get at poor little . "Dicky," called Bobs, "run in and bring that big  down from the attic." Dicky brought the cage, and they put Owlet into it.  said they might keep her awhile to look at. Poor little sullen ! She wouldn't eat, wouldn't stand up, wouldn't even open her eyes! When  offered her a nice round  she was mad to think they thought she was a ! But when the Dilters were in  and the    were out,  opened her eyes wide, and stood up to look about the room. She saw nothing but   a  and a . She heard a clock ticking, through the long night, and wondered if that was another  shut up in a . Oh, Owlet was a happy little  when they let her out, early next morning, and she said to herself that never again would she go near a  or a !

## MORE GOOD TIMES AT GRANDMOTHER'S.

*(When I was a Little Girl.)*

I have only told you about outdoors at my Grandmother's, but there were good times indoors too. My sister and I had all my Aunt's old dolls to play with; they were mostly rag babies, with very funny clothes, and we were fond of them. But best of all we liked the doll we made from dressing up the wooden bed-wrench. This wrench was used to tighten the cords in the old-fashioned bedsteads in Grandmother's house. It was quite like a very stiff doll in shape, and so big that we could dress it in real baby-clothes which had been my Father's — there was even a little muslin cap which he had worn.

My sister and I liked to look at the old samplers that Grandmother had made when she was a little girl. Oh, such fine little stitches, and such funny men and women as tall as the houses they stood by, and roses and apples and pears as big as the people, doves and other birds kissing each other!

There were verses on the samplers too, which Grandmother said would be well for us to learn and heed. They were such as these:

“Cato doth say, to old and to young,  
The first step to virtue is bridle the tongue.”

“Good manners, grace and truth,  
Are ornaments for youth.”

I remember that I started to make a sampler for myself but never got very far; I was trying to copy one of the old samplers, but when I was a little girl I did not like to sit still long enough to do such a piece of work as making a first-class sampler would have been.

'Siah did not find as much to play with in the house as we did, but he could always amuse himself with the old Queen Ann musket which Great-grandfather had carried in the Revolution, and the carved powder-horns which were as old. Sometimes Grandfather would let him cut wads, or run bullets in a mould; but he spilled so much lead about that Grandmother

did not favor this last amusement, though 'Siah just loved to do it, even though he often burnt himself quite badly with the melted lead.

We always liked to stay at Grandmother's for dinner or tea. There was an especial white mug with "To a good girl," on it, that I had to drink out of. I remember the big puffy twisted doughnuts that I watched Grandmother fry, and the cheese full



OFTEN WE CLIMBED UPON A FENCE AND ATE AWAY AT OUR CAKE.

of green streaks, sage cheese, that she made herself — the sage grew in her own garden.

Sometimes to our great joy, Grandmother would fry a lot of griddle-cakes, each one almost as big as a dinner plate. She would pile them all up together, a big high pile it was, and put butter, sugar and a little grating of nutmeg between every two, and the same on top; then the whole plateful was cut down in sections, like a pie, and I never ate anything when I was a little girl that I liked so much as Grandmother's griddle-cakes.



One nice cool morning 'Siah and I thought we would walk down to Grandmother's, so after breakfast we started off. I remember we were given half a loaf of sponge cake apiece for a lunch to eat on the way.

The walk seemed pretty long, and we often sat down to rest — often we climbed up on a fence and sat there, and ate away at our cake. We had never had so much before, but then we had never walked so far before! When I was a little girl I think I must have had a great appetite, for I remember being offered a large piece of sponge cake as an inducement if I would go to the dentist and have a bad tooth taken out; I marched off all alone without a word, and was soon home again eating my sponge cake, which was a great treat to have between meals.

Well, 'Siah and I walked and walked, and at last we left the road and struck across the fields to get there sooner. Part of this way was a little swampy but we didn't mind. We hunted around for deserted birds' nests, and in one low bush, half concealed by some hanging green moss, we found the dearest little nest you can imagine—all made of moss like a little moss pocket.

Grandmother was greatly surprised to see us, and thought we were pretty smart children. Father came after us in the afternoon.

My Father used to go down to Grandmother's in summer to make hay, and he always took some of us with him. How we rattled along in the empty cart—for old Sorrel was sometimes very gay, and what fun we had coming back all snuggled down in the hay!

One day it was late — nearly dark when going through the woods—and Father and 'Siah and I were coming home on a big load, and 'Siah and I were trying to scare each other by pretending we could see elephants in the dark road, and that wild animals were coming out of the woods for us, when suddenly old Sorrel gave a jump and then we both were really quite frightened.

Old Sorrel jumped up and down and up and down, and seemed wild and frisky; but as he could not do much running

with a heavy load he soon quieted down again, and 'Siah and I returned to our stories, and when we heard the skunks crying in the woods we made believe that they were lions roaring.

When we got home Father found the little barrel of cider he was taking home for Mother's mince pies was gone. He had placed it in the front of the cart, and no doubt it was that when it rolled out that had made old Sorrel jump. It was never heard of again.

Another time when we had been to Grandmother's for hay, 'Siah had coughed so hard that Grandmother had made him take some of her home-made cough syrup. On the way 'Siah grew redder and redder, and Father and I were anxious. We did not know but what he had been poisoned by some weed in the hay. Just before we got home we met the Doctor and Father said, "What does make that boy's face look so?" The Doctor looked up at 'Siah peeping out of the load of hay all so funny and red.

"Why he's got the measles," he said.

I made much fun of 'Siah because he looked so homely; and pretty soon I had the measles too and looked even worse, and then 'Siah laughed at me.

*Elizabeth Robinson.*

## RIDDLE-RHYMES.

### XVIII.

THE *first* is in hat, yet not in hood;  
 The *second* in evil, but not in good;  
 The *third* is in height, though not in space;  
 The *fourth* is in mouth, yet not in face;  
 And the *fifth* is in you, but not in me:  
 Now what do you think the five can be?  
 I'll tell you — that each is sign of a sound  
 That is sweet or mellow or ringing or round.

*C. S. P.*

## THE LOVABLE TALES OF JANEY AND JOSEY AND JOE.

### X.—GRANDPA'S SECRET.

AND one morning the door-bell rang, and Janey and Josey and Joe all started to run and open the door. And their mother said, "My goodness me, children! don't *all* go at once to open the door when the door-bell rings!"

And Josey said, "It is my turn, Mama!"

And Joe said, "It is *my* turn, Mama!"

And dear little Janey said, "No, it is *my* turn."

And Mama laughed and said, "My goodness me, there isn't time to settle it now! Janey may go because she is the baby."

And Janey laughed and said, "When Mama is excited she always says 'My goodness me!'"

And dear little Janey ran out into the hall and opened the big hall door, and the next minute Joe heard her scream, and Josey heard her scream, "Oh goody, oh Grandpa!"

And Josey and Joe ran out into the hall and there was their very tall handsome Grandpa with their little Janey in his arms, and he was saying, "Grandpa has come on a wonderful errand, and to bring someone a *great* surprise."

And then he kissed Josey and Joe, and they all went into the parlor, where Mama was waiting.

And Grandpa laughed and said, "Oh, here is *my* baby girl! All you other children run away. This is *my* little girl." And he sat down in a big armchair, and took their pretty Mama on his lap, and he kissed her a great many times.

But Janey and Josey and Joe did not run away, oh, no; and dear little Janey said, "What did you bring me, Grandpa? Grandpa, what did you bring me?"

And Grandpa said, "Well, last night I stayed up at Aunt Susan Mehetible's splendid home, and she talked a great deal about a little brown-eyed girl that she loves, a little girl with brown curls, and the sweetest smile in the world. And I said to Aunt Susan Mehetible dear, 'I'm afraid you are all spoiling that little girl you are talking so much about.'

"And Aunt Susan Mehetible said, 'You cannot spoil that darling one. She has the best little heart in the world. I must give her a little white pony. I *do* love her so dearly!'"

And Janey danced all around the room and cried, "Oh goody, a pony for me! Oh goody, goody, gander!" (She was *so* excited and pleased.)

And Grandpa laughed and said, "But I said, 'Now Aunt Susan, I think you ought to give that little pony to Joe. It seems to me a *boy* should have that pony.'"

Janey stopped dancing. Her pretty brown eyes looked first at Grandpa and then at Joe, sitting on the arm of the chair.

"Yes, yes, give the pony to Joe. I want dear little Joe to have the pony," she said.

And Mama smiled at her dear Janey, and said, "Janey is *not* a selfish girl. She has the best little heart in the world."

And Grandpa said, "Well, Joe's pony is out by the gate, and I must say good-by. I promised Aunt Susan Mehetible dear, that I would come back and take dinner with her."

And they all went out to the gate and there was Joe's little white pony.

And Janey sat on the gate-post and watched Joe gallop away down the beautiful road. And she clapped her hands and said, "Oh, isn't Joe a handsome boy, Mama?"

And Josey sat on the other gate-post and said, "What will Aunt Mehetible say when she hears that Grandpa gave the pony to Joe, and not to her dear little Janey?"

And Grandpa rode away to Aunt Susan Mehetible's splendid house, and said, "Janey is a sweet little girl, but we must not spoil her. I gave that little white pony to Joe."

And Aunt Susan said, "Oh, that *precious* child! I shall give her a little brown pony. She *shall* have a pony."

And Grandpa laughed and said, "Josey is older than Janey. I think you should give *her* the little brown pony."

And then Aunt Susan Mehetible dear was *almost* cross. She said to Grandpa, "You may give Josey a pony yourself!"

And Grandpa laughed, "Ha! ha! Now please do not be cross, Aunt Susan Mehetible dear. You give the little brown

pony to Josey, and see what our sweet little Janey will say."

And Aunt Susan Mehetible laughed and shook her finger at Grandpa, and said, "I believe *you* want to give Janey a pony yourself!"

And Grandpa laughed and said, "Yes, to tell the truth I do. I have a splendid black pony in my stable right now, and a bright red saddle, that I hope to give to a dear little girl I love."



AWAY DOWN THE BEAUTIFUL ROAD.

And Aunt Susan Mehetible said, "Oh, you dear! I will give the brown pony to Josey and see what Janey will say."

And the very next day Aunt Susan Mehetible dear sent the little brown pony to Josey, with this sweet little note:

"Here is a little brown pony for Josey dear. And now she can ride up and down the beautiful road with brother Joe."

(Not a word did she say about Janey!)

And Janey sat on the gate-post, and watched Josey and Joe

ride away, down the beautiful road, and clapped her hands.

"Every one always gives me beautiful presents," she thought. "I *guess* I'm glad they forgot how very much I wanted a pony! I don't want to be selfish, do I?"

Janey looked up and spoke aloud, to a robin that sat on the limb of a tree, just over her head. "*Do* I want to be selfish, robin?"

And Mr. Robin said the "cheep, cheer! cheep, cheer!" which meant, "No, no little dear, you do *not* want to be selfish."

And just at that minute way, way down the beautiful road Janey saw someone coming.

And she watched the someone come nearer and nearer, and then she knew that it was Grandpa riding his big black horse. But what was he leading? It looked like a little colt!

Janey stood right up on the big iron gate-post and waved her hat and called, "Hello, Grandpa! hello! I see you coming way, way down the road!"

And Grandpa shouted, "Hello, precious one! hello! Do you see what I am leading, Janey?"

And Janey called, "I guess it is a little colt, Grandpa."

And Grandpa laughed, and called, "Well, I never knew a colt to wear a bright red saddle before!"

And Janey held her breath for an instant—she was so surprised, and excited and pleased. "Oh, Grandpa, I believe it is a pony for me!" she called. "Oh, Grandpa is it? Is it?"

And Grandpa came nearer and nearer, leading the little pony. And when he came up to the gate he took little Janey into his arms and said, "Yes, you darling, this pony is for you. Now ride away and find Josey and Joe and surprise them!"

And Janey was not one bit afraid. She rode away down the beautiful road all alone on her little black pony.

And when Joe saw her coming he said, "We knew the secret! We knew that Grandpa had a pony for you."

And Josey said, "Yes Janey, we knew, we knew!"

And every day these three dear children rode their three little ponies way, way down the beautiful road.

*Gertrude Smith.*



THE WAY SHE KEPT STILL.

## LITTLE DOROTHY.

**T**HIS is not a whirligee;  
Only little Dorothy  
Keeping, while I paint, you see,  
"Very, very still" for me!

*E. S. T.*

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Amy E. Johnson.

HALLOWE'EN APPLES.

(See page 362.) ]

# LITTLE FOLKS


VOL. IV.

OCTOBER, 1901.

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## TWO DOGS THAT LAUGHED.

(*Far-West Children.*)

JOHNNY'S chicken it was that big dog Rex laughed at — Johnny's little feeble-minded chicken that one of the neighbors had given him for helping her pick currants.

There were no other chickens for Johnny's chicken to go with after he brought it home. They were living — that is, Johnny and the rest of the family — in a summer cottage high up in the mountains just for two or three months, and his mother did not think of such a thing as keeping hens.

Johnny found an old packing-box and placed it in a shady spot under the trees, and after he had made a perch he put the chicken in, with some meal-dough and water.

The chicken did not seem very lively. When Johnny came up home from playing with the neighbor's children it was noon, and the chicken was standing just where he had left it. At night it sat in the box and did not try to fly up to its perch.

Johnny explained that Mrs. Baker had told him she thought it was a feeble-minded chicken, but that he might have it, and if he gave it extra care maybe it would amount to something.

After a few days the chicken ventured out of the box and wandered a few feet away, feebly picking at things in the grass. Sometimes it would stand still anywhere it happened to be, looking as if it felt lost, until somebody came along and gently carried it back to its box.

Once or twice Johnny picketed it out, in the morning, before he went away to play. He tied one end of a string to its leg

and the other end to a little stake which he drove in the ground, in a nice cool grassy place, where it could reach the clear water dripping down from the spring.

By and by, sometimes, the chicken began to take longer walks; it even came up to the cottage porch a few times. But it did not seem to grow any, and it still had a way of stopping to think, right in the middle of the path.

Rex had not taken the least notice of the chicken in all this time, except to look at it now and then as if he were idly wondering what it could be doing there, and what it might be good for anyway. And that was the reason why everybody was so surprised when one evening, as Rex and the rest of the family were out together under the trees in the moonlight, the big dog suddenly made up his mind to have a frolic with the little feeble-minded chicken.

For, just think! It was out there, wandering around in the moonlight, when any chicken but a feeble-minded chicken would have been asleep on its perch.

All at once, Rex began chasing that wee foolish chicken around and around! He went in great bounds, waving his plummy tail. He chased it in large circles, down the drive, around the big rose-bed, up the path to the maple-tree, and back to the trees where the chairs and the people were.

Rex did not once touch the chicken. Whenever he found himself coming too near he would bring himself to a sudden stop, with his forelegs stiff, his glossy tail waving, his eyes sparkling, and his big red mouth curved up into as human a laugh as you could imagine, a laugh brimful of whimsical fun, as he gazed at the chicken.

He was ready to repeat the performance; but Johnny came to the rescue and put the chicken safely to bed in its box.

When they had all exclaimed in wonder at Rex's human laugh, the little school-teacher, who was visiting there, said that once when her family lived in Kentucky they had a big dog like Rex, named Hugo; and they were sitting out on the porch one warm day, and the dog was lying on the gravel walk near the porch steps, thinking his own thoughts, when a little baby blue-jay fell

out of its nest in a tree, right down upon the dog's great paws.

The parent birds in the tree were terribly frightened, screaming and making a great ado. And when Hugo gave the baby bird a soft toss, and caught it again upon his paws, the birds screamed more wildly than ever, up in the tree. And Hugo looked up at the birds and laughed—as plain a laugh as a boy could laugh!

He tossed the bird again, without hurting it in the least;



REX BROUGHT HIMSELF TO A SUDDEN STOP.

again the poor birds fluttered and cried in the tree, and again Hugo laughed, looking up at them with sparkling eyes. Then the little school-teacher's mother gently took the bird away from Hugo and put it up into the nest.

When Johnny came back to the circle under the trees, he said, "I don't see what there was for Rex to laugh at!"

"I think he laughed because the chicken looked so ridiculous," said Katy.

"I think he laughed because it was so foolish for such a big

dog to be chasing 'round after a little bit of a feeble-minded chicken!" said Josey.

"I think he laughed because the chicken thought he was going to hurt it, when he wasn't," said Uncle Toby, "just as Hugo laughed at the jays."

"And that's a mean kind of teasing," said Johnny, "only Rex and Hugo don't know any better."

Anyway—the dogs *laughed*; everybody was sure of that.

Rex never noticed the chicken again. It died, one day, a peaceful natural death, and Johnny buried it under a wild-rose bush.

*Lucia Chase Bell.*

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## HALLOWE'EN APPLES.

*(See Frontispiece.)*

THE evening of October thirty-first Ted Lawrence, nine years old, jumped out of the sleigh at the kitchen-door of his Uncle Sandy's farmhouse where he was to visit until New Year's.

There, in the middle of the floor, stood a large tub filled with water, and bobbing about on the top of the water were apples small and big. A company of little boys and girls were in the room laughing and talking and cracking nuts, as they always did at Uncle Sandy's on Hallowe'en.

Uncle Sandy was a Scotchman, and he loved to keep alive the customs of bonnie Scotland. People old and young observe a great many "days" in Scotland and England. A large number of our games and plays come from those two countries. Uncle Sandy used to think when he was a boy that the Hallowe'en fun was the jolliest of all. He loved to invite his little American neighbors to his house on that evening, and set them to bobbing for apples and popping nuts in the fire.

Ted wondered about the tub of apples. He had never seen Hallowe'en games.

"We put our hands behind us and dive for the apples with our mouths," explained the children.

"That's easy," answered Ted.

The children shouted. "Wait till you try! When you think you've caught the apple, then the fun begins!"

The children readily picked up with their teeth the apples with stems. When it came to picking up the apples without stems, it was different.

Sally Lenox made a dive for a red-cheeked beauty. As she touched the apple, away it darted down under the water and came up again on the other side of the tub. Over and over she tried, and didn't get it. At last, with her face all dripping, she gave it up.

Then it came Lena Child's turn. But Lena could not get it either.

Nellie Pray opened her little red mouth and sucked up a tiny apple into it.

But nobody else caught one without a stem. Charlie Brown tried it until his hair and his waist-front was "sopping wet" but he couldn't do it.

The red apple still floated on the water when it came Ted's turn. He knelt down and looked hard at the apple; then he took a long breath, shut his eyes, and dived. He would show the country children how to do it.

"Is it easy?" shouted the children.

As he touched it, the apple shot down, and down, and away, with Ted always close after it. Twice there was Ted's black hair all under water, and his face all out of sight! Then he came up spluttering and choking and laughing!

But once the apple went to the bottom of the tub, and Ted plunged, and sharp into it snapped his white teeth, and up came his head with the apple in his mouth!

What a shout from Uncle Sandy! And how the children clapped!

The Hallowe'en games have been played hundreds of years. Nobody knows when they began, or who started them!

*Frances Campbell Sparhawk.*



DON'T TRY TO WAG YOUR TAIL!

### SNIP'S PICTURE.

"**N**OW, Snip, keep still, and stand up straight,  
And be quite pleasant-lookin'!  
Don't try to bark, or wag your tail,  
Till you get your picture tookin'!"

*A. T. Criss.*

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## ELIZABETH MATILDA'S HIDING-PLACE.

THIS is the story of a little girl who lived out in the west a good many years ago. Her name was Elizabeth Matilda Mason and she was the only little girl in the county in which she lived. Her little brothers, one younger and two older than herself, were the only playmates Elizabeth Matilda had. The Masons had come from Michigan to their present home in a covered wagon drawn by four oxen. It had been a long and wearisome journey of many weeks and they were all glad when they reached their new home, which consisted at first of nothing but a great tract of land that Elizabeth's father had "taken up," as the early settlers called it.

The Masons had to live in the wagon, and in the open air while Mr. Mason was putting up a little log house of but one room with a loft overhead, in which loft the children were to sleep.

The nearest neighbor lived across a wide river five miles away, and there were not more than five or six white families in the county, at this time. There were a great many Indians, but no one felt very much afraid of them. They were the very idlest and most useless of Indians, without spirit enough to make trouble for the settlers. They were not at all honest, and even their chiefs would come around begging. If they got a chance they would pick up anything that they could lay their hands on and carry it away with them. They were never at all quarrelsome however, excepting when they had been drinking a good deal of whiskey.

Elizabeth Matilda was a very pretty little girl with the most beautiful golden hair that hung in shining ringlets to her waist. This golden hair of Elizabeth's was much admired by the Indians who used to come to the Mason homestead. The old squaws would run their fingers through it if they could, and grunt out expressions of approval and admiration.

It was very unwise of the older brothers of Elizabeth to say such things, but they told Elizabeth that if she did not look out the Indians would cut off her hair some day if they got a chance.



Mrs. Mason spoke quite sharply to the boys for teasing their sister in this way, and she told Elizabeth not to pay any attention to what her brothers said.

But the little girl had always been afraid of the Indians and now she was more than ever afraid of them. Sometimes she would run and hide when she saw them coming toward the house. She had heard about their scalping people in the time of Indian wars, and she could not rid herself of a haunting fear that her scalp was in danger.

One day when the Masons had been a number of months in their new home Mr. and Mrs. Mason went to the nearest town, ten miles distant, for supplies. They took Elizabeth's younger brother with them and left Elizabeth and the two older boys at home to "see to things."

At about five o'clock in the afternoon the boys had to go to a pasture about a mile from the house to get the cows. Elizabeth wanted to go with them, but it looked so much like rain that her brothers told her that it would be better for her to stay at home.

The boys had been gone but a few minutes and Elizabeth Matilda was in the yard feeding some little chicks when she chanced to look out across the plain and saw seven or eight Indians riding swiftly toward the house.

It is not exaggerating at all to say that Elizabeth was scared "almost to death." She had never been so scared before in all her life. She thought that her pretty golden hair would go this time, and she was afraid that she would be carried away and kept a captive for many years.

Elizabeth Matilda looked for some place to hide. There was a smokehouse in the yard and the little girl ran toward this building too frightened to make any outcry. There was a large barrel with a cover over it in the darkest corner of the smokehouse and Elizabeth ran toward this barrel. She did not know that while she and her little brother had been at play down by the river that morning a man had come along selling newly-made sorghum molasses, and that her father had bought twenty gallons of it and put it in the barrel in the smokehouse.

Sugar was so scarce and so expensive in the west at that time that most of the settlers used molasses for sweetening. Some of them used molasses in their tea and coffee, but Mr. Mason was able to buy sugar for this purpose.

Elizabeth lifted the cover from the barrel and climbed into it. Down she went quite up to her waist in cold clammy sticky sorghum molasses! She had to even sit right down in it in order to draw the barrel cover on over her head. She was too frightened to think much about her funny situation, and she was still more frightened when she heard the Indians coming into the smokehouse. One of them walked right up to the barrel and lifted the cover.

"Ugh!" he said, and Elizabeth screamed — oh, how she did scream! She sank down as far as she could into the molasses and screamed until all of the Indians had gathered around the barrel. One old squaw with a pappoose on her back laid her hand kindly on Elizabeth Matilda's head and spoke as gently as an old squaw with a guttural voice could speak:

"No be scared. No hurt little white pappoose. No cry, no cry."

Then she put her hands under Elizabeth's arms and lifted her out of the barrel. And wasn't she a sight! Indians do not often laugh, but those Indians grinned and laughed at Elizabeth Matilda until she was quite sure they intended her no harm. Her shoes were full of molasses and it was dripping from her skirts. There were pools of it all around her. The ends of her long and loose hair were full of it and she had plunged her arms in it up to her elbows. Elizabeth Matilda was really "a sight to behold!"

The old squaw led the little girl to a barrel of rainwater under the eaves of the house, and was kindly but vainly trying to wash the molasses from her hair when her father and mother appeared on the scene. Mr. Mason was a very jolly man and he laughed until the tears ran down his cheeks at the comical sight his little daughter presented.

The Indians fell to laughing again, and finally even Elizabeth began to laugh. From that day she had no fear of the Indians.

Mr. Mason told them that if they wanted the molasses in which Elizabeth had hidden that they could have it, and they made haste to pour it into the tin cups and pans and skillets and jugs they had with them. Then they rode away and none of that party were ever seen again by the Mason family.

*J. L. Harbour,*



WHEN PAPA COMES!

## THE SUNSHINE TREE.

O H say, have you seen the sunshine-tree  
That glows in the morning light?  
Its leaves are of bright and shining gold —  
'Tis a wonderful sight!

It stands on the edge of the dark green wood,  
Where pine trees are murmuring —  
Oh, proudly it stands in its golden robes  
Like a mighty king.

Would you view this royal forest tree?  
Then haste there at once with me,  
For autumn winds will soon tear the leaves  
From my walnut-tree.

*Laura Frost Armitage.*

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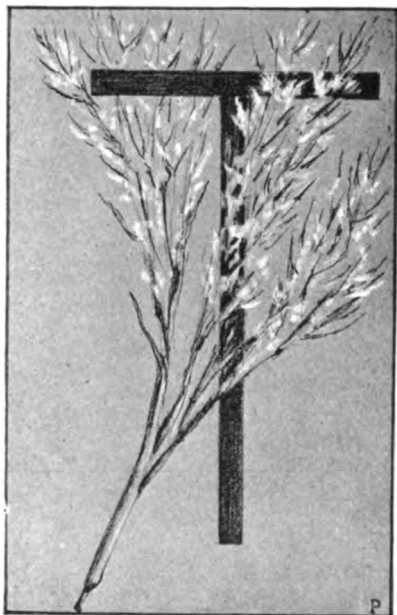
## IN THE PARK.

T HE children and the frisky squirrels  
Go hopping all about;  
They think it fun to catch the nuts,  
They chip and chirr and shout!  
They think it fun to dart and frisk,  
They laugh and call and bark,  
They scuff and rustle through the leaves;  
'Tis merry in the park!  
The children like to chase a squirrel  
When he has caught a nut,  
And scare him so he drops it quick,  
And hear him scold, "Chut! chut!"  
And just the same the squirrels think  
'Tis fun to run, in view  
Of all the children, up a tree,  
And know they can't come too!

*M. J. H.*

## IN THE SEDGE-FIELDS.

(*Two Little Southern Girls and their Garden-Plays.*)



WAS long ago, long time ago, it used to seem to us that we lived in a gilt-edged world. Because when we little girls looked out of *this* door we saw a great gold-topped hill. And we said, "What is that?"

And the grown-up folks said, "That is sedge growing on the hill-top."

And when we stood at *that* door and looked out, we saw the sunlight fall on another hill all gilded like the other. And we said, "What is that?"

And the grown-up folks said, "That is wild broom-sedge growing on the hill-side."

And when we little girls saw more and more slopes yellow, yellow, yellow, we said, "Take us up where the gold sedge grows!"

And the grown-up people said, "Some day."

And one day Somebody said, "To-day is some day!"

So we set out for the yellow fields.

And we asked the Somebody, "What are the sedges good for?"

And the Somebody said, "Good for nothing!"

We little girls would have walked on and on and on, and never have known we had reached the gold-field if the Somebody had not stopped short and sat down in the tall stiff stuff with feathery heads and cried, "Stop! Stop! Stop! Don't you know that you are away into the gold sedge-field!" And the Somebody sat and laughed at us.

And we two little girls were disappointed that the fields of

gold were just stiff clumps of rough dry grass, good for nothing.

Then the Somebody said, "Run and bring me stiff smooth stalks of sedge and I will make you jack-straws and teach you how to play a game."

So we ran and had the most fun choosing and gathering the stiff smooth stalks!

Then we took them to the Somebody and she counted.

And when the Somebody had one hundred and two nice straws she cut one hundred of them the same length, and the length was five inches.

Then she cut the other two stalks each one seven inches long. And she ran a pin through the end of one straw and bent the pin up like a hook, and ran a pin through the other straw and bent that pin's point up too, like a hook. Then she gathered all the one hundred straws in one hand, and held them with the hand closed over them about eighteen inches above the ground. And then she counted, "One! Two! Three!" and dropped them in a minute—all at once! They fell in a loose heap, helter skelter, every way!

Then the Somebody began to teach the game.

"Sit one on each side of the heap!

"Now each one take one of the straws with the bent pin-hook! Hold the straw handle carefully, and with the hook lift off just one straw!

"Then another!

"Then another!

"If you touch any straw with the hook but the one you lift off you are out, and the other one plays, and gets just as many as she can!

"The one who gets the most wins!"

We liked to play, and we carried our jackstraws and hooks home, and we had the most fun sitting just inside the door-sill, dropping the straws on the floor in a heap, and lifting them up, oh, so carefully, one by one.

And we were *so* pleased that the gold broom-sedge was good for something!

*Martha Young*



A HAPPY LITTLE BOY.

## FOUR YEARS OLD.

OH, I'm a happy little boy,  
 The jolliest one alive,  
 Because today I'm four years old —  
 Yes, four, an' goin' on five!

I can roll hoop, an' spin a top,  
 An' jump, an' swim, an' dive,  
 An' fly a kite, an' lots more, 'cause  
 I'm four, an' goin' on five!

I have a goat an' wagon, an'  
 You ought to see me drive!  
 Oh, pretty soon I'll be a man!  
 I'm four, an' goin' on five!

My papa thinks I'll learn a lot  
 If every day I strive;  
 An', oh, I will — a boy jus' mus'  
 That's four, an' goin' on five!

*F. A. Brock.*

## LONG TOM, AND HOW THEY GOT HIM.

### CHAPTER XII. — IN THE HIGHWAY.

THE Pekoe Guards had enlisted to fight for their country but not to fight bears! That was what Peter Plummer said, and those who followed Captain Billy Boy down into the deep woods where the bear had gone did not go any farther after Flip's barking suddenly ceased.

The silence frightened them. It seemed as if the bear had eaten both Billy Boy and Flip!

Ralph Fay had not wanted Flip to go. His heart had been torn between his love for his dog and his love and loyalty to his Captain.

But Flip had chosen for himself!

Although he had come back from following the bear with his tail between his legs and every sign of fear, yet he had not had enough of the bear! He had gone bounding into the woods after Billy Boy, and after loud and frantic barking had come this utter silence.

Ralph would have burst into tears if he had not been a member of the Guards. But with those boys looking on that would never do! His eyes felt hot and smarting and his lips quivered, but he walked straight towards the deeper woods in which Captain Billy Boy and Flip had been swallowed up.

"The Guards will all go on! Form into line! Forward! March!" cried Lieutenant Danny Frazar.

The Guards hung back. They had come so far into the woods, one by one, those who had the stoutest hearts being ahead. Danny Frazar never had had a chance to take command before. They whispered to each other that that was what made him so brave.

But Ralph Fay was going, anyway. It never would do to allow the youngest member of the Guards to go alone! So they plunged on, into the deep woods, keeping in line as well as they could. But there was no dog's barking now to tell them where to go.

On and on they went but there was no Billy Boy, and no dog,



and no bear! They grew braver and separated and searched until, suddenly, they heard a great shouting from the highway.

They hurried out of the woods. Danny Frazar had forgotten that he was Lieutenant. When you began to think that the bear might spring upon you at any time you forgot such things as that. Willie Johnson was ahead. Willie remembered the story that there was a tame bear in those woods. But the Guards all thought that if a tame bear had been there since a year ago last circus time, he must be a pretty savage bear by now!

How people were shouting in the road! The Guards ran and scrambled out of the woods, and in the highway they saw a very queer sight!

An old gun-carriage, that had been ever since the oldest grandfather in town could remember, in the Tinkertown gun-house, and on it was Long Tom! Farmer Pumbleberry's yoke of oxen were drawing it; Orlando was sitting on the carriage, and Mr. Pumbleberry was driving. The donkey-carriage was drawn up beside it with Bee Brown and Pinky Jones.

"We've got it!" cried Pinky Jones, as the Guards came within sight and hearing. "At least Orlando got it and we helped. It was down in the swamp below Pumbleberry's Pond. Dick Pumbleberry told Orlando yesterday!"

You could hardly hear Pinky because those Tinkertown boys were making such a noise. They seemed to be threatening to seize the gun, and Farmer Pumbleberry was brandishing his ox goad.

"The Captain! The Captain! Where's the Captain of the Guards?" shouted Orlando. For of course he wished Billy Boy to know, the very first thing, that he had got the gun.

There was silence, then! Even the Tinkertown boys didn't want Captain Billy Boy lost in the woods where there was a bear!

And what did Ralph Fay care for Long Tom if Flip had been eaten by a bear?

"Captain Billy Boy? He's down in the woods and there's a bear there!" cried a Tinkertown boy. "Never mind the gun! Let's go after him!"

Never mind the gun! Never mind the marching! Never mind anything but that Billy Boy was down in the woods with a bear! Never mind whether they had been friends or foes! They all rushed together into the woods to find Billy Boy.

And Bee and Pinky cried. It would be of no use to pretend they didn't. They had been so happy about the gun, and they knew Billy Boy would be so pleased, and they were so proud to have helped — and now Billy Boy was gone!

But as the boys rushed into the woods at one end, from the other end walked Billy Boy — Billy Boy leading a great shaggy bear, with little Flip trotting along beside him as calmly as if he were in the habit of walking out with a bear every day of his life!

"Captain Stumpy!" said Billy Boy, just as if he were introducing someone, and that great bear raised himself upon his hind legs and held out his paw to be shaken.

"Don't you see?" cried Billy Boy. "I knew the minute that Willie Johnson said the bear was lame! Then I wasn't afraid to go after him. He is the old lame bear that got lost when the circus was in Pekoe a year ago last June! It's a wonder the poor old fellow wasn't more frightened than he was. He is half-starved. But he was just as tame and kind when I spoke gently to him! People thought he had gone up the river into the Corwin woods, or else that the circus company had found him long ago. He came to me like a dog, and he and Flip made friends and Flip stopped barking right away."

"I knew the circus company hadn't found him," said Iky Proudfoot. "I saw an advertisement in the paper last week offering twenty-five dollars reward for him! There was a story that there was a bear in these woods but I didn't believe it. I thought *you* would believe it when you saw me with Aunt Theodora's rug on! I could have frightened you fellows off, too, if I hadn't tried to get a drink of lemonade!"

"You can't frighten Captain Billy Boy with a bear!" cried a voice. It came from either a Tinkertown or a Tatwick boy!

They all cheered for Captain Billy Boy and then for the bear, who wanted to shake hands all around, and then for Flip who



"CAPTAIN STUMPY!" SAID BILLY BOY.

stood up and wanted to shake hands too, as if to show that he could perform tricks as well as the bear.

It was Willie Johnson who led Captain Billy Boy to a place where he could see the gun.

Orlando sat upon the gun-carriage, as straight as a statue, and Farmer Plumberry brandished his goad. They didn't yet know what the Tinkertown boys were going to do about it.

Billy Boy stood upon a stump with his hand on the bear's collar and made a little speech.

"We don't like to take away your Long Tom," he said, "but, you see, we bought it and it is ours. When I get the reward for finding the bear I'm going to spend it for the public good. A fellow doesn't like to take a reward for such a thing unless he does. I'm going to help Tinkertown to the new cannon, and Tatwick to a new gun!"

"They won't let you — but it will stir them up to get them!" cried a voice.

"We could have hidden Long Tom so you couldn't find him if we had wanted to!" cried another voice. "We just wanted to give you a good lively time!"

"I'll buy Miss Theodora Green a bear-skin rug with the bear money!" cried Billy Boy. And there was a great shout of laughter.

Some one called for a cheer for Orlando and the gun and the girls who helped. And every Tinkertown boy joined in it! The Pekoe boys and the Tinkertown boys were better friends at that moment, than they had ever been before in their lives.

The Tinkertown boys helped to deck the gun and the carriage and the oxen with green boughs and goldenrod, and formed an escort all the way to the Pekoe gun-house.

And the boys have remained friends to this day.

















And that is all the story of how the Pekoe Guards got Long Tom. But I forgot to say before that Flip Fay is a regular member of the Guards with its name on his collar.












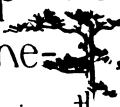



As to what became of the bear — that is another story.

*(The end.)*

*Sophie Sweet.*

# THE LITTLE OWLS AT RED GATES.

ES, next morning Owlet was set free. Bobs called  and , took  out of the , and put her into a covered . "Come on!" he said. "I think I know where she belongs."  staid in the barn-door, as he was told, but  would tag along to see what was done with the fat big bird. Bobs said that would never do. So  took the  in her arms, and went back to the house, shut all the  and staid in, to make sure no one let him out. Bobs and Dicky went up to the old  by the big red . Then up the tree Bobs climbed, as far as he could reach down and  handed the  up. Bobs climbed with the  in his teeth until he got to the hole. He put his  in, and then he screamed, for something bit it, hard! "Oh yes,

they're here, Dicky!" he said, and he opened the  took out , and dropped her in. There was a great flutter and flapping of  but not an owl put its  out, or said a word. Then all was still, as Owlet nestled down with her mother and brother. Then  and  went home and told  all about it. And Doffy was so afraid that  understood what they were saying that she would not let him out all day, for fear he would go straight up to the . Perhaps some day we shall know whether  ever became a nice, home-loving bird. I don't think so — but maybe she did, for her last thought before she fell asleep that morning, in the  in the old pine-, was about that other bird, shut up in the , and she hoped the  would carry it home, as they had her. I rather like that naughty little , after all — don't you?



WHEN HE'S SCARED AND RUNS AWAY,  
WHAT'S A HORSE TO DO?

### WHEN I PLAY.

WHEN I play that I'm a bird,  
Then I try to fly;  
Lifting up my pinafore  
High, high, high;  
Spreading out my pinafore  
Wide, wide, wide;  
You might think that it was wings,  
If you truly tried.

When I play that I'm a horse,  
Then I wear a tail,  
Eat my luncheon from a bag,  
Drink it from a pail.  
Smashed the cart up t'other day—  
Baby in it, too!  
When he's scared and runs away,  
What's a horse to do?

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When I play that I'm a wolf,  
Then I howl and roar,  
Sniffing here, snuffing there,  
'Round the nursery door.  
Daddy says he'll spank me soon,  
If I still annoy;  
Think perhaps, this afternoon,  
I'll be a little boy!

*Laura E. Richards.*

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## TOMMYBOY'S FRIEND WEBFOOT.

WEBFOOT lived in a beautiful lake in a beautiful park, and he was quite as beautiful as the park and lake. His feathers were so white and glossy and his neck was so long and slender that everybody turned to look at him.

His home was in a dear little green house under the bridge. His father and mother and three brothers lived with him and they had merry times together. All four used to swim long races and hold diving contests while their parents stood on the bank and watched them and thought, "Were there ever four such beautiful swans as ours?" All day long Webfoot did nothing but swim on the blue surface of the lake, or sleep in a shady nook of willows. When he was hungry he would dive into the muddy bed of the lake for a worm or bug. It was very funny to see him thrust his long neck into the mud and watch his cunning webbed feet splash the water about on the surface, and Tommyboy used to stand and laugh at him.

Tommyboy and Webfoot had been great friends ever since Tommyboy had first come to the park with bread for the swans. Webfoot used to watch for him when he was too lazy to dive for his dinner, and he soon learned to know when Tommyboy was likely to appear. As soon as he saw him he would sail majestically to the shore and wait for him, and stay near until the



basket was empty, then with a grateful quack would sail away.

One day Tommyboy's Uncle Will gave him a cunning little sailboat. It was a real beauty with white sails, and it was painted blue with the name "Mermaid" in red letters. Tommyboy thought it was the very prettiest boat he had ever seen and he could hardly wait until his nurse was ready to take him to the park.

He was so interested in the Mermaid that he forgot all about Webfoot and, for the first time since they had been friends, started off without any biscuits for him.

Webfoot was taking an afternoon nap under the willows when one of his brothers swam near and said, "Wake up! Your friend Tommyboy is coming."

Webfoot opened his bright bead-like eyes at once. Sure enough there was Tommyboy and his nurse, and Tommyboy had his arms full of something. Webfoot hoped it was more of that delicious cake, though his mother did say that cake was not good for swans. He swam over to the bank to wait for him, and hid behind the dock so that he might surprise him by darting out and crying, "Quack!"

But Tommyboy never looked for him. He was so taken up with his boat that he forgot all about everything else. He put the Mermaid carefully in the water and watched the sails fill with air, all the time holding tight to the string so that the boat should not sail away.

Webfoot waited and waited. At last he darted out and cried, "Quack!" but Tommyboy never heard him. The Mermaid was sailing dangerously near a bit of drift and his eyes were fastened on her. Webfoot couldn't understand it. He came nearer and pushed against the Mermaid.

"Go away, Webfoot!" screamed Tommyboy angrily, giving the string a quick pull. "Go away, and don't bother!"

Webfoot couldn't believe his ears. He came closer and walked on the sand and shook the water from his white feathers. Some of the drops fell on the deck of the Mermaid. Tommyboy gave another jerk. The string snapped and the Mermaid went sailing out in the lake alone. Tommyboy stood on the bank not

knowing whether to cry or not. Nurse had stopped a little distance away to speak to a friend and did not come to the rescue.

As the Mermaid moved away, Tommyboy's lip began to curl. What should he do? He couldn't lose his dear boat. He had half a mind to wade out and bring it back. He looked around to see if Nurse was near enough to object.

Webfoot had waited, still hoping that Tommyboy had re-



Clayton M. Watson

TOMMYBOY HAD DROPPED IN A DISCONSOLATE HEAP.

membered to bring him his crust. He had given up the thought of cake long ago. He was almost discouraged when he saw the white end of the cord fly up and fall into the water. He didn't know it was a cord and he thought it might possibly be something nice to eat. Quick as a flash his head went down and his webbed feet splashed the water above. He caught the cord and brought it to the surface. He couldn't imagine what it was. It certainly was the queerest thing to eat, and he hurried to ask Tommyboy if it was all right.

Tommyboy had dropped in a disconsolate heap on the sand, afraid to look up for fear he would see some big wave swallow

the Mermaid. He felt Webfoot rub his head against his hand, and he turned round. Then he gave a glad cry — for Webfoot had the end of the cord in his mouth, and there was the Mermaid not six inches from the shore!

Webfoot looked up in surprise as Tommyboy danced round him and then patted him on the head.

"You're a duck of a swan!" Tommyboy cried, "and I'm going right home to get something for you."

He picked up the Mermaid and ran off. Webfoot looked after him anxiously. He didn't quite understand — he didn't always understand boys. But he did understand the great piece of cake that Tommyboy brought back with him, and he ate every crumb of it before he sailed away to wake up his brothers who were asleep under the willows and tell them how good it was.

*Frances Roberta Sterrett.*

## RIDDLE-RHYMES.

### XIX.

**M***Y first* is a nick-name for Henry —  
 The English so called a big king;  
*My second* 's a name for the tide at its ebb,  
 For tones that are hushed when you speak, when you sing.

*My third* is a short-name for evening —  
 More often in verse than in prose;  
 It rhymes with the green of the myriad-leaved grass,  
 And chimes with the sheen of the hundred-leaved rose.

*My whole* is a night in the autumn,  
 When strange things in mirrors appear,  
 When fairies and witches and imps fly about —  
 If ever they fly, or ever come near!

*C. S. P.*



AND ALL THE CHILDREN DANCED.

## THE LOVABLE TALES OF JANEY AND JOSEY AND JOE.

### XI.—THAT SPLENDID PARTY.

ONE evening Janey sat on the doorstep looking up, up at the stars in the wonderful sky. "What a beautiful world I live in," she said to herself, "and how very good every one is to me! Oh, I want to be very good too, always and forever!"

Just at that minute Janey heard the front gate go click, click, and soon little Joe came running up the walk.

"I've a letter for you, Janey!" he called. "Grandpa told me to bring it to you."

"A letter for me!" said dear Janey, holding out her hand.

"Grandpa said that it was from the Governor of our State," replied little Joe. "Oh, do open it quick!"

"Oh! oh!" Janey said, clapping her hands. "You know

when he came out here I went driving with him in Aunt Susan Mehetible's splendid carriage!"

And Janey ran into the house, and little Joe followed. And Janey opened the Governor's letter, and Joe read it to her, by the light of the big hall lamp.

"My dear little Janey: — Will you come on the train with your Grandfather to the big, big city and be my guest for a week? I have a sweet little girl who is just your age. We call her Trotty. Her name is Carolyn May. If you can come, dear child, we will make you happy, I am sure. We will give you a party, and all the grand little girls and boys in the city shall come to the party. And none I know, except my own little Trotty, will be half as pretty and sweet and dear, as little Janey Monroe.

Your very true friend,  
Donald May."

"Oh! oh! oh!" cried Janey clapping her hands. "What a splendid letter, and how well you read, little Joe! I cannot read writing at all! Let us find Mama, and read the letter to her."

And dear Mama clapped her pretty hands, and said, "What a *splendid* letter, precious one!"

"I cannot go without Josey and Joe," said dear little Janey.

"Why, yes, you can, darling," said her mother. "Often Josey and Joe go to parties when you stay at home. And this party is just for you — of course you can go."

And the next day Aunt Susan Mehetible came over, and when she heard about Janey's letter from the Governor she clapped her hands and said, "Oh, how splendid! Janey, I will give you a beautiful blue silk dress to wear at the party."

And Aunt Susan Mehetible dear *did* give Janey a pretty little blue silk dress, and in a day or two she went on the train with Grandpa to the big big city to the Governor's house. And when they came to the Governor's house Janey looked up and up and said, "Oh, Grandpa, what a very large house! I never saw such a very large house before!"

And when they rang the bell who should open the door but Governor May himself!

(He had seen Janey and her Grandpa from the window.)

"Oh, he, ho, dear Janey Monroe!" he said. And he caught little Janey into his arms and tossed her high in the air and then sat her upon his shoulder.

And they all went into the Governor's elegant parlor and there, yes there in her little chair was dear little Trotty.

And Janey kissed Trotty, and Trotty kissed Janey, and then they felt real well acquainted.

And after awhile Grandpa went home, and left dear Janey to make her visit.

All that long day and the next day Janey played with Trotty May, the Governor's dear little daughter.

And then came the day of the wonderful party. Eighteen dear little girls and twenty dear little boys came to that splendid party, given for Janey Monroe at the Governor's house.

And all the doors were open, and all the children danced. And Janey wore the blue silk dress that Aunt Susan Mehetible gave her, and she danced too.

And everyone said, "What a dear little girl Janey is! What a lovely child she is!"

And the Governor said, "Yes, yes, she is a lovely child, but the best of it is that Janey is just as good as she is pretty."

And after they had danced they had a splendid supper—all the eighteen little girls and twenty little boys and Janey and Trotty.

And then the party was over and the children went home, and Janey and Trotty went to bed. (It was almost ten o'clock.)

And that night Janey dreamed and dreamed and dreamed about her own dear home and her own dear mother.

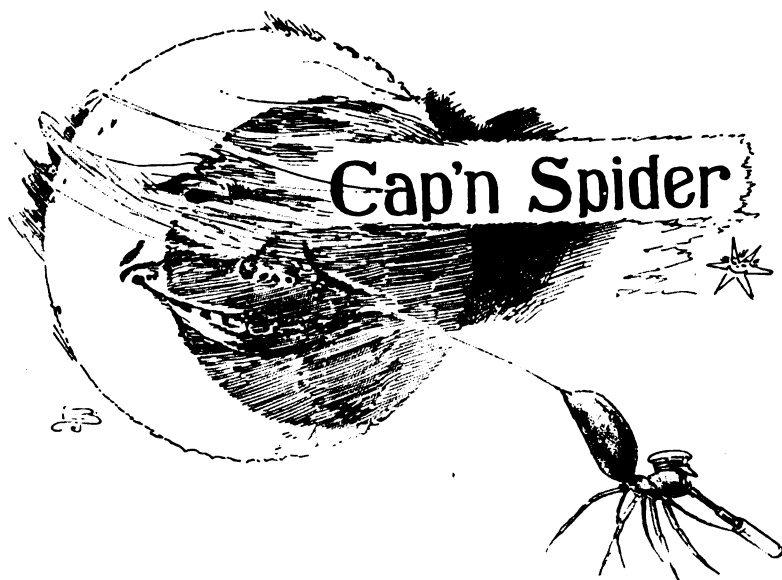
And the next morning when she woke Janey sat up in bed and said, "Oh, Trotty, I want to go home today! A week is too long to stay. I want to see Josey and Joe and tell them about the party."

And after breakfast the Governor took Janey home on the train to her own dear mother.

And Janey's mother hugged her close and said, "Oh, I am so glad that you did not stay all the week, precious one!"

And it made no difference where our Janey went, or how many friends she made, she never found anyone half as dear to her little heart as Josey and Joe and her own dear mother and father.

*Gertrude Smith.*



OH, Cap'n Spider,  
Whither away?  
Where are you bound  
This breezy day?  
Your ship's a beauty,  
And staunch and true —  
I'd sail to the moon  
If I were you;  
And I'd build a bridge  
Of spinneret lace,  
For folks to go over  
And see the place!

*Elizabeth Hill.*













